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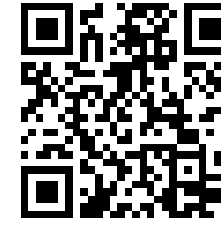

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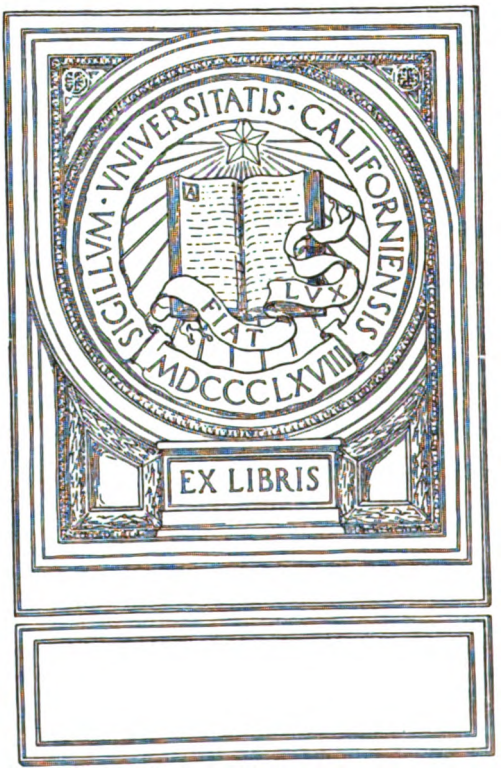

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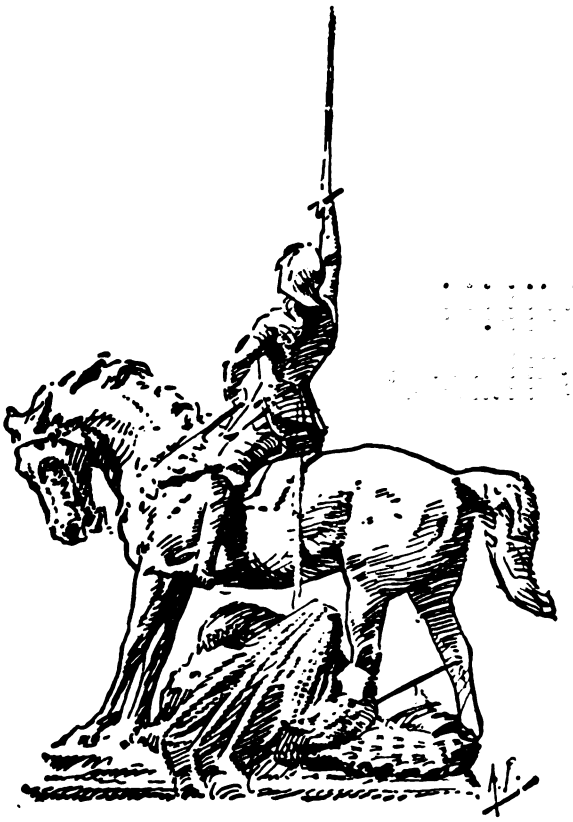

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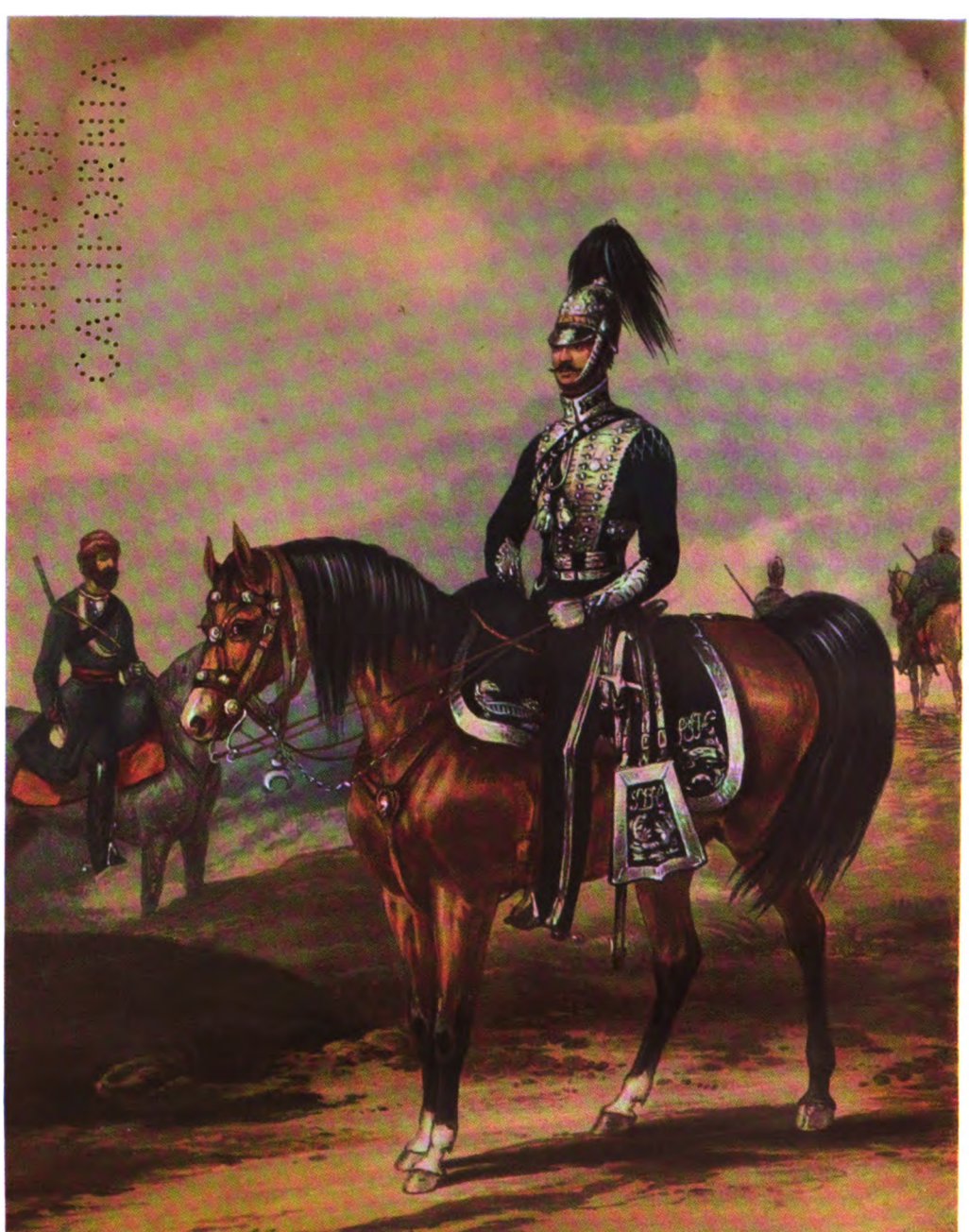

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1933

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE SCINDE IRREGULAR HORSE

By Colonel E. B. Maunsell,
late Commandant 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

The coloured frontispiece of the "full dress" of the Scinde Irregular Horse, dated 1849, gives some idea of the wonderful creations, in the way of uniforms, which the commandants of irregular corps could bring about, entirely, it would seem, of their own volition.

Dress regulations laid down, in great detail, the costume of regular corps, but irregulars were a law unto themselves and Thackeray, in his "Major Gahagan," gives us a skit on the inventive capacity of these officers, Gahagan's original being generally supposed to be Gardner, of Gardner's Horse, the present 2nd Bengal Lancers. Curiously enough, John Jacob, for years the Commandant of the Sind Horse, was in no way a dressy man. He seems, in fact, to have somewhat resembled his great commander, Sir Charles Napier, who was notorious for his eccentricities with regard to turnout—Napier's garb at Meanee was simply astonishing and has been placed on historical record by Sir John Fortescue. On the other hand, Jacob had a very able Second-in-Command, one John Merewether, and this officer appears to have been a dandy of the deepest dye. He was backed up by a second dandy, Henry Green, both bearing out Wellington's dictum "Dandies make first rate officers." Small wonder, then, that a brilliant —and extremely expensive—kit was evolved.

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The number of individuals who actually possessed the uniform could, in all likelihood, be counted on the fingers of one hand, but one, almost needless to state, was a surgeon and it is believed that the Ackerman print represents this officer, for some years ago, a terrible and fearful oil painting by a native artist, very probably the original of the print, was discovered in some mess lumber, and this was stated, by an old pensioner at Jacobabad, to have been a "doctor sahib." The surgeons of the day, it must be remembered, actually belonged to regiments just as did other officers. In Indian corps, on occasion, they sometimes took executive command when British officers were short—we know that this occasionally happened in those spoilt darlings of the army, the Royal Horse Artillery of the "sixties." The regimental officers—there were only two per regiment in 1849—and three a few years later, wore white and yellow plumes for the First and Second Regiments respectively. When the Third Sind Horse was raised in 1857 the plume was red. It will be observed that the officer in the Frontispiece wears a black plume, as was usual with the surgeons in both the Royal and Company's armies. In the "sixties," the doctors wore different belts, but, in the present case, our surgeon wears the regimental belt.

When we recall the conditions under which the Sind Horse served it seems, at first sight, absurd that the magnificent garb depicted was ever invented. The corps had been raised in 1838, and, until the date of this picture, had been continuously on service, or living under service conditions. For the first four years it had been merely a superior form of Border Police, like so many irregular corps, but its fame was already becoming known, and Sir Charles Napier brought it down to form part of the army in the conquest of Sind. It had never been the practice hitherto to employ irregular corps in any serious fighting, for experience had shown that they bolted at every opportunity. Even Skinner's corps, the oldest of all, was never seriously engaged, though its conduct at Afzalgarh, an indecisive cavalry combat with the famous freebooter, Amir Khan, in 1804 was excellent.

Such, however, was the impression made on Sir Charles by

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John Jacob that he resolved to brigade the Sind Horse with the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry, a "regular" regiment which disappeared in the Mutiny. These two corps struck the decisive blow at Meanee. A few weeks later, the Sind Horse, in company with the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, a "regular" regiment now forming part of the Poona Horse, repeated this feat at Hyderabad. The Sind Horse, therefore, was the first irregular corps to play a decisive part in a general engagement in India.

In the years following Meanee, Upper Sind relapsed into a state of turmoil, mainly owing to the pusilanimous conduct of the Bengal troops in the district. The Bengal Army, we must remember, was then reaching the foot of the slope which ended in the Mutiny ten years later. Its discipline had gone, and Jacob railed at the persistent pandering to caste on the part of its officers, pointing out the danger to our rule in India if things continued in this fashion. He was officially reprimanded for his pains. None the less, in 1847, four years after Meanee, he was directed to take over charge of the Frontier and his corps moved to Khanghur, as the collection of mud hovels which has now swelled to the town of Jacobabad was then known. He found the Bengal troops all shut up in forts, afraid to move out of them. Promptly dismantling all defensive works he caused his corps to penetrate into zones hitherto untouched and soon reduced the country to order. He also started to build an enormous Residency, lay out a cantonment, plant trees and build lines for his troops which were a model to the rest of India. In addition to policing over one hundred miles of Frontier his corps was enabled to furnish a regiment for the Second Sikh War the following year, and this took part in the siege of Multan, following this up, a few weeks later, by a brilliant charge at Gujerat, where the Sikhs were finally routed. It was to a picquet of the Sind Horse that the Sikh delegates for surrender came in at Rawal Pindi, and the corps led the army to the foot of the Khyber in pursuit of the Afghans.

With a reputation such as this, the British officers were indeed entitled to a gorgeous uniform, though the audience

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privileged to gaze on it was limited to a degree. A map of Jacobabad in 1853 shows a total of five bungalows only, and these include the Residency and the Mess. The nearest garrison was at Shikarpore, twenty-five miles off, and Sukkur, the headquarters of the Division, was fifty. The troops at Shikarpore, on the other hand, belonged to the Bengal army. No love being lost between the Bombay and Bengal troops, we may assume that the Sind Horse officers had no objection to "handing it out to them."

While Merewether and Green, backed by Malcolm, and our surgeon, probably invented the very handsome olive green and silver hussar kit, John Jacob was the individual responsible for the famous silver helmet. This was of the present day heavy dragoon type, and not of the pattern worn by the Bombay Horse Artillery, for which Jacob, as an artillery officer, might be supposed to have had a preference.

Jacob was a believer in his British officers being as conspicuous as possible, and was most strongly averse to their imitating natives in any way whatever. The helmet was in wear long after the British cavalry had taken to wearing white or khaki and was last in action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, in Southern Afghanistan in 1879. In the picture by Giles, the artist, an old Sind Horseman, a British officer is seen heading the charge.

It is as well, in describing the kits worn by the men, to remember that the "regular" native cavalry still wore the absurd travesties of European uniforms which had been introduced about 1815, for under Lake and Wellesley the men wore red kurtas of the present day pattern. The object of the change may have been a desire to camouflage native soldiery like British dragoons, who, in India, wore French grey. On the other hand the Board of Directors may have deemed this colour cheaper than red. Red coats, after all, were only introduced in the first place because the Company had large surplus supplies of red cloth and wished to dispose of it.

The men wore ridiculous short French grey Light Dragoon pattern jackets braided with white lace, overalls strapped down under Wellington—or, possibly, "Jemima"—boots, and, in

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1835, as an indignant officer wrote, a hat shaped "like a chamber pot reversed." Still more ridiculous, they wore leather gloves. Officers are still living who can recall the absurd appearance of the unfortunate Madras cavalry of the late "seventies," condemned, as being the sole remaining "regular" native cavalry, to be similarly garbed.

From contemporary letters it is obvious that there had been a strong feeling against these ridiculous costumes for a considerable period and it is not surprising that officers given a free hand in clothing their regiments would have no truck with them.

John Jacob was a man ahead of his time, and, being an absolute monarch, decided to clothe and equip his corps on lines which proved to be far ahead, not merely of "regular '" cavalry, but immeasureably more so of any irregulars in India. Lord Melville, writing from the Punjab in 1853, states: "The organization and equipment of the Sind Horse may be said to have introduced a new era in the organization of irregular cavalry, for, in imitation of your system, the grotesque appearance which the Irregular regiments present in this Presidency, armed with spears and matchlocks, is gradually yielding to the new armament and system you were the first to introduce. The officers, however, still wear the native dress instead of the European uniforms your officers wear." We believe we are correct in stating that the Queen's Own Corps of Guides was one of the first regiments to copy the Sind Horse.

With regard to the men's kits, the most important point to be observed with all irregulars was to give them a uniform they would be likely to wear when British officers were not in the neighbourhood, otherwise some farcical permutation and combination of costume would be certain. Had the men been given Light Dragoon short jackets, for instance, it could be safely predicted that the men would appear with their shirt tails hanging out. Their own native dress, of a uniform colour, was therefore indicated.

Native soldiery, of good stamp, moreover, are every whit as insistent on causing their light to shine before women as any white trooper, and the smarter the uniform, consistent, of

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course to its being comfortable, the better the soldier. This condition was admirably fulfilled, as those of us who saw the well-cut, handsome olive green alkhaliks or kurtas worn by some of the old pensioners thirty-five years ago can testify. The native officers had beautifully embroidered silver lace, and all ranks wore red turbans and kamarbands. The belts were of black leather and both cloth for clothing, and leather for belts came out from England. Certain insane "reformers" altered this smart old kit in the "eighties." Jacob would have nothing done on the cheap, such as was loved by certain of his unworthy successors, for there is no blinking the fact that the corps, in after years, was cursed with a succession of worthless colonels, men who, had it not been for the tremendous tradition existing, would have ruined the regiments. We venture to think that the combination of commanding officers of this type with prolonged service in the deadly backwaters of Sind and Baluchistan threw a strain on the regiments such as was experienced by no other corps in India.

In common with all irregular horse, the men wore big boots, for little or none of their work was dismounted. Native cavalry boots of this type can be safely said neither to have fitted nor to have been properly "got up." They had, however, advantages which would not appear obvious to British cavalry, in that they furnished carrying space for anything from chupattis to farriers' tools—a regimental yarn was in existence to the effect that a hen emerged from one gentleman's boot, though as to whether chickens or eggs also appeared is not related.

The arms and equipment were excellent, the swords, belts and carbines coming out from England. At a period when the regular cavalry had heavy clumsy single-barrelled carbines, and irregular cavalry, for the most part, matchlocks, Jacob's corps had first-class double-barrelled carbines made by Swinburne, of London. Later on Jacob invented a wonderful double-barrelled rifle, sighted to 2,000 yards, and extraordinarily accurate. With this he proposed to arm a newly-raised corps of infantry, known as Jacob's Rifles, later on the 3rd Baluch Battalion. As the British troops of the day had merely the Minie rifle the authorities, not unnaturally, objected. The

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bayonets were sold to the 5th Punjab Cavalry as swords, and very excellent they were. All these can be seen in the R.U.S. Museum.

The saddlery, on the other hand, was native, but it did its work as the tremendous marches testify, and it was not until the late "seventies" that the modern hussar pattern was introduced.

In this connection, there is a possibility that the "alarm stakes" so common in gymkhanas may have had their origin in the affair of Khushk-i-Nakhud, in Southern Afghanistan, in 1879, when the 3rd Sind Horse were caught at a saddlery inspection. Hastily putting together their saddlery, the regiment turned out and routed the enemy in a brilliant charge. The 3rd Sind Horse was one of the very few corps in which "spit and polish" was a very real factor, and the regiment was a particularly fine one in consequence.

Apart from the "show" dress, the service equipment was ahead of that of regular cavalry and immeasureably ahead of irregulars. The corps, for instance, appears to have been the first to carry the chagul, or water-bag, and this was adopted by the whole of the native cavalry in India. The Bombay Army, at this period, we must remember, was the most efficient in the country, and Herbert Edwardes, a Bengal officer, watching the Bombay troops, including the Sind Horse, march in to the siege of Multan, tells us that they were the smartest he had seen in India. Much of this was due to promotion by merit, whereas that of Bengal was of cast-iron seniority, and no officer was quicker to reward than John Jacob.

The system of discipline inculcated by Jacob was the only one possible under the conditions under which the corps served, for close supervision was obviously impossible and great responsibility was continually thrown on very junior ranks indeed. At a period when, more particularly in the regular service, the native officers were mere figure-heads it is extraordinary to read of the feats of some dafadar or jemadar. The Baluch actually named a pass "Durga Kusta" after a certain jemadar named Durga Sing whose courage had attracted their attention.

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Jacob was insistent on only English gentlemen having dealings with native soldiery, and held that the British N.C.O.'s with regular corps did much to lower our prestige, and there is no doubt but that many did. The upshot was that a very high tone prevailed, and, in consequence, recruits of the very best class swarmed, for, in addition to the corps having a great name, the pay was better than that of the new troops on the Punjab Frontier by no less than ten rupees a month. Mainly owing to these factors, but, also it must be confessed, owing to the distance from the seat of disturbances, the Sind Horse proved absolutely sound throughout the Mutiny, and this despite the corps being composed, almost entirely, of Mussulmans of Hindustan who were the most savage and dangerous of the rebel soldiery.

The work the corps was called upon to carry out resulted on occasion, in heavy wastage of horseflesh. The normal practice in irregular horse had formerly been for the trooper to replace his animal from his own pocket. His pay, it must be remembered, was calculated on the basis that it sufficed for the keep of both man and horse, paid for a premium on the animal's replacement and sufficed to pay for extra transport on the line of march. The horse, representing the capital sunk by the man in his venture as a soldier, was of extreme importance. If it became a casualty the man lost his job. Hence we see one of the underlying factors in the extreme unreliability of irregular horse in anything like serious fighting, and this point was touched upon by Wellington in 1804.

From a report made by Jacob on the subject of replacement of horse casualties it would appear that he was one of the pioneers of the horse funds existing in silladar cavalry until 1920, in other words, a regimental insurance for providing remounts. The Queen's Own Corps of Guides had a fund at this period we know, for Hodson, of Delhi fame, came exceedingly badly out of an enquiry into its administration, but as to whether other units had is uncertain. A man of the Sind Horse whose horse became a casualty had to bring one in to replace it, but, on approval, received Rs. 100. This sum appears small but even fifty years ago it went a long way and, as late

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as thirty years ago good horses from Herat were obtainable for Rs. 250. The "horses" of Jacob' day were really ponies. The men rode light and even in full marching order, with food, water and picqueting gear the total weights carried did not exceed fifteen stone. In "fighting order" the weights were more like twelve stone, if that.

The system of transport would appear crude to present day notions. Even then, however, it was ahead of its time, and the corps was self-contained in that the practice, common throughout the whole of India, of impressing every conceivable type of baggage animal or vehicle from the local inhabitants at the first sign of war did not obtain. The animals maintained by the Honorable Company amounted to only a few elephants, and we would have to look back to the armies of the great adventurers, de Boigne and Perron, to find any properly organized transport corps.

John Jacob merely laid down two principles, namely nothing was to be hired and there must be no wheels. Otherwise the men were to make their own arrangements. The upshot was that the transport consisted of camels, ponies and even mules, for mules were not common on the Bengal side, and were rare on that of Bombay. The system worked, as was exemplified by the emergency arising at the outbreak of the Second Sikh War. Orders had arrived for the corps to furnish a regiment for the Bombay Force marching to the siege of Multan. Within eight hours a composite corps, drawn from the 1st and 2nd Regiments, marched, complete in equipment and baggage, and continued marching until Multan was reached. No other corps, regular or irregular, was capable of such a feat.

For seventy years the Sind Horse watched the dreary marches of Sind and Baluchistan, parties of the regiments being detached, usually under native officers, but sometimes under British, as far afield as Shiraz, Meshed and Seistan in Persia, and Mekran on the Persian Gulf. Except for the three years of the Second Afghan War the last forty of this period was almost devoid of fighting, though its possibility was always just beneath the surface. Of glory there was none, but of hard work under conditions of great hardship there was abundance. It

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had the advantage of preventing an accumulation of soft men—an ever-present menace in Indian corps unless they are driven. It was a deadly round of dull Frontier stations, expensive, often unhealthy and, in some cases, devoid of the normal amenities of comfort in Indian cantonments such as punkahs and ice. Sport was bad, and polo, the principal means whereby a regiment was judged in India in pre-war days, was difficult and usually impossible to arrange for. Service in this backwater was in consequence, unpopular among British officers, for no professional advantage attached to it as was the case further north, where there was continual active work of a kind. To pretend that the corps benefited by this experience is nonsense and it was with unspeakable relief that we learnt that Kitchener had decreed that regiments should move all over India. Jacob's Horse, formerly the 2nd Sind Horse, was soon to prove its mettle in the world of sport, and, when the Great War burst upon us, no unit of Indian Cavalry came through with a higher reputation.

The 35th Sind Horse, the old First Regiment, gravely handicapped for some years, followed up the deeds of the 2nd by greatly distinguishing itself in the Arab Rebellion of 1920. The Rear Guard fight in the disaster outside Hillah, amid the utter demoralization and confusion of a long night retirement in the height of the hot season, was a performance never excelled and hardly equalled in the history of the whole of the native cavalry of India. Verily the old spirit of John Jacob lived, and the fame of the two regiments, now amalgamated, was recognized by the appointment of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief, the only corps of Indian cavalry to receive this honour.

"Man dies, but the regiment lives."

The Battle Honours.

Cutchee, Meanee, Hyderabad, Scinde, Multan, Gujerat, Punjab, Persia, Central India, Indian Mutiny, Abyssinia, Kandahar, Afghanistan, 1878-80. France and Flanders, 1914-1918, Somme, Morval, Cambrai. Palestine, Sharon, Megiddo, Damascus. Iraq, Kifl, Kufa.

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THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH–APRIL, 1918

By Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D.,
Yorkshire Hussars.

Part IV.

The 1st Cavalry Division with the XIX Corps.[1]

It is now necessary to go back to the opening day of the battle and follow the fortunes of the 1st Cavalry Division, which operated, to begin with, in country some twenty miles north of the other two cavalry divisions.

Prior to the German attack it had been decided that the rôle of the division would be to act as a mounted reserve in the hands of the XIX Corps, and that it would, when needed, concentrate near Bernes, just behind the centre of the corps battle zone. On the eve of the offensive it was located some six miles west of Bernes: divisional headquarters were at Flamicourt (the southern suburb of Péronne), whilst the 1st, 2nd and 9th Cavalry Brigades were at Mereaucourt, Courcelles and Le Mesnil-Bruntel respectively.[2] For several days each brigade had sent a working party of some 450 men for digging and wiring in the battle zone; but it should be noted that whereas the 1st and 9th Brigade parties returned to their horses every evening, the 2nd Brigade party was formed into a "pioneer regiment"[3] temporarily detached from its horses, and

[1] Corps Commander .. .. Lt.-Gen. Sir H. E. Watts.
24th Division .. .. Major-Gen. A. C. Daly.
66th Division .. .. Major-Gen. N. Malcolm.
1st Cavalry Division .. .. .. Major-Gen. R. L. Mullens.
and on 22nd March :—
50th Division .. .. Br.-Gen. A. U. Stockley (temp.)

[2] See Sketch 1, p. 182, "Cavalry Journal," April, 1932, for positions of all three cavalry divisions on 21st March.

[3] The strength of the "pioneer regiment" was 15 officers, 458 other ranks, 10 riding horses, 4 limbered wagons and a water cart. It was organized in headquarters and 3 squadrons, each of 3 troops, a troop comprising 50 men and a Hotchkiss rifle.

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was in the 66th Division area near Roisel when the battle started.

The 2nd Machine Gun Squadron (Capt. L. W. D. Wathen) had also been lent to the 66th Division since 14th March, and the 7th Brigade R.H.A., consisting of H, I and Y Batteries, had likewise been allotted, with other horse batteries, to the 24th and 66th Divisions.

Thus the opening of the German attack found the 1st Cavalry Division minus all its artillery, a third of its machine guns, a quarter of its Hotchkiss rifles, and some 450 ordinary rifles.

The First Day.

21st March Sketches 1 & 2

At 7.30 a.m. on 21st March, the XIX Corps telephoned the 1st Cavalry Division to cancel the usual daily working parties and be ready to move. Later in the morning the 1st Cavalry Brigade (Br.-General E. Makins) at Mereaucourt was shelled by a German long-range gun, several casualties being sustained by men and horses, and the brigade telephone hut at Montecourt being wrecked.

At 12.30 p.m. the division received orders by telephone to move to the pre-arranged position of readiness at Bernes. The message added that the 2nd Cavalry Brigade pioneer regiment, already in the 66th Division area, would now come under the orders of that division.

On arrival at Bernes, the 1st Cavalry Brigade was told to form a dismounted party to come under the 24th Division. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade (Br.-General D. J. E. Beale Browne) had already, as just noted above, a dismounted regiment and its machine gun squadron with the 66th Division; whilst the 9th Cavalry Brigade (Br.-General d'A. Legard) also formed a dismounted party to be held in XIX Corps reserve at Hervilly. The led horses of the division remained at Bernes for the time being, and were moved to the rear later.

* * * * *

The decision to dismount the cavalry at the outset of the battle has already been discussed in the first article of this

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series,[1] but we may note here that whereas the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions did not entirely rejoin their horses until the 26th and 27th March, the 1st Cavalry Division was completely re-mounted on the morning of the 23rd. Even so, the opinion was expressed afterwards that it would have delayed the enemy much more during the 21st and 22nd if it had been kept together as a complete mounted formation from the commencement. The question will be dealt with again when we come to consider the lessons brought out by the operations as a whole. 21st March

* * * * *

So far as can be ascertained, the first unit of the 1st Cavalry Division to become actually engaged in the battle was the 2nd Machine Gun Squadron, who were ordered by the 66th Division to man their battle positions at 7.20 a.m. An hour later they lost one Vickers gun by a direct hit and suffered several casualties.

The dismounted 1st Cavalry Brigade was split up among the three infantry brigades of the 24th Division. The 11th Hussars (Lieut.-Colonel R. P. Anderson) went to the 72nd Brigade at Villecholes, and the first idea was to use the regiment, with two companies of the 9/East Surrey attached, to counter-attack and retake the village of Maissemy, of which the enemy had gained possession. This counter-attack, however, was not to be launched until the high ground on the right had been retaken by the neighbouring brigade; and as this latter operation failed, the 11th Hussars were used instead to hold a small wood some 1,000 yards south-east of Villecholes. At 8 p.m., Colonel Anderson was placed in command of all the 72nd Brigade troops south of the Omignon river, and Captain Hon. L. White took temporary command of the 11th Hussar party.

The dismounted Bays and 5th Dragoon Guards had in the meantime been lent to the 73rd Brigade, who about 2 p.m. ordered them to hold the "Le Verguier Switch"—a reserve trench running south-westwards from a point south of Le Verguier; whilst the 1st Machine Gun Squadron (Captain

[1] "Cavalry Journal," April 1932, p. 173.

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F. C. Lacaita) came under the 17th Brigade, who placed it in reserve trenches at Vendelles.

From the dismounted 9th Cavalry Brigade, the 8th Hussars (Lieut.-Colonel G. M. Mort) sent a squadron at 6 p.m. to garrison "Upstart Redoubt" 1,000 yards south-east of Hesbecourt; whilst further to the north, near Roisel, the pioneer regiment of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade had fairly heavy fighting during the day, the 18th Hussars' party losing more than a third of its strength.[1]

The situation of the XIX Corps at nightfall was that its front had been forced back an average distance of a mile; and that the only corps reserve left was the 9th Cavalry Brigade at Hervilly.

* * * * *

22nd March Sketches 1 & 2

The second day of the battle opened with a heavy bombardment about 4 a.m., followed by determined infantry attacks some three hours later in which the Germans, much assisted by the thick fog, managed to penetrate the front line at various points. The XIX Corps commander, General Watts, was reinforced early in the morning by another infantry division, the 50th, which by 8 a.m. had taken up the general line Caulaincourt–Boucly; but in spite of this the outlook was most disquieting. The men of the 50th Division were somewhat tired after travelling all the previous day and night; the 24th and 66th Divisions in the front line had suffered heavy losses; and reports seemed to indicate that the corps on the right and left were falling back faster than the XIX Corps itself.

Taking the three dismounted cavalry brigades in turn and starting from the right, the 1st Cavalry Brigade (split up among the three infantry brigades of the 24th Division) did not come in for any heavy fighting. Lieut.-Colonel Anderson, 11th Hussars—who as we have seen was temporarily commanding some of the 72nd Brigade infantry as well as his own regiment—received the following order at 11.40 a.m.: "Withdraw fighting through Green Line which is being held by

[1] 12 other ranks killed, 27 wounded, 12 wounded and missing, 15 unaccounted for, out of a total of 5 officers and 150 other ranks.

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50th Division, to main Tertry–Bouvincourt road. 72 Bde. H.Q. will open at Estrées."

This movement was accordingly started, the troops north of the Omignon having already retired; and shortly afterwards, some 2,000 Germans could be seen advancing down the hill towards Vermand. At 5.30 p.m. the 11th Hussars rejoined their horses at a point half-a-mile east of Estrées. 22nd March Sketches 1 & 2

The 1st Machine Gun Squadron near Vendelles does not appear to have got any actual shooting, and was ordered to retire about 11 a.m., leaving two guns behind with the rear-guards of the 17th Brigade. The 5th Dragoon Guards, also under the 17th Brigade, were likewise ordered to withdraw after Le Verguier village fell about 10 a.m., and marched back to Bernes, though "A" Squadron had considerable difficulty in getting away owing to the enemy being on both its flanks.

The 9th Cavalry Brigade was, as already noted, the only corps reserve; and when at 8.30 a.m. news came that the Germans were advancing on Hervilly, the brigade was called upon to assist the 66th Division.

The 15th Hussars (Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Bramwell) came under the 197th Brigade at Roisel, and were ordered to advance and hold up the enemy east of that village: the regiment accordingly moved off (dismounted) at 9.30 a.m., but the Germans, profiting by the mist, had worked up the Cologne valley just north of Roisel, which necessitated one squadron being used on this flank. The rest of the regiment advanced as far as the Hesbecourt–Villers Faucon road, but was too weak in numbers to do more than hold the enemy in check there.

Immediately to the south, the Germans had secured a footing in Hervilly Wood and were advancing from Hesbecourt towards Hervilly village: it was therefore decided that the remainder of the dismounted 9th Cavalry Brigade (under the command of Lieut.-Colonel G. M. Mort, 8th Hussars) should counter-attack, starting at 11 a.m. from a line astride the Montigny Farm–Hervilly road, facing north. It so happened that the brigade had rehearsed this operation on the very same ground only two days before.

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22nd March

The counter-attack was duly delivered by the 8th and 19th Hussars, accompanied by six tanks[1] of the 5th Tank Battalion: one gun of the 9th Machine Gun Squadron gave covering fire from a flank, whilst the others went with the attacking troops to consolidate. The operation met with complete success: the enemy's progress here was definitely checked for a time, and at 12 noon the 66th Division was still in possession of the rear of the battle zone.

In the meantime the 2nd Cavalry Brigade's pioneer regiment (under Capt. H. Mather-Jackson, 9th Lancers) had also been fighting with the infantry of the 66th Division. The 2nd M.G. Squadron, coming into action south of Templeux at 10 a.m., got excellent targets on the advancing German masses: two Vickers guns broke up no fewer than five hostile attacks. Later, owing to the withdrawal of the infantry, the cavalry machine gunners had also to retire, carrying their heavy guns and ammunition boxes. One lance-corporal was shot whilst carrying his gun, and two other guns had to be abandoned after being rendered useless.

Retirement of the XIX Corps on 22nd March.

By 2 p.m. the whole of the XIX Corps was retiring from the battle zone. The intention of General Watts was to rest and re-organize the 24th, 66th and 1st Cavalry Divisions behind the 50th Division which, as we have seen, had deployed on the line Caulaincourt–Boucly during the morning.

The withdrawal of the front-line divisions was accordingly carried out during the afternoon, the various dismounted cavalry units marching back with the infantry. 1st Cavalry Division headquarters at Bernes were moved back and reopened at 2.45 p.m. at Athies, in which area the division was now ordered to assemble.

The 9th Cavalry Brigade, which after its morning counter-attack had been ordered to dig itself in on the "green line" west of Hervilly, withdrew at 4 p.m. under a heavy fire, both from Germans on the ground and from hostile aeroplanes: it

[1] According to one account, only three tanks actually took part.

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is satisfactory to record that one machine was shot down in flames by rifle fire, the pilot being captured. 22nd March Sketches 1 & 2

Mention should here be made of the heroism of Private H. G. Columbine of the 9th M.G. Squadron. This gallant soldier, though he could have retired, fought his machine gun to the very end in Hervilly Wood, and killed large numbers of the enemy. He ordered two men with him to make their escape, but himself continued firing until at last, the Germans having worked round both flanks, he was killed by a bomb, which blew him and the gun to pieces.[1]

Great bravery was also shown by a party from "C" Squadron, 8th Hussars, who were holding a trench line near by, and "stuck it out" till the majority were casualties. Captain Adlercron[2] was wounded and Lieut. Russell killed, whilst of the other ranks 4 were killed, 15 wounded and 46 missing.

A similar high standard of conduct was displayed by a party of some forty 15th Hussars, who were with the 2/5th Lancashire Fusiliers just east of Roisel. They fought on until only fifteen unwounded men were left, and these, late in the afternoon, were surrounded and overwhelmed.[3]

The country in which the afternoon operations took place was open and undulating, with very few fences or other obstacles to rapid movement. The G.O.C. 9th Cavalry Brigade made use of three subaltern officers as gallopers, who displayed great energy and complete disregard of danger. Referring to the order for withdrawal, one account notes that it was "beautiful weather. High hopes of a rest and wash for everyone"—but these hopes were not to be realised for many days to come.

By 7.30 p.m. on 22nd March, the three brigades of the 1st Cavalry Division were concentrated as follows : the 1st at

[1] He was posthumously awarded the V.C.

[2] He was recommended for the V.C. and received the D.S.O.

[3] The losses of the 9th Cavalry Brigade on the 21st and 22nd March are given as :—

	Officers			Other Ranks		
	K.	W.	M.	K.	W.	M.
8th Hussars	1	2	3	4	16	46
15th Hussars	—	2	3	3	8	42
19th Hussars	—	2	—	2	19	3
9th M.G. Squadron ..	—	—	1	1	—	20
	1	6	7	10	43	111

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Athies, the 2nd at Devise, and the 9th at Ennemain ; but only the latter was complete with its horses. It should also be noted that although "Y" Battery R.H.A. was now with the 9th Brigade, the other two batteries ("H" and "I") were still with the infantry and never rejoined the cavalry again until after the battle. 22nd March

Any prospect of a night's rest for the cavalrymen was soon shattered by a telephone message at 8 p.m. that the division was to dig itself in on the line Athies–Le Mesnil, facing east, to cover the bridge over the Somme at Brie. This line was about three miles long, and roughly four miles in rear of the corps front line, which now ran from Guizancourt to Monchy Lagache (24th Division) and thence by Vraignes and Beaumetz to Brusle (50th Division). In spite of this distance behind the front line, the cavalry took the precaution of keeping mounted patrols out all night, east of the line on which they were digging in.

The outlook for the next day on General Watts' front was serious. His divisions had been fighting or marching for two days and a night, and had suffered heavy losses ; and to make matters worse, the XVIII Corps on his right had retired behind the Somme, so that its left flank was some three miles in rear of the XIX Corps' open right flank at Guizancourt.

The 1st Cavalry Division Fills the Gap between the XVIII and XIX Corps on the Somme, 23rd March. 23rd March Sketch 2

To meet this situation, the Fifth Army ordered General Watts to withdraw his troops across the Somme, and to use the 1st Cavalry Division to fill the gap between the XVIII and XIX Corps about Bethencourt and Pargny. The 1st Cavalry Division received its orders by telephone at 5 a.m., and the 2nd and 1st Cavalry Brigades at once marched off on foot, crossed the Somme at St. Christ, and found their horses awaiting them just west of the river : the 9th Cavalry Brigade acted as rearguard and crossed two hours later.

The division now rode three miles southwards to Morchain, whence at 9.15 a.m. the 2nd Cavalry Brigade sent a squadron

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of 9th Lancers to Bethencourt and a squadron of 18th Hussars to Pargny, whilst patrols were also despatched to Voyennes and Mesnil St. Nicaise to see what the situation was and to get in touch with the left flank of the XVIII Corps. Before long, these patrols reported that the 20th Division was holding the river line from Canizy to Bethencourt, with the 11/Rifle Brigade at the latter place; and that the 30th Division held Esmery Hallon and Verlaines. The right flank, therefore, seemed secure. 23rd March

By 11 a.m. the whole of the 1st Cavalry Division had reached Morchain, and General Mullens was told that his task was to hold the Somme crossings at Bethencourt and Pargny until relieved by the 8th Division—which would probably arrive that evening—and to take especial care that there was no gap between the XVIII and XIX Corps. He was also informed that the 24th Division which was still east of the river, would probably cross at Pargny.

The following dispositions were therefore made:—

2nd Cavalry Brigade to be responsible for keeping touch with troops to the south, and for holding Bethencourt bridge;

9th Cavalry Brigade to be responsible for Pargny bridge;

1st Cavalry Brigade to remain in reserve at Morchain.

So far all had been quiet, but at 1 p.m. the first German shells began to fall in the Somme valley, and parties of our retiring infantry came in sight from the east. At this hour the 9th Cavalry Brigade had the 19th Hussars (Lieut.-Col. G. Franks) posted on the north side of Falvy, the regiment being placed in a quarry on the Falvy–Ennemain road. It was thought that an opportunity might arise for a mounted counter-attack, for which the country here was well suited; but unfortunately, an enemy aeroplane flew over the 19th, who were shelled in the quarry a few minutes later. This caused several casualties, and some of the horses stampeded, thirty of which galloped back into the 8th Hussars who were coming up in support: the chance of a mounted attack thus passed.

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23rd March Sketches 2 & 3

At 2 p.m. a 9th Lancer patrol (2nd Cavalry Brigade) reported that both bridges at Voyennes were blown up, and that the enemy was advancing in large numbers from Villecourt, whilst at the same hour the 9th Brigade reported the situation to the division, this latter message concluding with :—

> "Infantry streaming away in hundreds. Cannot stop them. May possibly want support."

The Bays from the 1st Cavalry Brigade were accordingly sent up to support the 9th, but were not used.

The 19th Hussars at 2.45 p.m. mounted and moved in column of squadrons towards the north ; they kept just west of the Falvy–Ennemain road, and were hidden from the east by a rise in the ground. Colonel Franks then gave the order to draw swords and changed direction to the north-east, no doubt hoping that an opportunity for shock action might recur. As the leading squadron topped the rise, however, it came under heavy machine gun and shell fire, though its mere appearance caused the leading parties of the enemy to halt. The regiment then moved back towards Pargny.

Shortly before 3 p.m. one of the Pargny bridges—the Somme runs in several branches here—was blown up, not apparently by the R.E. who had charge of it, but either by a German shell or owing to a premature order given by someone. The explosion dislodged the charge on a second bridge over another branch of the river, and consequently the first attempt to blow it up was a failure. Lieut. G. F. Baylay, 1st Field Squadron, R.E., then very gallantly laid fresh charges under heavy fire and exploded them, but was killed by a machine gun bullet soon afterwards.

The 8th and 19th Hussars and some infantry of the 72nd Brigade were still on the enemy side of the river. Colonel Franks, "with admirable sang-froid" as one witness writes, led his regiment northwards again, and in spite of the proximity of the leading Germans, who were now coming down the slopes on his right, the 19th got across at St. Christ with little loss.

The 8th Hussars had rather more difficulty. Two squadrons crossed at Epénancourt, but the third found the bridges demol-

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ished both at Pargny and St. Christ. Some men tried to swim their horses across the river, but the banks were too boggy; whilst at Pargny attempts were made to lead the horses singly on planks placed across the remains of the broken bridge. By this time, however, the machine gun fire was becoming hotter; many horses were hit and became unmanageable; and there were reports of German cavalry approaching.[1] So at last, with great reluctance, those 8th Hussars who were still east of the river had to abandon their horses, the men themselves getting across by the planks already mentioned.[2] 23rd March Sketch 2.

At 4.5 p.m. the 25th Brigade of the 8th Division began to reach Morchain in buses, and during the next hour the 1/Worcestershire relieved the 9th Cavalry Brigade at Pargny; the 2nd Brigade was relieved at Bethencourt by other infantry battalions a little later. The hostile artillery fire had now become heavier, and at 6.15 p.m. the 1st Cavalry Division headquarters were shelled out of Potte Chateau (just west of Morchain) where they had been most of the day.

As the evening wore on, the whole of the 8th Division came up and took over the responsibility for the Bethencourt–Pargny sector, the three brigades of the 1st Cavalry Division then concentrating at Curchy, 2½ miles south-west of Morchain.

The transport of the division does not appear to have got across the Somme until after dark on the 23rd, using the new bridge at Brie. A Bays' officer attached to the 2nd Cavalry Brigade staff sent to help in getting the transport over, wrote as follows:—

[1] The enemy had no cavalry *divisions* on the Western Front in 1918. The C.-in-C. in his final despatch (p. 328) writes: "The absence of hostile cavalry at this period (March, 1918) was a marked feature of the battle. Had the German command had at their disposal even two or three well-trained cavalry divisions, a wedge might have been driven between the French and British Armies."

It would be interesting to know, however, whether the Germans had any corps or divisional mounted troops. The 9th Cavalry Brigade reported: "2.30 p.m. Three squadrons enemy cavalry reported advancing from east," whilst the 8th Hussars stated that a 19th Hussar officer galloped up to Major Curell at Falvy and told him that German cavalry were coming up, and a little later "Infantry reported German cavalry coming down to village" (Falvy). The writer of this article also well remembers being told by another officer in the 7th Cavalry Brigade that he had seen a German cavalry squadron, halted and drawn up in line, near Tergnier on the evening of the 23rd.

[2] Fortunately the 8th Hussars' casualties were only 1 officer (Major Vanderbyl) and 3 other ranks wounded and 2 other ranks missing.

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> "The confusion was appalling, as there was transport of all kinds and descriptions, tanks, R.F.C. heavy lorries, heavy guns, and parties of Chinese and Italian labour corps, all trying to get across the bridge at the same time, added to which the leading people had apparently stopped when they reached what they thought was a safe place west of the bridge. It was a matter of considerable luck that no German aeroplane visited this particular place that night. However, the confusion was eventually cleared up, and the cavalry transport crossed the river shortly before daylight on the 24th."

It was certainly very fortunate that the transport was not bombed, for the enemy 'planes bombed the 1st Cavalry Brigade bivouac at Curchy that night, the Bays losing 1 man killed and 6 wounded, and the 1st Machine Gun Squadron 3 killed and 12 wounded, besides several casualties in horses.

* * * * *

It is interesting to note that at 5.30 p.m. on this day, G.H.Q. issued an order to the Fifth Army to "hold the Somme at all costs. There must be no withdrawal from this line." General Gough points out[1] that the Somme, "in so far as it was an obstacle to an advance from the east, was only a small proportion of the whole extent of the vast battlefield, stretching from Noyon in the south to Croisilles in the north—seven miles south-east of Arras. If the line fell back on both sides of this comparative small frontage of the Somme (as it actually did) it would have been almost impossible to hold on, and certainly would have been most unsound not to withdraw in time."

These orders to hold certain lines "at all costs" were issued many times during this battle, and took no account of the fact that if such lines are held when other lines on the flanks have given way, the result must be large gaps in the defensive front; whereas it is an axiom that, in a withdrawal, the one essential is to maintain an intact front, the movements of all formations being co-ordinated so that they retire together. Such co-ordination, however, was obviously most difficult on a

[1] "The Fifth Army," p. 281.

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battle-front of over fifty miles, especially when more and more of the southern part of it came to be taken over by the French.

The 1st Cavalry Division Joins the VII Corps.

The hope of the cavalrymen for some slight respite was not to be realised yet, for at 2.35 a.m. on Palm Sunday, 24th March, there was a ring on the telephone at divisional headquarters, and General Mullens was told by the XIX Corps that he was to march as soon as possible to join the VII Corps (Lieut.-General Sir W. N. Congreve, V.C.), where there was a large gap in the line owing to the withdrawal of the Third Army on their left.[1] Five minutes later, the B.G.G.S. of the VII Corps telephoned to say that the division was to proceed to Carnoy, General Mullens himself to report to corps headquarters at Corbie. 24th March Sketches 3 & 4

The road being blocked by other troops, it was not possible to start off before 5 a.m., and the leading regiment marched off just after that hour, the order of march being: 1st Cavalry Brigade, 2nd Cavalry Brigade, 1st Field Squadron R.E., 9th Cavalry Brigade, "Y" Battery R.H.A. A speed of 5 miles an hour was to be maintained; 200 yards were to be left between regiments; and the first hour was to be divided thus: 10 minutes walk, 15 minutes trot, 10 minutes lead, 15 minutes trot, 10 minutes halt. The route was given as Chaulnes–Vauvillers–Proyart–Bray–Carnoy.

At 9 a.m., however, when some 12 miles had been covered, a VII Corps staff officer met the head of the column at Proyart with orders to divert the division to Cappy. The situation here at 9.30 a.m. was said to be as follows: the 39th Division was holding the west and south banks of the Somme on the line east of Barleux–Biaches–Feuillières, whilst north of the river the 21st Division was being heavily attacked and the enemy was in Cléry. The 1st Cavalry Division was, therefore, ordered to concentrate south-west of Feuillières so that it could support,

[1] General Gough writes: "Though it could be ill spared by Watts, I sent the 1st Cavalry Division up to Congreve early on Sunday morning, as a mounted cavalry force was essential to cover his constantly exposed and moving left flank. Before two days had passed, I wished I had it back."—("The Fifth Army," p. 288).

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24th March Sketches 3 & 4

if necessary, either the 39th Division or the 21st. In the latter case it would cross the Somme at Feuillières bridge, which was found to be intact by the G.S.O.2 of the division, who went there in a motor to find out.

About 12 noon, however, fresh orders were received to the effect that the 1st Cavalry Division was to form an improvised dismounted brigade immediately, to come under the orders of the 9th Division north of the Somme. This was accordingly done: each cavalry brigade supplied a composite regiment about 300 strong, the commanders being:—

G.O.C. Dismounted Brigade	Br.-Gen. d'Arcy Legard, 9th Cav. Bde.
1st Cavalry Brigade Regt.	Lt.-Col. A. Lawson, Bays.
2nd „ „ „	Capt. Aizlewood, 4th D.G.s.
9th „ „ „	Lt.-Col. G. Mort, 8th Hussars.

Leaving his force to follow on, Br.-General Legard now went five miles northward to 21st Divisional headquarters at Maricourt, where his task was explained to him. A large gap existed between the left of the VII Corps (Fifth Army) and the right of the V Corps (Third Army). As regards the VII Corps, its left division, the 9th, was said to be near Trones Wood, but no one knew anything of the whereabouts of the V Corps' right flank. It was Legard's task to find out exactly the extent of the gap, and fill it as best he could.

It must here be emphasized that although the cavalry had been told to form a dismounted brigade, this brigade was in fact coming up mounted to undertake what was essentially a cavalry mission—namely, to locate the flanks of an alleged gap, and then to fill it. Had the brigade come up in buses, it could certainly not have carried out its mission as successfully as it did, even if it had carried it out at all.

At 5.10 p.m., therefore, Br.-General Legard ordered the 1st Cavalry Brigade Regiment to remain in reserve at Carnoy, whilst the rest of the force (2nd and 9th Cavalry Brigade Regiments and "Y" Battery R.H.A.) under Lieut.-Colonel Mort, rode on to Montauban, sending out officers' patrols

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(*a*) to gain touch with the left of the 9th Division ; (*b*) to Trones Wood ; and (*c*) to Longueval.

Later in the evening Captain L. B. Smith, 15th Hussars (staff captain, 9th Cavalry Brigade), who had taken out one of the patrols, returned with valuable information. The right of the V Corps was at High Wood, and the battalion there had written orders to withdraw westwards towards Contalmaison : the enemy was in Delville Wood, and his (Smith's) servant had got a shot through his cap when the patrol was in the low ground north of the wood : the left flank of the 9th Division was about a mile south-east of Montauban.

This news did not reach Br.-General Legard until 9 p.m., although no time was wasted ; an instance of how much longer information takes to acquire than is sometimes realised by those who are anxiously awaiting it. An " urgent priority " wire was sent to VII Corps at 9.10 p.m.

At 9.40 p.m., Colonel Mort reported himself in position from the Briqueterie to Montauban, with mounted patrols at Longueval and Bazentin-le-Petit. He enclosed a message from another patrol under Lieut. D. Daly, 8th Hussars, which read :—

> " Right flank of V Corps is in High Wood and the line of the road running north of it. Infantry are retiring on that position now. Patrol has located infantry entrenched east of Bazentin-le-Grand."

This confirmed Captain Smith's report. It was evident that the gap between the flanks of the Fifth and Third Armies was one of some 4,000 yards, and as it was clearly impossible for Legard's cavalrymen to fill this completely, a defensive flank was formed running round the north side of Montauban. As darkness fell, the mounted detachments out in front were drawn in.

In the meantime, the remainder of the 1st Cavalry Division (which had been left near Cappy when Legard's force was formed) had started about 7 p.m. for Cérisy, a westward march of nearly twelve miles along the south bank of the Somme. There was much congestion on the roads, and as often happens during a retreat, various alarming rumours were current, and the enemy was said to have broken through at Barleux.

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25th March Sketches 3 & 4

Legard's Dismounted Brigade at Montauban, 25th March.

At 2 a.m. on Monday, 25th March, Br.-General Legard visited Lieut.-Colonel Mort at Montauban and found the situation satisfactory. The cavalry were in touch with the infantry on their right, facing east, whilst on the left there was a defensive flank facing north, with patrols well forward in Delville and High Woods. Montauban, although in ruins,[1] was a good position to hold, as there were excellent views to the east and north, whilst the old trenches gave considerable cover and concealment: there was still, however, no touch with any infantry on the left.

The situation was reported to 1st Cavalry Division at 6.45 a.m., and shortly afterwards Legard sent all his led horses back to Buire. The first German shells began to fall in Montauban at 8.10 a.m., and an hour later the enemy opened a heavy fire with machine guns, whilst parties of our infantry were seen to be retiring from Bernafay Wood. As a precaution, the 1st Cavalry Brigade Regiment was ordered up from reserve to a position at the western exit of Montauban, the 9th Cavalry Field Ambulance and "A" Echelon being at the same time ordered to Fricourt. A counter-attack at 9.45 a.m. by two infantry companies (9th Division) relieved the pressure on the right of the 9th Cavalry Brigade line.

The situation at noon was that, in spite of heavy fire, the 9th Cavalry Brigade dismounted party held the eastern exits of Montauban, with the 5th D.Gs and 11th Hussars (1st Cavalry Brigade) on their left. Further still to the left came the dismounted 2nd Cavalry Brigade, with the Bays less one squadron which was in support. The only artillery available was "Y" Battery, R.H.A.

Mention should be made of good shooting by two Vickers guns of the 2nd Machine Gun Squadron: they inflicted numerous casualties on the enemy, three of whose machine guns were actually seen to be knocked out. At 1.30 p.m., a wounded 11th Hussar reported that Germans issuing from Bernafay Wood

[1] It had been captured by the British on 1st July, 1916, the opening day of the Battles of the Somme, 1916.

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had been driven back, whilst at 2 p.m. the enemy was said to be advancing in strength from Ginchy towards Trones Wood. 25th March Sketch 4

During the afternoon the cavalry successfully held the Montauban position, and at 5 p.m. General Legard reported to VII Corps as follows:—

> "Line now runs round north edge of Montauban across Bazentin road at S.28.a.05, thence S.28 line between a. and c., thence to cross-roads S.28.d.55, thence south along Maricourt road west of village where there is a weak Highland brigade. Infantry and cavalry much mixed up in village and are being re-organized. Enemy are massing in large numbers behind and in Bernafay Wood and across valley in S.23 central. A good deal of shelling. I think we can hold on."

At the same hour, Major Rome, 11th Hussars (now commanding the dismounted 1st Cavalry Brigade) reported that some of his troops were being shelled by our own artillery: this report was at once passed on to 9th Division.

"Y" Battery, whose horses had not been fed for twenty-four hours, was at 5.45 p.m. ordered to withdraw to water and feed at Buire, where rations and forage had been dumped. At 7.10 p.m. Major Rome reported that the enemy were working round his left flank, but two infantry machine guns were sent to this point and the danger averted. Throughout the day, the supply of ammunition had been satisfactory, and a temporary shortage of water was rectified by the arrival of a motor water tank wagon. The only real inconvenience was the lack of pack-horses, which had unfortunately been sent back with the riding horses—a mistake which was made on many occasions during the operations.

At 8.45 p.m. Br.-General Legard was told that his force was to withdraw and rejoin its horses, but that the rearguards were not to vacate the main position before 2 a.m. next morning: the commanders in the line were warned accordingly, and the 1st Cavalry Brigade Regiment with some infantry details, all under Major Rome, was detailed as rearguard. A patrol having reported that the Montauban–Mametz road was unsafe

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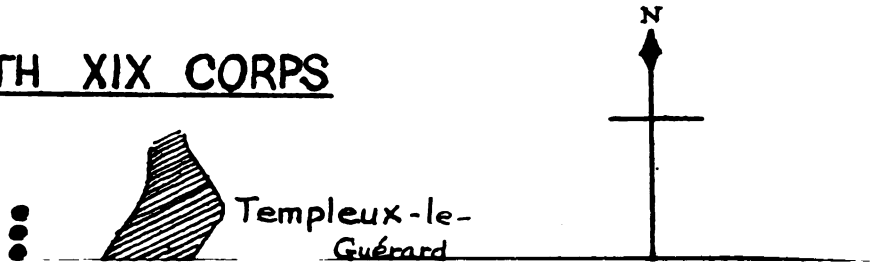
SKETCH 1

ITH XIX CORPS



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Although it was a bright moonlight night and further light was given by burning villages and dumps, the cavalrymen effected their withdrawal without the knowledge of the enemy. There was no noise and no rifle firing; the men were got away in driblets, the main body under Lieut.-Colonel Mort con-

26th March centrating at Carnoy at 1.15 a.m. on the 26th. The rearguard under Major Rome left the trenches at 2 a.m., our artillery keeping up bursts of fire for another hour. By 5 a.m. the rearguard was clear of Fricourt; there had been a few casualties on the march, which were all picked up by a horse ambulance specially posted at a point just south-east of Fricourt.

After an eight-mile march, the dismounted cavalry reached Buire at 6 a.m., where they found forty G.S. wagons provided by the forethought of the C.R.A., 9th Division: in these they went on to Bussy-les-Daours (nine miles south-west of Buire) and rejoined their horses about 11 a.m. The casualties sustained by Legard's party as a whole on the 24th and 25th March do not appear to have been recorded, but the dismounted 9th Cavalry Brigade's figures were as follows:—

	Officers.			*Other Ranks.*		
	K.	*W.*	*M.*	*K.*	*W.*	*M.*
Brigade Headquarters ..	—	1	—	—	—	—
8th Hussars	—	2	—	1	2	—
15th Hussars						
19th Hussars	—	3	—	2	21	15
9th Machine Gun Squadron	—	—	—	3	3	1
"Y" Battery, R.H.A. ..	—	—	—	1	5	—

The losses of the Bays (1st Cavalry Brigade) and of the 18th Hussars (2nd Cavalry Brigade), who each had a dis-

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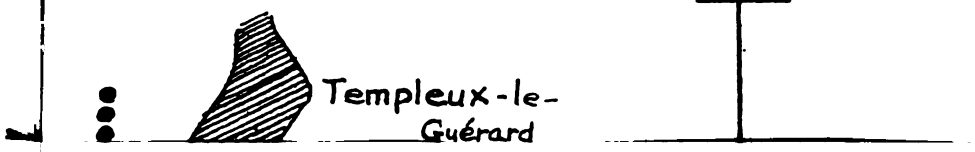

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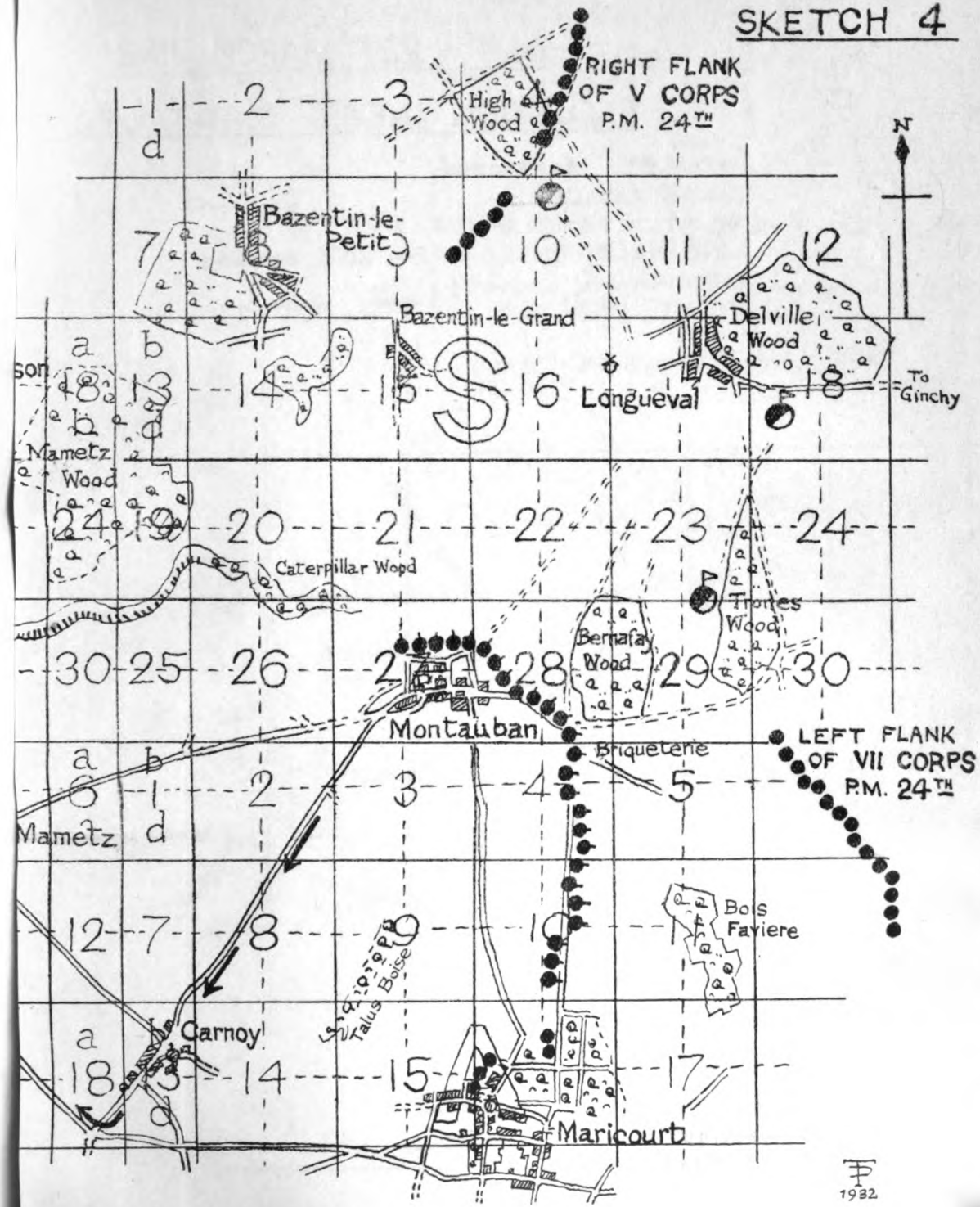

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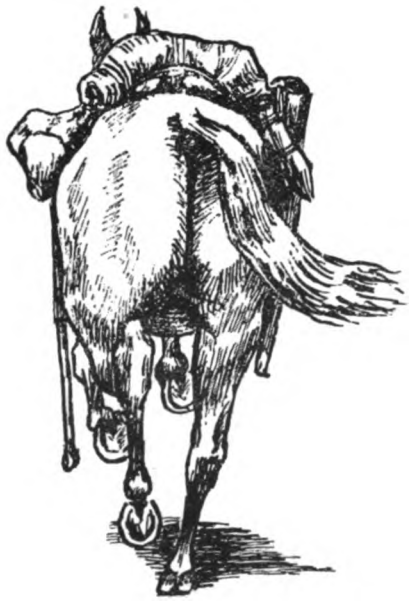
(*To be continued*)



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A FRONTIER ENCOUNTER, 1942

By As. Saiq.

"For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
were . . . . . all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood."—
King John, Act. V, Sc. vii.

I.

As Bert Frankau chugged his way down to the racecourse in his antediluvian car, on that summer morning of 1942, a scene of unusual activity met his gaze.

It was early, even for him to be about: the topmost peak of Kanoon was only just taking on that salmon tint that indicates the dawn, the lower slopes and the sleeping valley itself were still wrapt in a dove grey mantle of mingled smoke and mist.

Early as the hour was, troops had been on the move some time. The group of armoured fighting vehicles which attracted his attention, was somewhere near the end of the column that was hurrying, with more noise per vehicle than even his old car made, in the direction of the frontier town of Banoon.

Watching this ungainly clanking army clatter past, he thought with regret of those days when he had ridden out at the head of a squadron of cavalry, an arm of the service, which now seemed doomed to extinction.

A shrill whistle interrupted his reverie and, looking over his shoulder, he saw a train approaching along the railway track behind him. Another, though less modern, mechanical monster. This one, however, was not so bad, as his first glance told him it carried horses, obviously a cavalry regiment on the move. As

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the train slowed up before an adverse signal, cat calls and friendly voices came from a first-class carriage.

One of the officers, a well-known G.R., leaned out of the window and chatted to Frankau. They were off to Banoon; a whole cavalry brigade, which had been standing to for a week, had got orders to entrain last night, for there was trouble with Nemesia. Another shrill whistle and off went the train.

Frankau knew the story that had been in the papers for days past. Nemesia had made a treaty with Portulaca some years ago, which entitled her to run an air service to Portula for a period of two years. When this treaty was due for renewal, they had added a clause, which would entitle them to run an air service to Demesh as well. Now an air service would mean ground organization, and we could not agree to a Nemesian aerodrome as near to our frontier as Demesh.

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His curiosity aroused by what he had seen and heard, Frankau hurried off to the town to get the latest news.

II.

"Before you start," said the Brigadier, "I want to run through the orders you got out last night and make sure there is nothing more to add before we go."

The scene was the Brigadier's study, and he was speaking to his Brigade-Major. The Brigadier was commanding the newly arrived Medium Armoured Brigade which had replaced the old-fashioned units as a spearhead formation in case of war with Nemesia.

"Let's see what you have told them," he said. "Information: Nemesia has declared her intention of occupying Demesh. They have a mechanized force at Dangi the equivalent of two of our medium armoured brigades. From information received they are due to reach Demesh on the 8th of June, that is to-morrow, so we have to-day to forestall them.

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"I see we are marching in three echelons, the first one was down at Banoon already so we can march at 8 a.m. and should do the 80 miles to Demesh by noon. The other two echelons should be up by 4 or 5 o'clock at latest. I shall wait here to get the latest possible news from A.H.Q. before following in my Rolls in time to reach Demesh with Brigade Headquarters. The plane arranged to take you leaves the aerodrome at 9.30 a.m. Go direct to Demesh and select a camp site from the air; the one given in the route book, one mile south of Demesh, seems reasonable. The Tamarisk jungle should give cover for the A.F.Vs. from hostile aeroplanes, and there is a landing ground conveniently nearby. The only disadvantage is, that it is rather low lying and may get muddy if it rains; however, anywhere else we should be in the open, without any cover from the air, so we may have to risk it. When you have selected the camping ground, go on towards Dangi and be prepared to tell me about the country we may have to fight over to-morrow.

"Remember that 45 Squadron R.A.F. (Troop Carriers) will be bringing out three companies of the 1/2nd, in two trips; be back in time to meet the first batch about noon and get them round camp to keep off tribesmen. Although we are going to Demesh at the invitation of Portulaca, the King's word does not have much effect down there and we may not be very well received.

"The Group Captain is arranging for air defence while the troop carriers are landing. By the way, the Cavalry Brigade is marching from Banoon to-night and is due at Demesh the day after to-morrow evening. They are taking alternative pack and motor transport, so should be useful if it rains."

III.

"Right behind?" "Yes." The pilot signalled all clear and a moment later the plane was taxiing down the aerodrome. The Brigade-Major had hardly had time to look round before he saw the earth dropping away beneath him.

Half an hour took them to the top of the Knaboor pass and they got their first uninterrupted view over Portulaca. To the

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left they saw a flat featureless plain with, just short of the southern horizon, a line of low misty clouds, looking like flakes of cotton wool, mist rising from the distant Merhman river. To the right the plain was bounded by hills much the same as those they had been flying over, but which got gradually lower as they stretched westwards terminating in a bluff, like the prow of a battleship, some 80 miles away.

That cloud of smoke and dust below the bluff must have been Demesh, but for the present objects nearer and more clearly seen absorbed their attention. Leaning over the left of the machine the Brigade-Major saw a snake-like formation of dark objects moving rapidly west. This was the rear echelon, the major portion of a medium tank battalion, some close support artillery and two companies of light tanks. A few miles further on they overtook the second echelon, Brigade Headquarters leading, with its call signs out in case they wanted to drop a message.

Gradually out of the smoke and dust, already noted, the minarets and domes of an oriental city began to appear, and soon the walled city could be separated from the more modern buildings on a hill to the north. Finally, as the machine dived low, the tamarisk jungle could be seen on the edge of a wide river bed.

The flat ground beneath the trees looked as it would make an excellent camp, there was plenty of cover from view and, by selecting a site on the left bank of the dry river bed where it made a marked loop, a Tank obstacle was provided on all but a very small portion of the perimeter.

Now for a look at to-morrow's battle field, as there was about threequarters of an hour before the troop carriers were due to arrive.

A paper was passed to the pilot and he swung quickly on to a north-westerly course. The ground they now passed over was rather curious, hardly a stone to be seen, but a succession of deep dry river beds running through a brick-like formation broken here and there by cracks and fissures.

A stampeded antelope threw up a cloud of dust that clearly showed the soft nature of the soil. The whole was covered with patches of jhow and dry reeds, a likely cover for pig.

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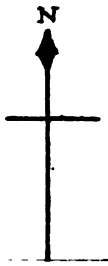

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Half an hour took them to the top of the Knaboor pass and they got their first uninterrupted view over Portulaca. To the

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left they saw a flat featureless plain with, just short of the southern horizon, a line of low misty clouds, looking like flakes of cotton wool, mist rising from the distant Merhman river. To the right the plain was bounded by hills much the same as those they had been flying over, but which got gradually lower as they stretched westwards terminating in a bluff, like the prow of a battleship, some 80 miles away.

That cloud of smoke and dust below the bluff must have been Demesh, but for the present objects nearer and more clearly seen absorbed their attention. Leaning over the left of the machine the Brigade-Major saw a snake-like formation of dark objects moving rapidly west. This was the rear echelon, the major portion of a medium tank battalion, some close support artillery and two companies of light tanks. A few miles further on they overtook the second echelon, Brigade Headquarters leading, with its call signs out in case they wanted to drop a message.

Gradually out of the smoke and dust, already noted, the minarets and domes of an oriental city began to appear, and soon the walled city could be separated from the more modern buildings on a hill to the north. Finally, as the machine dived low, the tamarisk jungle could be seen on the edge of a wide river bed.

The flat ground beneath the trees looked as it would make an excellent camp, there was plenty of cover from view and, by selecting a site on the left bank of the dry river bed where it made a marked loop, a Tank obstacle was provided on all but a very small portion of the perimeter.

Now for a look at to-morrow's battle field, as there was about threequarters of an hour before the troop carriers were due to arrive.

A paper was passed to the pilot and he swung quickly on to a north-westerly course. The ground they now passed over was rather curious, hardly a stone to be seen, but a succession of deep dry river beds running through a brick-like formation broken here and there by cracks and fissures.

A stampeded antelope threw up a cloud of dust that clearly showed the soft nature of the soil. The whole was covered with patches of jhow and dry reeds, a likely cover for pig.

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As the Brigade-Major in a kind of reverie concentrated on the interesting sights below him, the rhythmical roar of the engine was broken by a series of sharp cracks. He instantly looked up in the direction of the noise, distinct but not very near.

The cause was obvious; a thousand feet above him and about half a mile away, the escort flight was engaged in combat with a flight of enemy machines.

Tat-tat-tat went the Vickers; and now an enemy was seen to go down in flames and, shortly after, another left his formation, and swung down slowly like a wounded mallard.

He came towards the Brigade-Major's machine, and this temptation was too much for his pilot. Sweeping up to gain height he dived on the tail of the wounded duck and down the latter went but not before he had bitten back; for like the scorpion, he carried a sting in his tail.

A group of bullets struck the plane and, as he recovered from his involuntary shudder, the Brigade-Major saw the pilot collapse in his seat.

He leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder. No response, and now the machine began to wobble.

There was no time to lose, so he fitted the dual control joy stick and got his feet into the rudder controls.

The machine began to spin, so setting all controls central he put her nose down and heaved a sigh of relief as she dived gracefully downwards. Raising her slowly he gently turned towards Demesh. Though no pilot, he had had a few hours dual on previous flights, but this was his first solo and he felt the responsibility.

Now the machine was flying itself and all was easy, but what about landing? Demesh came nearer and there on the landing ground he could make out a couple of troop carriers. The "T" was laid out, so he knew the direction of the wind. Sweeping down in the widest of "S" turns he got opposite the end of the landing-ground at a reasonable height to land. He decided to risk it.

Down went his nose for a while, then up, then level, up again, the engine was throttled right back and the machine was

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losing speed rapidly. Once more he pulled back the joystick and then came a thud. The machine bumped forward twice and then came to rest with its nose in the ground and the tail pointing skywards.

He had shut off petrol, so there was little chance that the machine would catch fire. Men came running over from the troop carriers bringing a couple of ladders and he and his pilot were quickly lifted out of the wrecked machine. The latter is regaining consciousness and a young doctor with the troops is hopeful of his recovery.

Another batch of troop carriers arrived and it was strange to see the men pouring out of the side like Noah and his family from the Ark. Some were cheerful, others reminded him of a channel passage in rough weather, while many on landing had such urgent and intimate business of their own to attend to that they were best left alone.

However, in a very short time he had mustered the platoons and told them off to various piquets guarding the camp. This was now marked out to receive units, and a message was sent to be dropped on the column telling them where to come and giving a rough sketch of the lay-out.

While these preparations had been going on a small procession had arrived from the town headed by a somewhat surly individual in a long black coat and wearing a fez.

In passable French he explained that he was the Governor of Demesh and asked the reason for this, to him, unwarranted invasion. In French, not quite so good, the Brigade-Major did his best to explain and persuaded the Governor to await the arrival of the Brigadier who would have written authorization with him.

The latter arrived very shortly after, having caught up the leading echelon, and in a few hours all were comfortably settled in camp.

A senior R.A.. officer, after flying round, dropped a message before departing to say all the A.F.Vs. were admirably concealed, so every one settled down for a comfortable night. Bombing there might be, but it was hoped that a dummy camp about half a mile away would draw all such unwelcome attention.

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IV.

As was expected the night was not entirely uneventful in the A.F.Vs. Camp, for at about 11 p.m. the hum of aeroplanes and the dropping of parachute flares was followed by a crash of bombs on the dummy camp.

This was repeated about 3 a.m., but what affected the troops more was a determined attack by snipers. On three sides they were easily kept off, as any attempt to cross the river bed was immediately spotted and stopped by machine gun fire. On the remaining side, however, a determined attempt to penetrate the camp was made. This was quickly checked with a counter attack by light tanks which made a rapid sortie on a previously reconnoitred route.

Then it happened; clouds had been working up all the early part of the night with marvellous rapidity. By 3.30 a.m. the sky was black as ink and after a clap of thunder, like the knell of doom, down came the rain.

The force of these storms must be seen to be believed, and this was one of the severest ever chronicled. In a few moments torrents of the water were running everywhere and the queer red cotton-like soil rapidly became like a cross between porridge and pea soup.

When morning broke it was raining still, but the force of the first downpour had slackened and a steady drizzle was maintained.

A sub-section of light tanks started out on a reconnaisance that had been detailed the night before. They got a few yards from camp and by that time they were over axle deep in mud and their tracks began to slip aimlessly round, like the paddles of a paddle steamer, only without making any progress through what was now literally a sea of mud.

The Brigadier hastily countermanded the patrol and gave orders that no vehicles should leave their shelter under the trees. "After all," he said, "the enemy A.F.Vs. are just as helpless as we are; the only danger is from air attack and so we must concentrate on keeping hidden."

About 8 o'clock the most amazing air report was dropped on the camp.

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It appeared that about ten miles out, on the road to Dangi, a force of enemy armoured fighting vehicles appeared to be stuck in the mud. They were in marching formation and must have been caught in the rain while making a night advance on Demesh. Such an advance was possible and most likely, had they got news of our arrival in Demesh the night before.

The report went on to say that bombing operations against these A.F.Vs. had been interfered with by hostile fighters. Good results were hoped from bombs dropped, but another attack would be made in the afternoon.

Nature was taking a hand in grim earnest and showing that Napoleon's fifth element was still to be taken into account.

V.

All day long our camp had been observed by hostile tribesmen and, as it grew dark, emboldened by our inactivity they again started to snipe from fairly close range. The continuous rain made it very difficult to use searchlights, and as the night went on the situation grew more and more critical.

For the size of the perimeter, the available garrison was ridiculously small and the state of the ground made digging farcical; as fast as a trench was dug it filled to the brim with muddy slime.

The Brigadier was having a very anxious time, but if they could last out till dawn he knew help was at hand. An S.O.S. for air assistance had been answered, and he was sure that fighters flying low would shoot up his assailant as soon as it was light enough to see, but in addition to this he was in touch with the Cavalry Brigade.

By R/T he had told them his situation. The Cavalry Brigade had camped at a spot about twenty miles distant after having covered sixty miles in two days, but hearing of the A.F.Vs. predicament was on the move once more. Fortunately they were on higher ground and by keeping to a road that skirted the hills the Cavalry Brigadier hoped to reach Demesh without difficulty, about 7 a.m. He was using pack transport leaving his M.T. behind with a small guard.

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VI.

The eastern sky was beginning to lighten. Hand-to-hand fighting was going on in the southern part of the camp. Tribesmen had crept in and got among our infantry at the south-east corner and machine gunners in A.F.Vs. could not shoot for fear of hitting our own men. Gradually it grew lighter and at last could be heard the far away purr of aeroplane engines.

Down they came, the purr became a roar, direction arrows were put out and a few seconds later came the crash of bombs in the undergrowth north of camp. The first salvo was perilously near our own front line, but the next was perfect. Now the tribesmen could be seen bolting, dodging through the Tamarisk jungle and single seaters darted above them adding their quota of fire to that already coming from the camp.

Men began to smile again, and had it not been for the continual rain life might have been bearable once more.

VII.

Half an hour later the sound of rifle shots came from the direction of the native city. Later artillery could be heard in action, and about 8 o'clock the Cavalry Brigadier was talking on the radio telephone.

On arriving before Demesh his patrols had been fired on. He had been obliged to attack the old fort, which was now in his possession. He had taken hostages for good behaviour, including the Governor, and his troops were holding points in the City dominating all movements therein. He now proposed to move out to deal with the enemy mechanized force reported bogged on the Dangi road.

VIII.

Still keeping as far as was possible to the higher ground north of the Dangi road, the Cavalry Brigade (less all wheels) had reached by midday a spot about twelve miles from Demesh and between Dangi and the Nemesian mechanized force.

Cavalry patrols had confirmed the air reports, and now standing on one of those small artificial mounds that exist in

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that part of the world the Brigadier gazed on a most extraordinary sight.

The country ahead of him was perfectly flat, covered in places with jhow and tall reed-like grass out of which protruded a number of black looking objects. He was reminded at the same time of Pharaoh's chariots, and of elephants beating for the Kadir Cup. But these elephants did not move.

His plan was quickly made.

One regiment was to operate astride the Dangi road, one to the south of it and one to the north. These two would connect towards Demesh to prevent fugitives escaping on foot.

The cordon being set and the co-operating squadron of R.A.F. in sight, the troops began to close in. Now their difficulties began. The moment they reached the level of the river banks the horses sank above their hocks and progress was terribly slow.

However, fire from hostile machine guns soon made them dismount and then began what must have been one of the most extraordinary operations of war that ever happened.

Crawling forward on their bellies, in liquid mud, the men man-handled their anti-tank weapons until they got within range of a vehicle.

Then, one by one, all within range were taken on. If the garrison bolted a short burst of machine gun fire brought them down.

Meanwhile the air force was not inactive; as the cavalry took on the outer fringe a squadron of bombers dealt with the vehicles within. Away towards Dangi the fighters could be seen warding off the enemy air attack.

The fight was long but one-sided; it could have but one ending. Some of the crews held out till their vehicles blew up. Others recognized the hopelessness of the struggle and surrendered. Gradually white flags appeared on more and more vehicles, till at last, about 4 p.m., the fight was over.

About the same time the sun came out for the first time in two days and shone down on a happy band of bedraggled and dripping riders, escorting their prisoners back to Demesh.

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IX.

Bert Frankau stood at the Club Bar that evening.

The latest wireless reports from Demesh were being passed round.

"I give you a toast," he said, as the waiter finished handing out a round of drinks. "Here's to the horses; you can't do without them." "Quite right—you can't," said an ugly little man in the corner. "But I will give you a better toast: 'Co-operation'—and make the best of the old and the new."

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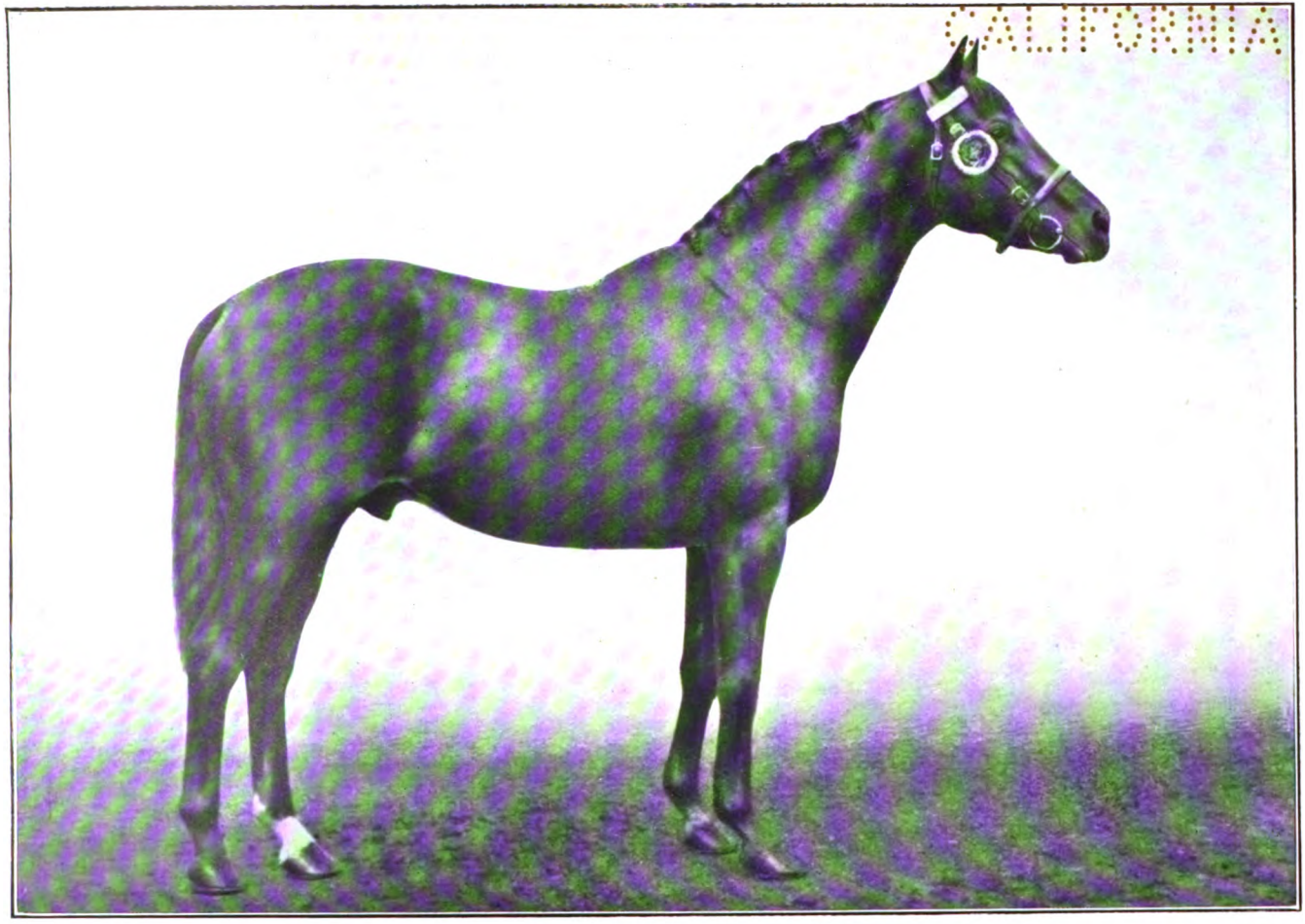
UNIV OF CALIFORNIA



[*Photo by W. Rouch & Co*

HECTOR

A weight-carrying Thoroughbred, embodying all the good points emphasised in these Articles

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AN EYE FOR A HORSE

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

Part I.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

"The Buyer has need of a thousand eyes;
The Seller of but one."

When we set out to buy our first horse we are faced with two main problems: How are we to judge whether he has the correct make, shape and action for the weight he has to carry and for the speed he has to go? How are we to form a reliable estimate of his activity and of what his temperament will be when he is corn-fed and fit?

In this mechanized age it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain experience of horses, and the aspiring owner, embarking on his first venture, may well be at a loss which way to turn to avoid the humiliating position into which his want of knowledge will land him. He will feel, amongst other things, that he has no adequate rejoinder to the blandishments of an eloquent dealer and he will, to say the least of it, be in the uneconomic position of trying to buy something, about which the seller knows considerably more than he does.

The horseman of old used to say that one had to buy horses that developed every known disability, before one could be called a judge. This is written for those who wish to save the time, expense and annoyance inseparable from obtaining this wide experience, and to help intending purchasers to avoid the more obvious pitfalls.

Good conformation in a horse means the particular make, shape and action best suited to the task demanded, and it owes

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its importance to the fact that any departure from the recognized standard makes for unsoundness when a horse is put to work. He will in addition probably be deficient in speed and uncomfortable to ride. The artist's conception may be misleading, because utility must be the sole guide. Indeed, good conformation can be summed up as the absence of those points which, accumulated wisdom has taught us, militate against a horse's usefulness for a particular task. No number of good points will compensate for one that is radically bad, and a well-shaped horse may be described as having as many good points as possible, few indifferent and no bad ones.

As the horseman gains experience, he can decide for himself why a horse has failed him in his work or during his preparation for it, and which of the various ailments that have appeared from time to time can be put down to faulty conformation and what particular fault is responsible for each ailment.

Nor are unsoundness and inefficiency the only disasters that can be laid at the door of faulty conformation. Vice makes its appearance in a horse for no other reason than that at some time an atttempt has been made to force him to perform some exercise for which he is unsuited by his age, make and shape, or by his action. For this reason conformation and temperament are so intimately connected that it is impossible to separate them or to consider one without the other.

However insistent I may be on suitable conformation I do not wish it to be understood that I advocate deferring purchase until perfection has been found. All that I undertake in the following pages is to separate good points from bad and to analyse their significance as a guide to the aspiring horseman.

THE MODERN SADDLE HORSE.

It is a sad reflection that, after trying for 3,000 years, more or less scientifically, to produce the ideal saddle horse, we are still so far from our goal. The proportion of bad horses is so high, that a good one costs too much on account of its rarity.

It is the custom to judge a horse by the absence of bad faults of make, shape and action rather than by its possession of good points. The principle guiding a man in choosing a horse is

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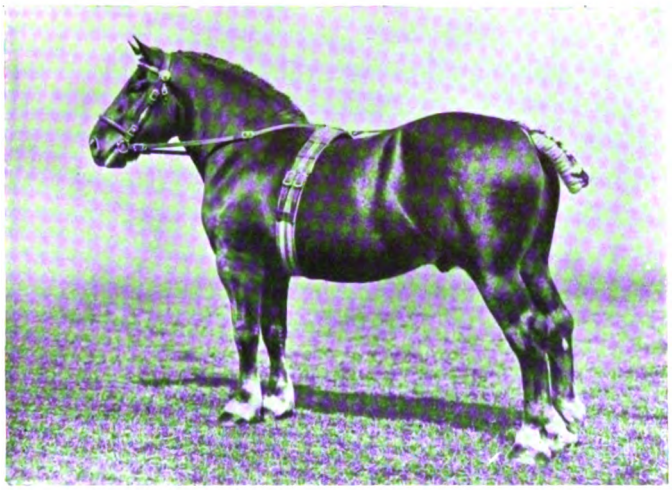
PLATE I



W. A. Rouch. "Copyright."

SUFFOLK PUNCH STALLION

(*a*)

W. A. Rouch. "Copyright."

ROYAL DUKE (*b*) SHIRE STALLION

It is instructive to contrast these draught horses, as well as those in Plates II and III, with the speedy animals in Plate IV Great strength without the necessity for speed accounts for the difference in conformation. It is important to appreciate these differences, as features typical of the draught horse must be absent in the saddle horse.

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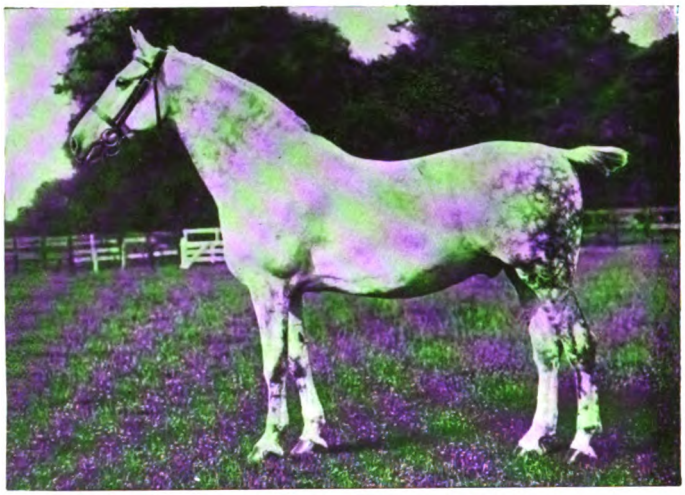
PLATE II.



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BILLY

MEDIUM DRAUGHT

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rightly, that the strength of a chain is that of the weakest link, but relying on this principle alone, the process of elimination under present conditions is too drastic. There are too many theoretically weak links in most horses and hardly any horses that possess none. It is therefore necessary for a horseman to learn not only the significance of every weakness, but, in addition, to appreciate the advantage of other compensating points of strength. This is equally important in the most fashionably bred racehorse because he is useless if he does not keep sound during his training.

When we speak of good and bad horses, we have to formulate a definition, so that we may be clear that we are taking up a universally accepted standpoint in deciding what is good and what is bad conformation.

Is there not, it maybe asked, some place where theory can be put to a practical test by means of concrete examples? A visit to Dublin Show is not to be despised in this connection whether we go in the capacity of a student of "make and shape" or in search of a young horse to be made into a hunter, of a green pony to be schooled for polo or of a hack. After such a visit the student will have added enormously to his store of knowledge of horseflesh, human nature and the psychology of judging, examining, buying and selling.

It is a unique experience, just as the Show itself is unique; there is nothing even remotely like it in the world. As long as hunting and polo exist anywhere, Ireland will be the chief source of supply of horses and ponies, and if anyone has a preconceived idea of the make and shape of a saddle horse he will find it at Dublin Show; and incidentally if he has a preconceived notion of the various *faults* of equine conformation, these also will he find in abundance. It is a liberal education in itself to watch the judging in the various rings and to test one's knowledge by comparing one's own opinion with the decisions of the judges. But it should not be done vaguely; it is not enough just to say that you prefer one horse to another; one should recognize and register each fault and each good point.

The judging takes place on the first day of the Show, the Tuesday, and thereafter the five rings become a series of fair-

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grounds wherein the owners display their wares. Prospective buyers from every country in the world hang over the rails and "call in" any horse that strikes their fancy, asking price and particulars. If a bargain is struck both parties adjourn to the veterinary paddock where the final examination takes place.

One must, however, be prepared to find the buying and selling of a horse a serious affair in Ireland, and that transactions are not concluded simply; often the negotiations last all the week, the buyer reckoning that by holding out till Friday, the last day, he will drive a better bargain, while the seller and his myrmidons shadow anyone who may have incautiously shown only a fleeting interest, in the hope of inducing him to make up his mind. I well remember the details of my first purchase at the Show in '98, which I have since found to be typical. I had picked out a handsome mare that had got third prize in a good class on the first day, and although I had only enquired her price, I had been positively haunted by the owner. By Friday morning we had approached within measurable distance of a deal, and on my arrival that morning at the turnstiles, I was promptly waylaid by "himself" and a friend, and before we had exchanged a dozen words it was borne in on me that the mare was to change hands before we parted. I unfortunately made the remark that I did not see my way to cope with two such eloquent partisans, so the services of a fourth were enlisted, this one to be *my* friend and ally. This process went on until I think we were five a side. They were all talking at the top of their voices, and matters had got to the point when my side had hold of various parts of my person and were dragging me forward in the vain attempt to advance my hand to meet that of my adversary, and his champions were hanging on to him to prevent him from turning from me in real or simulated disgust. I understood that once our hands met, the pony would be mine and that a cheque for an amount, which a clearer brain than mine would have to disentangle from a maze of contingencies and luck-pennies, would be due from me to him.

At this point my wife, with the rest of our party, arrived from a shopping expedition, and she was much startled to see her husband engaged in what appeared to be a brawl with

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strangers, and on the verge of blows. Anyway, the horse was bought; but to this day I have not divulged what an insignificant sum separated the seller and me at the point when the negotiations reached the physical and vociferating stage.

Nearly everyone in Ireland has a horse for sale. If he or she has not bred one they will have bought a youngster every year to train and develop, and all these appear at the Show. The village priest is up from the far west with his four-year-old, the farmer and the squire's youngest daughter each have one, and the conversation on the Friday is of horses sold, horses nearly sold, and horses that are to be taken home unless there is a last minute repentance on the part of buyer, seller or both. No one is really satisfied: the horses sold have gone too cheaply, those bought have been too dear, while the luckless exhibitors who are taking home their candidates console themselves after the manner of the fox and the grapes.

There is enough to interest the student all day and every day, and he would be well advised to be among the first to sign his name at the turnstiles each morning and to be among the last to leave. There are also the auction ring and the yearling sales across the way at Ballsbridge.

But it must be realized that it is only the raw material that can be studied at Dublin, horses in Ireland seldom receiving much schooling.

To study the finished article there is no place like the International Horse Show at Olympia. Here again a casual visit will not help a student like two or three whole days spent with his attention riveted on the hunter, hack and pony classes. The programme will allow plenty of relaxation while items uninteresting to the riding man are in the ring. There is, however, no comparison between the two shows, for, interesting and useful as Olympia may be, it is in artificial surroundings and the whole setting, with the flowers and the music, very distracting. Dublin Show, however, gets into one's blood, and a year missed, one feels, is an appreciable loss.

It is easy to say that a good horse is one that is eminently suited to the task demanded, but how has the idea of this suitability been arrived at? The experience of countless generations

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of horsemen has evolved the points that make a horse suited to his task, but unfortunately hardly any of the good judges have left a record behind them and there are no "footprints in the sands of time" for the guidance of the man who aspires also to be a judge. The result is that most of us have to learn the significance of good and bad points in the hard school of experience, just because we have no book that gives us exact data to which we can refer.

There was a time when one could get help from the veterinary surgeons, in fact, even now, some of the older men are still interested in horses not only in sickness but in health also. I once advised a young officer going to buy his first horse, to take the regimental veterinary surgeon with him. My young friend, I knew, would be no match for the dealer, a man of commanding personality, high up in his profession and somewhat arbitrary in his manner. As the horse was brought out the vet. said: "That horse has got a curb." "Where?" asked the owner, with a fine blend of assumed indignation and contempt. "On the seat of curb you ——— fool," retorted the vet.; "where did you expect to find it, on his nose?"—only he did not say "nose"! The dealer thought it advisable at this juncture to send for his partner, a man of great tact and suavity, who was more successful with this type of customer. My friend did not buy the animal he had come to try, but he bought another—and, I am glad to say, a good one.

An experience of mine (in 1931) is typical of the present times. I had sold a polo pony subject to his proving sound, and the veterinary surgeon sent over to make the examination told me that this was the first examination for soundness he had made since the War. Moreover his practice had completely changed, till dogs were now almost the only patients.

The veterinary surgeons of old had, of course, to keep at least two horses or they could not have made their rounds and most of those with country practices hunted and many bought and kept horses with the object of selling at a profit. How will the young practitioners qualifying to-day gain the necessary experience to advise on any point except theoretical soundness? Where are they to get a knowledge other than that obtained in

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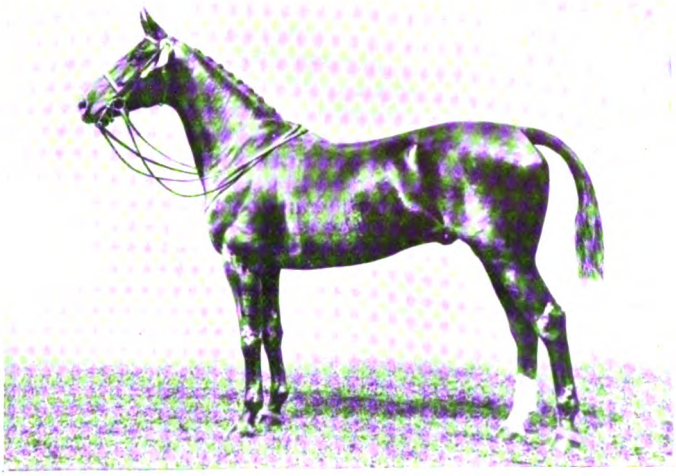
PLATE III



W. A. Rouch. "Copyright."

GOLDFINDER (*a*) CHAMPION HUNTER

Fig. (*a*) must conform to the ideas of the best judges of the make and shape of a saddle horse as he was so consistently a winner in the show ring. He should be compared with Fig. (*b*), which is purely a harness horse.

W. A. Rouch. "Copyright."

CLEVELAND BAY (*b*) HARNESS HORSE

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PLATE IV

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GAINSBOROUGH (*a*) FLAT RACE STALLION

(*Bayardo—Rosedrop.*)

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FAIRY STORY (*b*) POLO PONY MARE

The portraits on this page are horses of the true riding type which have been selected for their performances. Fig. (*a*) won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger substitute (1918); and Fig. (*b*) was a winner of innumerable prizes in the show ring as a polo pony. The latter was, in addition, one of the finest players ever known, and had the further distinction of having made a record price for a polo pony at auction. It will be seen how similar they are to each other in conformation, although (*b*) is ideally built for all-round excellence, considering weight-carrying power combined with speed and activity, while (*a*) excels for speed and endurance on the flat.

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the class-room and lecture theatre? All this makes a study of make and shape the more important to the would-be horseman.

It is no doubt useful to know that sloping shoulders, short back, well-set-on head and neck are desirable attributes, and conversely that sickle hocks, "back at the knees," shallow girth and a ewe neck are undesirable. But why; and how can we train our eye to recognize these faults? There must be a shorter cut to this knowledge than merely profiting by mistakes. Further, what is the mechanical disadvantage of faulty conformation, what proof is there of the pudding beyond the eating of it?

We must therefore consider a broad definition of a horse best suited to his task, and for saddle purposes this is the Thoroughbred, and the more weight his make and shape fit him to carry, the better. If this had only been appreciated a few generations ago, the position of the saddle horse would be more satisfactory to-day, but what has happened is that we have had in horse-breeding, too many ideals, and although we have successfully devised a type in our minds to the exclusion of all others, our efforts to produce it have been too diversified and we have not overcome the British prejudice against scrapping models rendered obsolete because the need for them has disappeared.

Within my recollection this confusion has existed and is only now tending to disappear for the reason that the uses to which the horse could formerly be put, no longer exist. It requires no great horse knowledge to pick out which of the following types are now useless or of which the use is in process of elimination.

HEAVY DRAUGHT (still much in demand and selling well):
The Suffolk Punch,
The Clydesdale,
The Shire,
The Percheron.

LIGHT DRAUGHT:
The Van Horse (semi-light),
The Cleveland Bay,
The Hackney.

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SADDLE HORSE:
The Racehorse,
The Hunter,
The Polo Pony,
The Hack,
The Child's Pony.

Then there are various breeds of small ponies, the native breeds, the Welsh Dales, Mountain and Moorland, New Forest and Shetland ponies.

Every one of these different breeds of horse and pony except the Hack, has a society of its own for fostering and improving its own particular type, but there has been *no* society to prevent the unscientific from mixing the breeds, and it is because of this mixing that confusion has resulted, and this is one of the reasons why there are so many bad horses.

Let us first consider the uses to which these various breeds are suited. The Suffolk Punch is primarily an agricultural horse and the horse that was usually seen in the London brewers' drays.

The Clydesdale is a quick-stepping, energetic horse, useful for agricultural purposes and also employed commercially in the streets of our provincial towns.

The Shire horse is the huge animal we see in Manchester and Liverpool lorries and carts. The bigger specimens are somewhat ponderous and slow for agricultural purposes but eminently suitable for struggling with heavy loads for short journeys on paved streets.

The craze fostered by the show-ring judges for a luxuriant growth of hair between the knee and the fetlock in the Shire horse, is responsible for the growing preference for the cleaner limbed Clydesdale and Suffolk Punch. The extra care and attention required to keep this " feather," as it is called, in healthy condition, account for the Shire horse's waning popularity.

The Percheron, lately introduced from France, is primarily a horse for the farmer although an attempt is being made (erroneously I maintain) to evolve a hunter from this breed.

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For lighter draught there is the Van Horse, seen in the railway parcels delivery vans, and in grocers' carts.

The Hackney was for gentlemen's carriages, dog-carts, Ralli cars and butchers' carts and for Army draught purposes.

The Cleveland Bay—a more stately animal with less showy action than the Hackney—used to be seen in the Sheriffs' coaches, the Royal carriages, and in four-in-hand coaches.

The Thoroughbred is the flat Racehorse, the Hurdler and the Steeplechaser. He also makes the best Hunter, the best Polo Pony, Hack and, when not too big, Charger also. As said before, he should be the only animal used for saddle work.

The Polo Pony has been a changing type. The foundation stock was originally one of the native breeds mated with a small Thoroughbred stallion, but this was in the days when the height of the playing pony was limited to 14.2, and the off-side rule was in force. Since the War, however, the height restrictions which had till then so hampered the efforts of breeders, have been removed, and there is now no off-side. Both these changes have speeded up the game and have emphasized the desirability of the Thoroughbred.

The type of Children's Ponies has also undergone a change of late years. The ideal now is a miniature Thoroughbred. Ponies bred for polo but which have not grown big enough are suitable, but even quite small ponies for little children are expected nowadays to be of the narrow, blood type. It is at last realized that the old-fashioned "butty" pony is unsuitable; indeed their broad backs, thick shoulders and badly carried heads and necks did more to put children off riding than any number of falls.

It speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of Polo Pony breeders that they still struggle to produce ponies to type, though as to what that type is there is still a divergence of opinion. Some prefer a pony under 15 hands with an admixture of pony blood, others will consider nothing but a Thoroughbred and his actual inches are disregarded so long as he "rides like a polo pony."

With the Hunter the confusion is more marked. In order to get what is considered in the show ring to be a weight-carrier, the breed, which ought to be pure Thoroughbred, has been mixed

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by using cart mares, vanners, etc., in fact any dam has been selected if only she is calculated to produce the animal of elephantine proportions erroneously supposed to be a weight-carrier.*

The evil is further accentuated by farmers using under-bred, superannuated mares, and by hunting men putting to the stud an old favourite (rather than destroying her) without considering whether or not her breeding, conformation and action are suitable for producing a high-class Hunter or Polo Pony.

We are careful to castrate all males from which we think it undesirable to breed, but mares are left unsterilized and are allowed to produce the many unsuitable animals that disfigure the hunting field, and the unsound ones which prove such a source of expense and annoyance.

The Mechanism of Conformation.

The points for consideration of this question have engaged the thought and attention of the experts for centuries. The ideas of horse users as to suitable make and shape, are no more uniform than those of the owners of mechanically driven road conveyances. The latter are of recent birth, so there is some excuse for divergent opinions, but the ideals of horsemen ought by now to have crystallized into something like uniformity.

It is no easier to draw up the specification of a universally desired motor-car than of a horse that will suit every rider. The only premise about which there can be certainty, is the question of the load to be carried. The main difficulty of a decision lies in the divergent ideas of what constitutes a weight-carrier and as to what qualifications meet the requirements of any particular rider.

Having begun with this analogy of the motor-car as the shortest and clearest way of impressing my meaning, it must be realized that the conformation of the horse is also a matter of angles, levers, incidence of weight and what is known in

*The only infusion of what might be called alien blood that ought to be tolerated is that of the Arab and the native pony. Both have played their part in producing the Thoroughbred of to-day; the latter, one must assume, provided the original mares from which the breed was built up, and "The General Stud Book" has still a section for the former. A pony dam would make for intelligence, compactness and stamina, and an Arab sire for speed and docility, and both for soundness.

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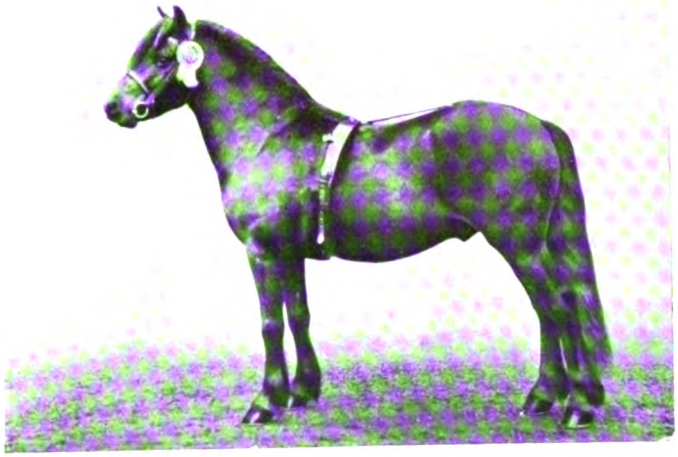
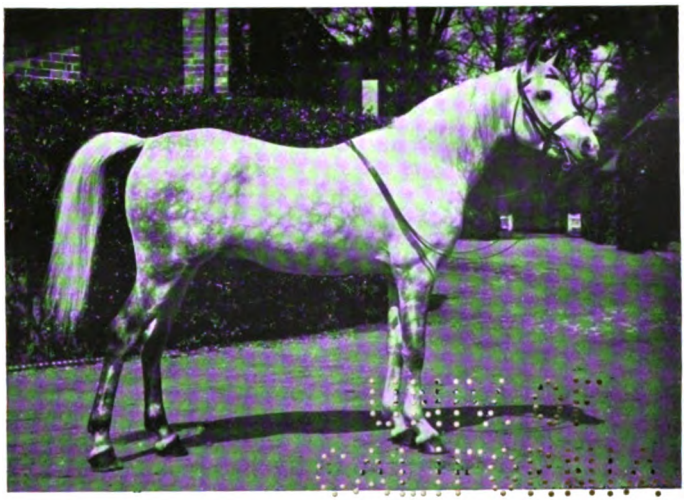
PLATE V



W. A. Rouch. "Copyright."

HIS KNIBS (*a*) ENGLISH PONY STALLION



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SKOVRONEK (*b*) ARAB STALLION

This plate shows a champion native English pony and a well-known Arab horse. Such animals were presumably the foundation stock of our *General Stud Book*, and a comparison with the modern Thoroughbred demonstrates what can be accomplished in a comparatively short time by intelligent selective breeding.

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mechanics as the "strength of material." Even when his judgment is in conflict with "mechanical design," the student can safely keep the analogy in his mind, to the exclusion of the horseman's judgment, no matter how experienced the latter may be.

But why, it may be asked, select the motor-car—or anything else for that matter—to point an argument that should be able to stand alone? The reason is that the motor-car, an invention that has suddenly revolutionized our lives, has captured the modern imagination. It has not only opened up the door, hitherto closed, for thousands to explore the countryside, but above all things it has brought into being "the owner-driver," the man who *has* to know something about a car and its mechanism. The motoring Press is enormous; not only the magazines and journals devoted exclusively to motor matters, but also special articles in the daily and weekly periodicals. My point is therefore this. It is long odds on a youngster being fairly expert in motor mechanics, construction and design, by the time he is in a position to make the purchase of his first horse. Then probably, for the first time, he is up against the difficulty of deciding on the suitability or otherwise of the conformation of his prospective purchase, and his acquired knowledge of mechanics will at all events help him to appraise, make and shape.

This is my excuse for drawing a comparison between a motor-car and one of the finest works of nature, improved and adapted to man's use and pleasure, by centuries of evolution based, by means of artificial selection, on experiment and experience.

In considering the specifications of a car and a horse, it will be necesary to dwell quite cursorily on that of the motor-car only in so far as to make my meaning clear. A man may decide that easy steering is the most important point, having had an accident which he can attribute to a steering wheel too stiff to suit him. Another man may like a system of brake-levers that will stand a weighty stamp without acting too fiercely on the brake-drums. Speed may mean everything to one, comfort and smooth running may appeal to another, acceleration—liveliness—may be a paramount consideration with a third, while "safety first"

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may be the motto of a fourth. Then there is a point that can be said to be an overriding consideration, *viz.*, durability. As the motoring public becomes more technical and experienced the various types of car will more approximate to each other till it is safe to predict that shortly the subdivisions of types will be condensed until they become no more varied than those of the bicycle. Is it too much to hope that the idea of what a saddle horse should be, will some day become as fixed as with the bicycle?

The march of progress leaves its mark on equine conformation no less than on motor design, but nature takes her time, so it is necessarily a slower and more uncertain process to evolve a species by breeding than to improve a mechanical design. But change takes place nevertheless, and because of the shortness of men's lives, the comparison between the horse of to-day and the horse of bygone times can only be made by means of record, description and picture.

THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.

There should be no misapprehension as to what constitutes a Thoroughbred and every horse-owner should clear his mind of the mystery and misunderstanding that surround this theme. I say this because I have come across so much that is erroneous, talked and believed about the Thoroughbred, that this chapter may be said to partake of the nature of a warning.

Instead of confining myself to a bare definition which would miss the true significance of such a wonderful work of nature (modified, one must admit, by the intelligence of man), I will recount briefly the slow development of the conception that was evidently in the minds of English sportsmen of a bygone generation, and note in passing how diversified the aims of these horse-breeders now appear in the light of later developments. There are, however, reasons for these diversified aims; some of the reasons I have stated beforehand, others no less interesting will appear in the following lines.

Horse-racing is a sport of great antiquity. It is as old as civilization, and has enabled man to find one harmless outlet for his warlike spirit. However exciting and profitable he had

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found continual fighting and marauding, he found peaceful competition controlled by laws and rules hardly less exciting, at least as profitable, and attended with a negligible amount of danger.

Here, then, was a civilized way of gratifying a strong hereditary instinct and hence the popularity of racing, which, we must remember, is still called "The Sport of Kings."

It is not the province of this article to trace the history of the saddle horse from the earliest times, although I discovered in the course of verifying the following details that a field of great interest is open to anyone who is fond of research, but there are a few points so intimately wrapped up with my subject that it is important to set them down.

We need actually go back no further than 1791, the year of the publication of the first "General Stud Book." Previous to this the breeding of horses was on rather haphazard and experimental lines and it is difficult to extract authentic information. The net result of my search, however, leads inevitably to the conclusion that it is to Eastern blood that the racehorse and the modern saddle horse owe their excellence.

The first importation of Eastern sires dates from the Crusades. Various authorities mention different monarchs as the first to import Arabs, Barbs, and Turks. One authority goes so far as to state that James I imported "the first Arab horse ever seen here." This author goes on to say that "although the assertion has been many times contradicted, careful research proves that until the arrival in England of the Markham Arabian—imported by one Gervaise Markham and sold to the King—no Arab of any sort had been brought into this country." That sounds authentic enough till we read another history that asserts with equal assurance that Henry VIII restored the glories of the Eltham stud (founded by King John), and that he founded studs at Windsor and Hampton Court and, like John, was a believer in the efficacy of Eastern blood. One reads also of an owner (the Marquis of Mantua) who in Henry's reign is reported to have declined for one of his best Arab horses "an offer of its weight in silver."

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Queen Elizabeth undoubtedly inherited her father's love of horses and she had studs at Greenwich, Hampton Court, Windsor, St. Albans and Waltham. But it was not until the reign of King James I that racing became recognized as a great sport in England, though across the border in Scotland it was established as a national institution earlier; in fact Queen Elizabeth had presented the sport-loving King James with race-horses long before he succeeded to the throne of England. But here again we find contradiction, for we read elsewhere that in this reign it was a penal offence " to make over a horse to the use of any Scottishman."

King James does not seem to have been disposed to rest content with the quality of his racehorses, as he is said to have bought the so-called Markham Arabian for £500. This price, however, would appear to be an over-estimate; for the actual entry of the purchase is to be seen to-day in the Exchequer or Receipt Order Books in the Public Record Office. The entry reads as follows: " This the 20th November, 1616. Paid to Master Markham for the Arab horse for His Majesty's own use, £154 0s. 0d." This seems a more likely sum to have been paid considering that the purchasing value of money in this reign was so much greater than in 1791, the year of the first " General Stud Book." However, the Markham Arabian was not a success as he ran badly, and there are no records of his siring any good stock. Another great horse to make his appearance about this time, 1641 (Charles I), was the Helmsley Turk, bought by the Duke of Buckingham.

The advent of the Commonwealth and the wars that preceded it caused a great setback to horse-breeding, and the next definite improvement came from Charles II, who also sent the Master of Horse to the Near East and imported a few stallions and a number of mares; all the latter may be assumed to have had in them a certain amount of Eastern blood. These were called " Royal mares " and were installed at Tutbury in Staffordshire. All record of them was lost when the King died.

His successors displayed little interest in horseflesh, but in the reign of William and Mary, many valuable Eastern stallions were imported by the Crown. Moreover, during this reign and

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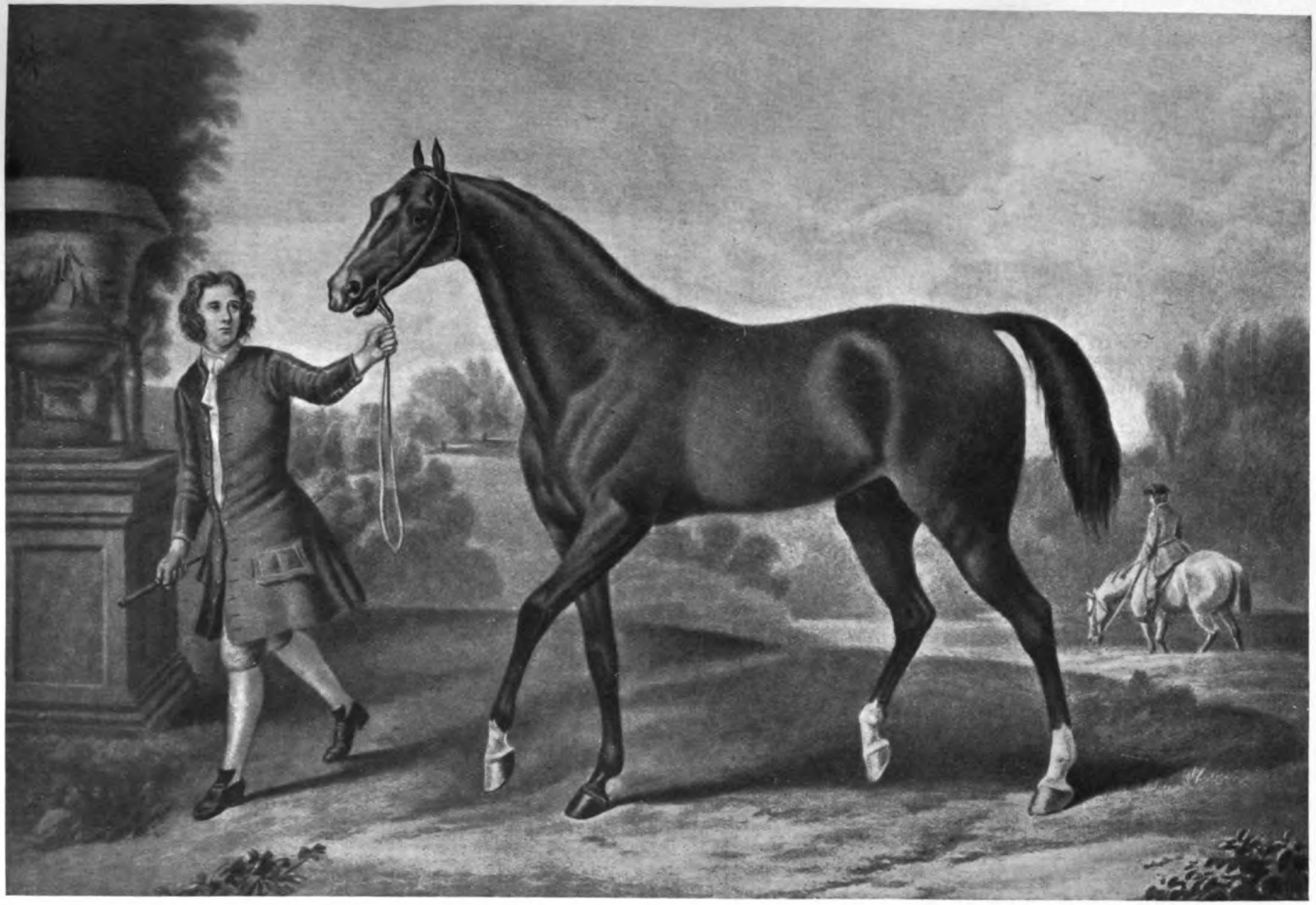

From the original picture by John Wooton

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THE DARLEY ARABIAN

(Imported from Aleppo, 1705)

The Property of John Brewster Darley, Esq., of Aldby

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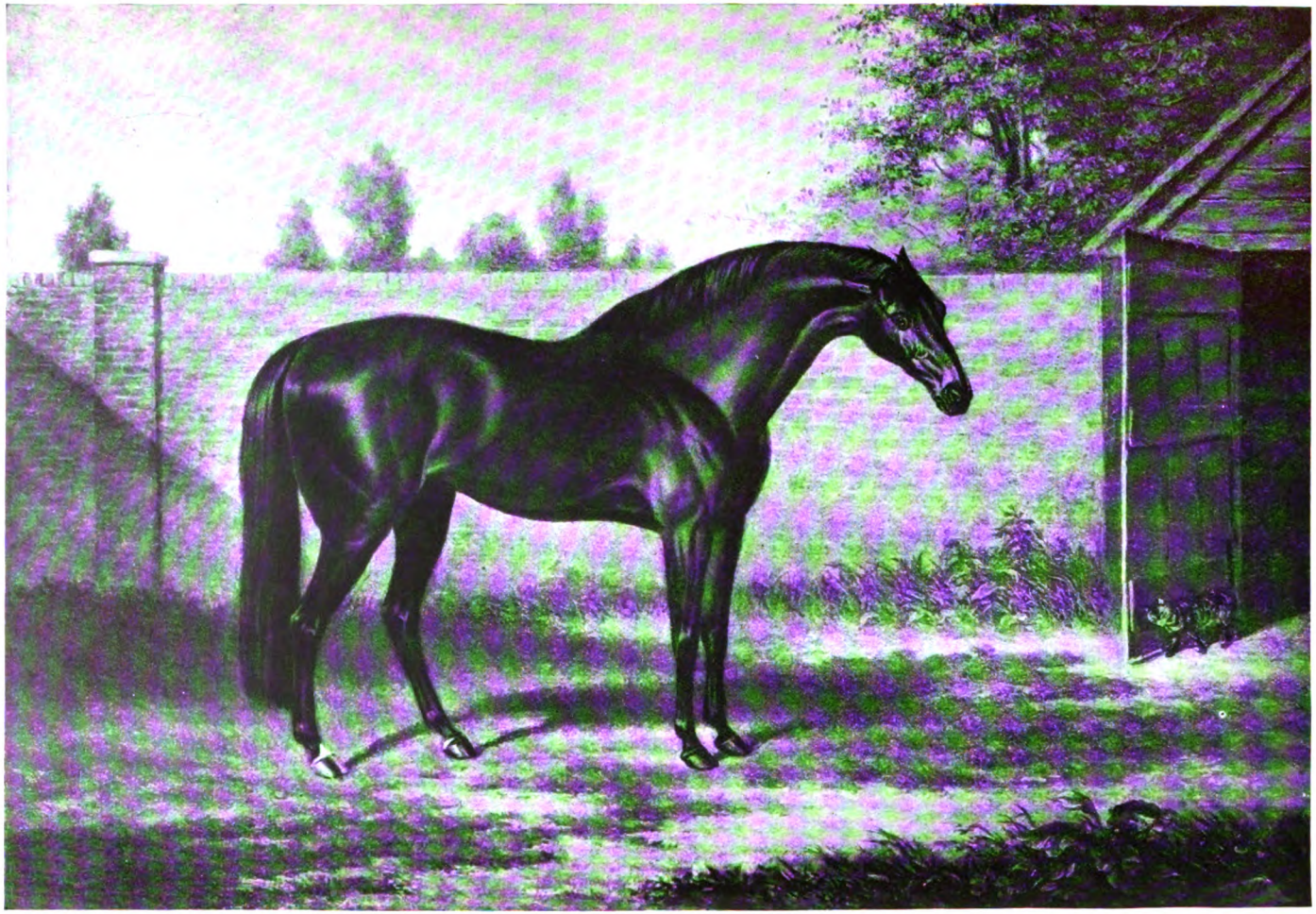

From the original picture by Geo. Stubbs, R.A.

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THE GODOLPHIN BARB

(or Arabian—otherwise named "Scham"—foaled 1724, died 1753)

It is generally supposed that this remarkable horse was one of Eight Barbs presented to Louis XV by the Bey of Tunis (1731). He eventually came into the possession of the Earl of Godolphin and contributed more than any other stallion to the

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the next, one of the illustrious stallions, to which the modern Thoroughbred owes much of its excellence, appeared on the scene. One Captain Byerley used as his charger during the Irish campaign, a particularly beautiful Arab horse which became known as the Byerley Turk, later to become one of the pillars of the "Stud Book."

Queen Anne, about whom the only outstanding fact known to most of us is the certainty of her demise, was a keen racing monarch, and soon after she ascended the throne the Darley Arabian came to the fore. This horse, probably a Turkish or Syrian horse, was the sire of Flying Childers and was the second of the three great sires whose blood so predominantly permeates the Thoroughbred of to-day. He was presented to Mr. Darley of Buttercomb, York, by his brother, "an agent in merchandise abroad, who became a member of a hunting club, by which means he acquired an interest to procure this horse," whose success at the stud surpassed even that of the great horse, the Leedes Arabian, sire of Betty Leedes. Her chief claim to fame was that she was the dam of the renowned Flying Childers. It is on record that no fewer than twenty-three stallions of Eastern blood were imported during the reign of Queen Anne, and thenceforth the breeding of the Thoroughbred proceeded on more scientific lines.

The last of the great trio of stallions so often referred to as being pillars of the "Stud Book," was the Godolphin Arabian, a dark bay horse, 15 hands, with his off hind heel white. He has been immortalized in many celebrated portraits and would appear to be a horse of Northern Africa (commonly called a Barb) and not of pure or unmixed Arabian blood. This animal, found by Mr. Coke pulling a water cart in Paris in the year 1728, was sent to this country and presented to the Earl of Godolphin. He lived until 1735, his death (at 29) being universally lamented, and by none more than his favourite cat, which followed him to his burial under the stable gateway at Gogmagog near Cambridge, sitting disconsolately on the body while preparations were made for lowering it into the grave. The story goes that the cat then disappeared mysteriously, never to be seen again.

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It is considered by many students of the subject that the line from the Godolphin Arabian is undistinguished, and that, like that from the Byerley Turk, it owes its celebrity and its continuance to the infusions of blood supplied by the descendants of the Darley Arabian. There are, however, other authorities who maintain that there is no outstanding horse on the turf to-day without a cross of the Godolphin Arabian. It is true that, like his Parisian career, his early duties at the stud were also ignoble and his first progeny Lath out of Roxana was the result of chance.

The infusion of alien blood into the "Stud Book" has come undoubtedly from the importation of Arab stallions, the Eastern people setting such store on their mares that they would not allow them to leave their country. However, in 1878 Mr. W. S. Blunt of Crabbet Park did succeed in importing a certain number of mares from different parts of Northern Arabia. A list of these is given in Vol. XIV of the "Stud Book," and most of them seem to have been stolen or captured in war, others were bought for "fabulous sums." We read, for instance, of "Meshura, a bay mare (foaled in 1872), a Seglawieh Obeyran of Ibn Ed Derri, half-sister to Pharaoh, her sire a Menaghi Hedruj of Ibn Sbeyel. She was bred by Berghi Ibn Ed Derri, who sold her in 1879 to Ali Pasha, Governor of Deyr, at a price of 44 camels, besides a sum of £100 and presents worth as much more. She was purchased and imported by Mr. Blunt in 1881. A celebrated mare."

King George I and his successor displayed no interest in the development of the Thoroughbred, but the latter's son, the Duke of Cumberland, achieved much. Amongst other things he founded Ascot races and got together a stud in Cumberland, and another at the Isle of Dogs, where some say the great Eclipse was foaled.

Eclipse, probably the most remarkable horse of all time both as regards performance and at the stud, deserves a biographical note. The following is taken from "Famous Racing Men" by "Thormanby," published in 1852:

> "In the year 1764, during a partial eclipse of the sun, which made the year a notable one, a mare named Spiletta,

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in the stud of H.R.H. William, Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame, gave birth to a chestnut foal by Marske, which was called after the phenomenon which had marked its birth, 'Eclipse.' On the death of the Royal Duke, his stud went to the hammer, and a Mr. William Wildman, a sheep salesman of Smithfield, who kept a string of horses at Middleham, became the purchaser of Eclipse. It was not, however, until the horse was a five-year-old that he was run in public, at the Epsom May Meeting of 1769. Previously to this, Wildman determined to have a private trial in which Eclipse should be tested against a first-class horse. The news at once spread that Eclipse was a wonder, and when he started for his maiden race, a 50-guinea plate for horses that had never won 30 guineas (matches excepted), 4 to 1 was betted on him. These odds were fully justified by the result. The race was run in four-mile heats, Eclipse carrying 8 st., and though he was pulled hard by his jockey, John Oakley, he distanced his four opponents completely, leaving them 'almost out of sight.' The next triumph of Eclipse was at Ascot, on May 29th in the same year. It was over this race that the memorable formula was used which has since passed into a proverb. 'Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.' He ran his first race, as has been seen, on the 3rd of May, 1769, and his last performance as a race-horse was at Newmarket on the 4th of October, 1770—just eighteen months. During that period he had won eleven King's Plates, in ten of which he carried 12 st., besides other stakes and matches. He was never once beaten or even approached, and so great was his fame that he was seldom admitted to subscription stakes without a high premium and penalty. Thus, in the last race he ran, a 150-guinea plate, his owner, O'Kelly, had to pay 100 guineas entrance fee to enable his horse to run, and the only bets that he could get on him were by laying long odds that Eclipse would not only beat the other competitors, but distance them. And when we remember that he did completely 'lose sight of' such horses as Strode's Pensioner and those two splendid animals Bellario and Tortoise in

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a canter, it must be admitted that Eclipse was a veritable wonder. But perhaps this famous animal's most remarkable race was his match against Bucephalus, the son of the renowned Regulus, at Newmarket, in April, 1770, each carrying 8 st. 7 lbs. A splendid race ensued for about half the distance, but though the north-country horse was in grand condition and ran with extraordinary gameness, proving himself a worthy son of old Regulus, he could not touch Eclipse, who simply romped in, the easiest of winners. The effect of this defeat upon Bucephalus, who had never before been beaten, was singular. It fairly broke the heart of the noble horse, and he never again ran in anything approaching to his old form. As a race-horse Eclipse was considered in his day to have been the fleetest animal since the time of the famous Flying Childers, who is credited with some of the most extraordinary feats of speed on record. Childers was a chestnut, like Eclipse, but with a white blaze on his forehead, and four white legs. He was bred by Mr. Leonard Childers, of Carr House, Doncaster, and foaled in 1721, and the following astonishing performances are assigned him by tradition. In a trial against Almanzor and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, carrying 9 st. 2 lbs. over the Round Course at Newmarket, he did the distance (3 mls. 4 fur. 93 yds.) in 6 mins. 40 secs. He was said to have moved 82½ ft. in 1 second, which is at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. He also covered the Beacon Course (4 mls. 4 fur. 13 yds.) in 7 mins. 30 secs. No such marvellous 'times' are recorded of Eclipse, and, considering what clocks and watches were in those days, we may well doubt whether these achievements of Flying Childers be not apocryphal. But the career of Eclipse at the stud was even more brilliant than that on the turf. He begat from his own loins no fewer than 335 winners, who, between the years of 1774 and 1796, won close upon £160,000 in stakes, exclusive of cups and plates. The most famous of his immediate issue was Young Eclipse, foaled in 1778, who won the second Derby in 1781 from a field of fifteen. Eclipse himself died at Colonel O'Kelly's

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estate at Canons, in Middlesex, the 28th day of February, 1789, at the age of 25. He had been taken there in a van drawn by two horses, his groom being inside with him, and this is the first instance on record of the use of what we should call a 'horse-box.' At his funeral ale and cake were distributed to those who had attended to pay the last honours to the famous horse, a custom which had been continued in the case of illustrious equine heroes from the time of the Godolphin Arabian. Mons. Vial de Saintbell made his fame as an anatomist by dissecting Eclipse, whose heart was found to weigh 14 lbs., a phenomenal weight, but still 8 lbs. less than Mr. Davis's equally immortal Hermit. The skeleton of Eclipse was offered for sale in 1821, the price asked being 1,000 guineas, but we cannot find that any sportsman was enthusiastic enough to purchase this costly relic of perhaps the most famous horse that ever lived."

At the same time, there are reasonable grounds for believing that far more stayers were running at the beginning of the nineteenth century than can be found at the present time, but the reason may be partly due to the fact that it is an exception for a modern racehorse to be trained for a long race. In the old days people raised their Thoroughbreds with the idea of running them themselves and moreover, the unfortunate practice now so prevalent of stall-feeding young stock did not exist then.

Since the time of the Duke of Cumberland, the history of the Thoroughbred is clearly traceable in "The General Stud Book."

The above is a short history of the origin of the racehorse, but it does not tell us what constitutes a Thoroughbred to-day.

For a horse to be correctly described as Thoroughbred it must be entered in "The General Stud Book," which is nothing more nor less than a series of volumes compiled, kept up to date and published by Messrs. Weatherby & Sons, 15, Cavendish Square, London, W.1. This book is recognized not only by our Jockey Club and by all other official racing authorities in the Empire,

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but also by every Government and institution interested in horses all over the world.

Next we have to know what the "Stud Book" is, how it came into being and how it is maintained.

In 1791 Mr. J. Weatherby, Junr., published a book which came to be called "An Introduction to a General Stud Book." This with few exceptions contained the pedigree of every horse and mare of note that had performed on the turf for the preceding fifty years, together with a short account of the most noted Arabians, Barbs, etc., imported for racing purposes. The information was originally collected solely for the private amusement of the Editor, but on the suggestion of some of the "First Noblemen and Gentlemen" connected with the turf at that date, he offered the volume so compiled, to the public. The avowed purpose of the Editor was "To rescue the turf from the increasing evil of false and inaccurate pedigrees."

Besides the names of all mares who had bred "animals of consequence" and their progeny, there was also subjoined to this book, a short account of the most noted foreign horses imported for breeding. The information was obtained mostly from "Racing Callandars [*sic*] and State Papers."

There is also mentioned in the original "Stud Book" a point that will be of interest. About this year (1791) the Arab stallions began to be known by the names of their owners and they varied their titles with the change of ownership. Thus the Barrington Arabian was afterwards styled Gibson's, the Northumberland Brown Arabian—the Leedes Arabian. The Compton Barb became the Sedly Arabian, Khalan Maga—Lord Ossory's, etc., etc.

The Editor finally quotes the words of "an experienced sportsman": "At the time William, Duke of Cumberland, came to Newmarket (*circa* 1753) the turf was at a very low ebb, there being few breeders except two or three in the north and few Noblemen and Gentlemen who kept horses not for pleasure or love of sport, but merely for state or because their fathers did so before them."

That disposes quite briefly of the origin, development and *raison d'être* of the "Stud Book," and for a horse to be

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From the original picture by John Wootton

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THE BYERLEY TURK

The Property of Capt. Byerley who rode him during King William the Third's Wars in Ireland

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correctly described as Thoroughbred he or she must be entered in one of the volumes, and to be eligible for entry certain qualifications must exist.

The present conditions of entry are to be found in the preface to Vol. XXII and are repeated in the last volume (XXVI). They read as follows:

> "No horse or mare can be considered as eligible for admission unless it can be traced without flaw on both sire's and dam's side of its pedigree to horses and mares themselves already accepted in the earlier volumes of the Book.
>
> "The Editors reserve to themselves the sole right to decide what horses or mares can, under the above qualification be admitted to, or excluded from the Book."

So here we have the true description of a Thoroughbred and any horse or mare so described, but which is not entered in "The General Stud Book," bears a false trade description, and to sell as Thoroughbred a horse that is not actually in the Book, is an offence, just as much as selling margarine for butter or cotton for silk. Whether such a statement is made wittingly or unwittingly the seller lays himself open to an action for damages. If it is made with intention to deceive, it is a penal offence. And then as no breeder in his senses would breed a horse eligible for entry and omit to enter it, one can safely say that a horse sold as "eligible for entry" but which has not been entered is an object of grave suspicion. Entry costs nothing and the value of a horse authentically Thoroughbred is enhanced out of all proportion.

It is even advisable to test the authenticity of an entry. I once bought a pony catalogued with a "Stud Book" volume and page number; sire and dam were named and similarly signified with volume and page. Some time after I had sold her the new owner decided to breed from her and on trying to verify her pedigree he found that her sire and dam had bred a chestnut colt in that particular year, whereas the pony in question was a brown filly. This, as may be imagined, created an embarrassing situation for me and although I had long before that decided that I would call nothing Thoroughbred which had not all the authentic entry details, I decided to go

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a step further in future and actually verify all entries. I regret to say, that in only too many instances I have failed to authenticate the pedigree I have been given.

Up to 1913 the conditions of entry, as detailed in Vol. XIX, had been for many years:

> "The Stewards of the Jockey Club after kindly consulting most of the principal breeders, came to the conclusion that any animal claiming admission should be able to prove satisfactorily some 8 or 9 crosses of pure blood to trace back for at least a century and to show such performances of its immediate family on the turf as to warrant the belief in the purity of its blood."

It is to be hoped that the craze that exists for the blood of "fashionable sires" will not end in such close in-breeding that before long breeders will find themselves at their wits' ends for a cross.

And yet what folly it is that we are forced to go outside the "Stud Book" for our saddle horses, although with conditions as they are we cannot well help ourselves. The supply of Thoroughbreds up to weight at reasonable prices is too limited and one is driven to the half and three-quarter bred.

Is there a remedy for the existing shortage of weight-carrying docile Thoroughbreds? It is perhaps too much to suggest that the weights of jockeys should be raised, races lengthened and races for two-, three- and four-year-olds abolished, but if this could be brought about it would be an automatic remedy and the result would be a wonderful improvement in the stamina and weight-carrying power of our saddle horses. But horse-breeding has to be made a commercial proposition, and breeding racehorses is only profitable if they begin to earn money early.

Now, however, that all other uses for the horse are becoming obsolete except hunting, hacking, and polo, I definitely advocate opening a branch of "The General Stud Book," to be just as exclusive as the existing one, but which shall have as its object, the breeding of a weight-carrying blood horse of about 16 hands. A recommendation (as a condition could not well be enforced) should be that the young stock

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should lead rational lives during their youth. Their first two years should be spent at grass, in their third year they should be broken and gently ridden, they should spend their fourth year learning the rudiments of hunting and polo and make their début as hunters and polo ponies when five years old.

We must not, however, omit from our consideration the two societies laudably engaged in trying to improve the breed of saddle horses, the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society and the National Pony Society. The former has been "Established to Improve and Promote the Breeding of Hunters and other Horses used for Riding or *Driving* and for Military Purposes." Although the foregoing is the first of the "Objects" claimed by the Society and is further emphasized by being printed in red ink, the italics are mine. These aims are too diversified and, indeed, unnecessarily so to-day, when the number of driving horses required is negligible and the Army has become almost completely mechanized.

In the stud book of the National Pony Society, which has as its aims "To Promote the Breeding of Ponies for Polo, Riding and Military Purposes, and to encourage the Native Breeds," the various types are kept separate and there is no mixing of the breeds. Moreover, the polo pony is the only saddle horse under the Society's care. But the difficulty with which they have had to contend is that the requirements of polo players, and with them, of course, the type of pony, have varied with every change of the rules of polo, and the aims of breeders have had to be modified accordingly.

Finally the stallions of both these societies are selected for prizes and premiums, not for their performances, but merely for their make and shape, the only paces seen by the judges being the walk and trot in hand, and their action at the canter and gallop is an unknown quantity.

In the distant future, when it is no longer necessary to admit to their stud book, animals by inspection, something may result from the efforts of these two societies, but it is too early to judge. The Hunter Society's stud book has only been in existence forty-eight years and that of the National Pony Society thirty-nine years, whereas "The General Stud Book,"

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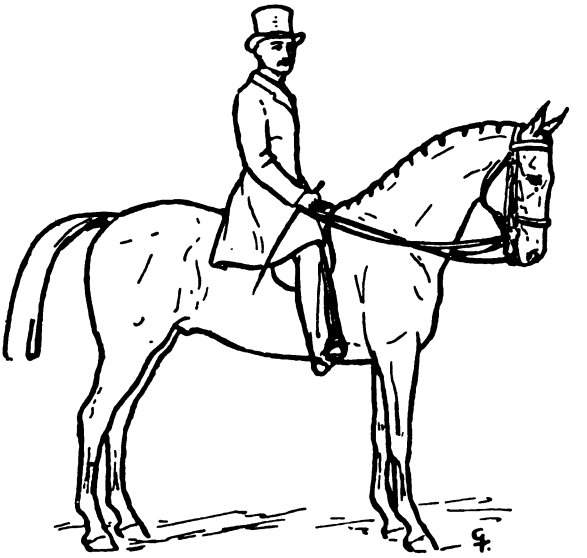
with what must be remembered is a complete singleness of purpose, was instituted in 1791.

We must hope that some day a race of Thoroughbreds will be evolved—bred with the object of carrying fourteen to sixteen stone to hounds or at polo. The selection of sire and dam will have to be on a different principle from that at present in use for the racehorse, the consideration of size, bone, substance, straight action, and conformation from the point of view of soundness and comfort to the rider, will have to outweigh the consideration of mere speed.



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"TWO MONTHS' LEAVE"

By "ZARIF."

IN a bungalow in the Punjab, two subalterns sat before their fire, deep in thought. There had been some nebulous agreement between them that they would go together on their two months' privilege leave; and that morning the Adjutant had told them that they were due to go in April and May.

"The question is," said B., "where are we going to go?"

"I'm blessed if I know, old man," I replied. "Let's look at it from the other way round: What are we going to do?"

India is a land of unlimited possibilities, but when one is faced with the problem of making a definite decision as to how one is to spend one's two months' leave, it is hard to see the wood for the trees. There is so much that might be done: pig-sticking, shooting, fishing, trekking, sight-seeing, poodle-faking, mountaineering, playing golf, touring, and a wealth of combinations and permutations of all these.

A stealthy glance at our pass-books revealed the painful fact that anything expensive must be ruled out of the programme; so we decided that the only alternatives remaining were shooting or fishing. Neither of us being keen fishermen, or the proud possessors of rods, only shooting remained.

A review of the resources of our armoury was more encouraging; we both owned double-barrelled 12-bore shot guns and a revolver, and B. was the fortunate owner of a .375 Mannlicher which I had sold him the previous year. In addition to these, there was a 500 Express rifle which belonged to the Mess, and which, we had no doubt, we would be able to borrow.

"That's settled then. We shoot." B.'s voice sounded very final, as though there was nothing more to consider.

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"Yes," I remarked, "We shoot. But where? Kashmir, Chamba, Mandi, Siwaliks, Central Provinces?"

B. affected to consider the point. "Kashmir."

"Licences are expensive in Kashmir, and one has to trek a long way to get a good *nullah*. Besides," I added, drawing my chair closer to the fire, "it can be infernally cold up in the Himalayas. I'm inclined to favour the C.P."

"It's infernally hot down there, though, old man." B. was what is sometimes politely described as "well covered," and was not a lover of extreme heat.

"Yes, but we shall have three months' duty in the hills when we get back; so we shall get rid of our prickly heat in no time."

So eventually it was settled that we should go to the C.P., and after consulting Colonel A. E. Stewart's most comprehensive book, "Tiger and Other Game," we made a *bandobast* about stores and reserved a block some way south of Jubbulpore.

Neither of us had any experience of big game shooting, nor had we ever seen a jungle before; so we were not too delighted to find that our block did not boast a single professional *shikari*. My knowledge of Urdu was small, and B.'s was strictly limited to "*Chota Peg lao*"; but we were both so much enjoying ourselves that little things like that did not worry us. Arrived at Jubbulpore, we collected our stores from the local general merchant, and set off in a car to cover the fifty odd miles to our block; eventually arriving at a small rest house on the road, to discover that this was the only habitation in our newly acquired kingdom.

Here we settled down for the night, and after exploring the village, summoned the "*panchayat*" to attend us.

I questioned them about the game in the area, and was at once informed that there was a panther which nightly marauded the environs of the cattle pound. A *bandobast* would be made for the Sahib for that very night, and they would be extremely grateful if he could destroy it for them. B. and I tossed up for the first honour; and on my winning, I told the *lumbadar* (headman) to make all arrangements. A little advance of cash would be required, he informed me, to purchase a goat, and to provide a "*machan*." Full of hope, I set off just before dusk, and was secreted in a tree only a few yards from the village. There I

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sat, agog with excitement, straining every nerve to catch the first sound of the approaching panther.

I waited in vain. It was a sadder and wiser subaltern who returned to the Rest House for dinner; and I reflected bitterly on the astuteness of the semi-civilized native who could detect a "griffin" so easily.

B. and I decided that it was useless to remain in the Rest House; so the following morning we shook the dust of that inhospitable village from our feet, and trekked into the jungle, making for a village named Jogreye, which we had selected from the map as being the most central position in our block, and which, from the contours, seemed to have the best site for a camp.

B., I left to act as escort to the bullock carts carrying our stores and tents, going on ahead myself to select the camping ground, and to make arrangements for the water supply.

I arrived at the village, which consisted of about twenty little mud hovels with thatched roofs, standing on the top of a low ridge. Calling for the *lumbadar*, I asked him if we might camp somewhere near; he led me over the ridge, and showed me a very pleasant spot under some shady trees about four hundred yards from the village. It seemed an ideal situation; so collecting some twenty small brats, I began to clean the area, removing stones, and large branches.

There was only one well, which was used by the entire village; but I bought several huge earthenware pitchers and had them filled with water. Presently B. arrived, and we pitched our camp under the trees, setting our servants to boil the water in the jars. Finally we strained it all through several thicknesses of muslin, and added a few drops of "Chlorogen," which is an excellent purifier, being more economical to use and less pungent than chlorine tablets.

The water from that well was not good, but the chlorogen must have done its work, for neither of us suffered any discomfort the whole time we were there, though B. often vowed that he could distinctly taste dead dog.

We were eating our dinner that evening, pestered by biting flies, when the Forest Guard came to see us, saying that a tiger had killed a cow eight miles from our camp. He thought it was

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the work of a tigress and her cub, and would one of the Sahibs go along with him very early in the morning.

One of the Sahibs would, and B. left at crack of dawn.

I, too, rose an hour before dawn, and went out to inspect a "*boda*" (small undersized buffalo), whom B. had christened "Gabriel," which I had sent out to be tied up in the jungle the previous night. On my way I met two young men going out to work in their fields. I stopped to pass the time of day with them, and finding them very interested in the fact that I proposed to shoot a tiger, asked if they would care to come with me. They replied that I had only to command, for them to obey; and from that moment our camp staff was enriched by the presence of Gunga Ram and Woji Lall. They knew little about shikari work, but they had a certain knowledge of jungle lore, which I found very useful. Moreover, they knew every inch of the surrounding country, and would act as guides for me.

So on that fine April morning, Gunga Ram, Woji Lall, and I, followed by Gabriel's "*boda-wala*," wended our way across the fields into the particular piece of jungle where Gabriel had been tethered for the night. Poor Gabriel, I wonder if you are alive or dead? As we approached the *nullah* in which he had been tied we walked slower, and with greater caution; for if the tiger had killed, it might be lying up here; and not only were we anxious not to disturb it, but we had no desire to stamp on its tail unawares. We were making our stealthy way in single file down a steep narrow track in the thickest part of the jungle when Woji stopped dead, and our little party telescoped into itself. I had to remonstrate with Woji for failing to give me any warning signal, for several times he halted and bent down suddenly so that before I had time to stop, Gunga Ram had cannoned into me from behind, knocking me on to Woji who was tipped over on to his nose.

We extricated ourselves, clustering excitedly round the track.

Woji's eyes came out on stalks, and in a sibilant whisper he said: "*Sher ka khoj.*" Sure enough, there in the sandy track was the pug-mark of a young tiger. This caused a great sensation, and I made sure that my gun was well and truly loaded

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with two enormous lethal bullets. We gloated over this sign of intense danger for some while, peering fearfully over our shoulders every now and then as though we expected to see a whole "*khandi*" of tiger advancing to devour us. Oh, Gabriel, what is the betting now? Silently, breathlessly we continued our snakelike progress, and arrived at a small water-hole. Yes, the tiger had drunk here, and turned left-handed. Perhaps he has missed Gabriel. We turned the corner. "Mooo-ah," said Gabriel, and proceeded to emit a series of long-suffering groans, as though to say "'Gosh! I can't *say* how glad I am to see you fellows. You cannot imagine what a night I've had; never slept a wink." I went up to him and scratched his ear, to be butted in the ribs by his ridiculous semi-formed horns. Comforted by our presence, he lay down with another melancholy groan and proceeded to finish his interrupted breakfast, chewing his "*bhoosa*" with profound thoughtfulness.

I decided to move on to inspect the various watering places in this jungle to see what the tracks could tell us. Here had been a peacock, there a sambhur, here a pig, and over there a cheetal—and here, yes it most certainly was another electrifying pug-mark, only about four hours old. This time it was a tigress and her cub, walking side by side; and by hunting heel we found the pool where they had drunk over night; so we set off in search of a kill. There might be one very close to where they had quenched their thirst.

I looked about me, trying to think where a tiger would take his kill; where would I take *my* kill if I were a tiger?

Two crows were laughing in a dead tree. On all sides of us there was thick tiger-grass, seven feet high. A brain-fever bird mocked us from the hillside. Everything else was mysteriously still. There were a dozen places where that tiger cub might be lying asleep, gorged with food; and close beside him might be a very watchful, jealous tigress . . . . We might be very close indeed to that cub—and the tigress. I felt my safety catch repeatedly as very slowly, very silently, we quartered the ground, looking for the kill; the two little Gondis creeping close behind me, slowly, steathily; my gun in the ready position . . . every nerve strained . . . alert. . . .

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"Brrrrrrrh!!!" I leapt back, gun to shoulder, my heart beating frantically, as a veritable *mine* of quail positively burst at my feet. Woji was the first to recover; he lay down on the ground and just rolled about on his back doubled up with silent laughter. I walked on.

We wandered along through great stony *nullahs*, up steep "khud" sides, peered into water-holes, and saw all kinds of different spoors of the various denizens of the jungle who had been abroad during the hours of darkness.

We emerged into a big open nullah with a shallow water-pool running down the middle of it. Woji ran forward, and kneeling down by a large flat stone at the water's edge, beckoned urgently for me to follow. After a moment of close scrutiny he turned to me and whispered: "*Jangal ke Maharaj ke khoji hai*"—the pug marks of a King of the Forest!

I knelt down beside him; there was no mistaking it; here were the great pug-marks of a veritable King of the Jungle. Huge spreading pads, immense stride—calm deliberation and enormous power written in every inch.

I stared and stared, feeling that at last I had seen something really worth looking at. As I gazed, the awful realization broke upon me that the time was half-past eight; the sun was well up and growing hotter every minute; the tiger had crossed through the water-hole, and the *pug-marks on the stones were still wet!* Those tracks could not be more than about five minutes old; he must have crossed that *nullah* just as we were rounding the bend, and we had probably missed him by half a minute. Was he watching us from a few yards off? Woji looked fearfully over his shoulder, his lips parted. What should happen if the tiger were to spring at us from that overhanging rock?

Would my aim be straight, and would the lethal bullet in my gun be sufficient to stop him? We gazed round.

Tall thick grass; deep dark caverns in the rocks; and everywhere a most sinister silence, as though the very jungle were paying homage to this most terrible of beasts.

High up in a tree sat two vultures, motionless; in another perched a couple of very silent crows; all around was thick yellow grass, breast-high.

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It was folly to penetrate this dense grass, in search of a kill, and although Woji climbed a tree, he could see nothing; so we decided to wend our way home, there to make a plan as to the best way of finding this tiger, or the tigress, and slaying it.

As we filed through the jungle we surprised a small party of seven hinds, Sambhur hinds; very pretty they looked in the brilliant sunshine as they turned their heads inquiringly towards us before stamping and bounding away into the thicket.

Arrived back in the camp I held a consultation with Woji and Gunga Ram. In this particular piece of jungle there had been certainly one tiger, one tigress and at least one cub, only last night. One cub had passed within four hundred yards of Gabriel; the tigress and her cub had drunk some way further on; while in the big *nullah* the great tiger had passed by. I was unable to afford another *boda* so I decided to attack the big *nullah*, with the chance of getting a shot at the tiger, with the possibility that the tigress and her cub might also come that way.

About midday I received a message from B. to say that he had been unable to find the kill, as the tigress, which he was hunting, had dragged it, and all tracks had been washed out by a local thunderstorm; he was going to sit up another night over a live bait, in the hopes that she was still in the neighbourhood.

During the afternoon I marshalled my forces and marched for the nullah; Woji led, followed by myself, Gunga Ram, a whole horde of wood-cutters, and last, but by no means least, a reluctant and loudly protesting Gabriel.

After much discussion amongst the wood-cutters at the top of their voices, we chose a tree and made a *machan;* but as I, in my excitement, had forgotten to bring any rope, we had perforce to lash the "*charpoy*" (native bedstead) into the tree with creepers; which made the whole erection look so desperately unsafe that I made three men jump about on the bed to ensure that it was strong enough to bear my weight.

About half-past five I crawled into this precarious nest, followed by an almost endless stream of creature comforts: glasses, revolver, cartridge belt, flask, cushion, topee, coat, pencil and paper, thermos flask filled with hot strong coffee to

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keep me awake, a cottage pie and a roll of "*chuppattees.*" My 12-bore gun and a patent torch I had with me; but B. had taken the .500 Express away with him on his adventure, so I had to rely on my revolver and 12-bore lethal bullets. The cottage pie I devoured in a nonchalant manner to show by independence, sending the coolies away with minute instructions as to their action if they heard one shot, two shots, or shouts from me that there was a wounded tiger cruising about below. With several good wishes and prayers for my safety and good success, they left me, making off into the jungle as the sun sank with a blaze of red behind the golden *mor* trees on the western ridge of the *nullah*.

Let me here and now curse the imp that impelled me to take strong black coffee as the only form of liquid for my night's vigil. By eight o'clock I had finished it, each cupful burning me cruelly, and making me increasingly thirsty, until I was shortly willing to sell my commuted pension for even a sip of cold water. It was a grilling night, and the mosquitos sang their malignant song all around me in the dark, biting me promiscuously and savagely, while my throat grew increasingly parched.

The first arrivals on the scene were some green parrots who came to quench their thirst—it was torture to watch them; and all through that night I was driven to the verge of madness by the sound of animals bathing—*bathing*, mark you, in pure crystal-clear water which I would have given my soul to drink. I found it in my heart to pity poor tormented Tantalus in Hades; but his misery cannot have compared with mine!

As the light failed, and the darkness of the East descended suddenly upon the jungle, I was frightened almost out of my life by a couple of martens who had emerged from some hole in the rocks beneath my *machan*, their wild shrieks rending the air violently, savagely. I was glad to be perched up above the ground, on which unknown horrors were creeping; some primitive instinct impelled me to climb higher, but the comparative safety of the *machan* was a great comfort to a poor mortal stranded alone in the middle of a wild merciless garden of Nature.

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Gabriel played up well; he stood in front of me, and bellowed abuse at the heartless wretches who had left him alone to his gruesome fate. I hoped that every tiger in the Central Provinces would hear his objurgations, and, licking their chops, advance swiftly upon him.

I coughed. Gabriel hurriedly turned round, and stared up into my tree in amazement. He gave a queer little half moo, which sounded just as if he was saying "Oh ye-ah?" He repeated himself several times, very softly, and having satisfied himself that I was really there, lay down with great determination and went sound asleep.

A footstep.

Gabriel rose to his feet precipitately, blowing great gusts through his muzzle. Nothing moved. Presently Gabriel lay down again. Silence . . . .

"*Bohh!!!*" A sudden sharp noise like a toot on a ship's siren shattered the still night air close by my tree; flashing my torch in that direction I caught a glimpse of a fine Sambhur drinking at the pool. Fireflies flitted through the velvet night; a pig wallowed in the water-pool, grunting contentedly. Sundry scuffles happened somewhere.

A peacock screamed a mile away; the night grew blacker, and Gabriel began to munch his *bhoosa* slowly. All the rest of the world seemed to have gone to sleep,, and it needed more than my feeble will-power to keep my eye-lids from closing. I wound the strap of my glasses round my legs, and put my gun-sling round my arm, to prevent them falling over the edge of the *machan* while I slept; and turning over on my back, I gradually lost consciousness, falling into a dreamless sleep. . . . .

It must have been about half-past four when I awoke, feeling very cold but not so thirsty. I was very wide awake; something was wrong. I peered over the edge of the *machan*: I could just see the white boss on Gabriel's head. It moved, so he was still alive. Where was the tiger? There was one very near, I knew, for my heart was beating violently.

Calm, deliberate footsteps crept steadily down the dry bed of the *nullah*; I could hear them now, gaining stealthily on me from behind. I dared not move for fear of making a noise which

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would scare the brute. Gabriel, you fool, get up and show yourself. But no, he lay as small as a mouse, and seemed to shrink into the ground.

"*Aaaah-ooonhh.*" A full-throated roar came from the tiger, as he passed by on the far side of the *nullah*, some eighty yards from my *machan*. Gabriel, like Brer Rabbit, lay low and kept on saying nothing; and the tiger, ignoring the peacocks who awoke to scream shrilly at him, passed on and was lost in the night. Patiently I waited, but he never returned, and, half an hour after dawn, Woji and Gunga Ram arrived to escort me home; so descending from my perch I walked over to where I had heard the tiger, and there I found his tracks. It was the same big tiger whose pug-marks I had seen on the stone by the water-pool on the previous day.

I returned to camp, where I found a disconsolate B., who had met with no success whatever, his tigress apparently having left that jungle.

Some three weeks passed without our seeing another sign of tiger, and we were beginning to wonder whether all the tiger in our block had deserted us; and whether we should eventually return to our station, a couple of luckless shirkaris, with nothing to give the smallest tinge of veracity to the yarns we should spin to our not too politely incredulous brother officers.

Small game we found in abundance: partridges, green-pigeon, quail, green parrots (which make the most succulent eating), peacock, and jungle-fowl aplenty; and one day I had the fortune to shoot a woodcock, the first I had seen in India. We shot our Sambhur; we shot a bear—though the bear nearly cost us our lives as we broke every principle of *shikar* known to man in our excitement and ignorance.

Then one morning, when we were idling in camp (for it was very hot, and we had plenty of meat in the larder), Woji came running back to my tent to say that Gabriel had met his Waterloo, and had disappeared, leaving but one foreleg as a legacy for us.

All my lethargy was dispelled as though by magic, and cramming some *chuppattees*, a book, and my pipe and tobacco into a capacious haversack; putting on some Mohammedan

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baggy trousers and a cotton shirt, with a Cawnpore "pig-sticker" on my head, I seized my gun, rifle, and revolver, and set off into the jungle, followed by the usual crowd of wood-cutters and Woji.

I left the woodcutters about four hundred yards from where the kill had been tied up, and approached with Woji, to make a reconnaissance. When I reached the nullah there was nothing to be seen, merely Gabriel's chewed foreleg tied to a tree; not a vulture in the sky; not a sound anywhere; not a sign of a pug-mark; not a drop of blood. Carefully we searched, but we found nothing. I was about to give it up, when I suddenly thought: "What would I do if I had been that tiger? Take the kill away to some quiet spot to eat it." Hastily looking about I selected what I considered to be the most likely route for him to drag the kill, and made a cast there. Sure enough, some thirty yards away from the kill, I found a pug mark and a drop or two of blood. Once we had got on to the track of the tiger we moved very slowly, taking infinite precautions.

The trail led us up the steepest side of the *nullah*, until we reached the top, when we found ourselves in tall tiger-grass, some seven feet high, completely obliterating any field of fire. I could not see two yards ahead of me, and was merely following in the trail of the tiger, hoping presently to come on the remains of the kill.

All was very quiet, and strive as we might to tread softly, our footsteps sounded like pistol shots to our nervous ears.

Suddenly Woji clutched my shirt, jabbing the muzzle of my loaded twelve-bore into the small of my back. Looking over my shoulder I saw one of the coolies running for dear life, while Woji's face was ashen grey, great beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. He was staring straight ahead, his lips trembling. I faced my front again, puzzled, for I could see nothing, nothing but tall yellow tiger grass, acres and acres of tall yellow tiger grass. Then I understood. My heart began to beat wildly, my mouth became very dry, and a cold sweat broke out on my fingers.

From the grass, ten yards in front of me, there was a low rumbling sound, the cruellest and most savage noise I have ever

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heard. Gradually it increased in volume, with a savage intaking of breath. I raised my rifle to my shoulder, convinced that any moment the tiger would spring; that would give me time for one shot, and after that it would have to be close work with my revolver. I loosened the holster with my left hand. Suddenly the roar came in full force, immeasurably loud. "*Ahooonh. . . . Ahooonh. . . . Ahoooonhh.*"

Time seemed to stand still; the sweat poured off me in trickling streams; the sun burnt a hole in my back, making me feel positively sick. I could do nothing; it was useless to fire at something I could not see, as well as being incredibly folly.

Years passed.

Very slowly, very stealthily, we made a strategic movement to the rear; and having put about fifty yards between us and the place where the tiger had roared, I sat down on a tree stump, sending Woji back to bring up the woodcutters to make the *machan*, and also to drag along the goat I had brought with me. If the tiger would not let me get to the kill, I would tie the goat up outside the thicket and make the tiger come to me.

It took about half an hour to collect those coolies, and as soon as they arrived I moved cautiously forward again, sending Woji shinning up trees the whole way, spying out every ten yards or so, to make certain that we should not be ambushed a second time. At last we arrived once more at the spot where we had been roared at: all clear. Ten yards more. There, on the ground, was a terrible mess, where the tiger had been eating Gabriel; but he had carted the rest of Gabriel off with him again, and now our search would have to start all over again. Ever so cautiously we stalked forward once more, noting every new-broken leaf, every drop of blood, until at last, some fifty yards further on we came on the remains of Gabriel. We stopped to listen; there was no sound. The tiger must have gone off to drink.

There was an excellent tree for a *machan*, situated on the very edge of the *nullah*, giving a commanding field of fire all around; so telling the coolies to be as quick as they possibly could, I set them about tying the rickety old bedstead up in the branches.

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Work was progressing well, and the coolies were collecting branches for cover from the bushes on the ground, when there was a roar in the jungle, some half a mile away. In a trice everyone of those woodcutters was up a tree.

Cursing them for a cowardly set of ruffians, I coaxed them down and set them to work again, and in a few moments that *machan* was complete, and there was not a woodcutter to be seen anywhere. The remains of Gabriel were lying on the very edge of the *nullah*, and thinking that if the tiger returned, and I shot him, he would bound over the edge out of sight, I dragged the kill ten yards away from the *nullah's* brink, tying it firmly to a sapling.

Climbing up into my *machan* I gave Woji some last-minute instructions, and told him that he was to wait up a tree until nine o'clock that night; after that he was to go home.

Before he left I made him tie the goat to a tree ten yards away from the kill; then, looking round and finding myself quite satisfied that my arrangements were complete and that the stage was set, I dismissed him and was left alone in my glory; alone with a bleating goat and the stinking remains of Gabriel. I looked at my watch: 11.0 a.m.

Motionless as a statue I sat for three-quarters of an hour, but the tiger did not return; so resigning myself to a long afternoon's wait, I unloaded my rifle and gun and settled down to read the book which I had brought. I had been reading for ten minutes or so when there was a gentle pop, and I sank slightly in the *machan*; one of the strings of the *machan* had broken and with every movement the string was unwinding itself further, so that in a very short time I should drop through the bare framework and land on the ground thirty feet below! Hastily I tied the pieces of string together, the whole tree shaking with my efforts to retrieve an awkward situation. My whole attention was occupied in dealing with this emergency, and so it was not until I heard a startled bleat from the goat that I discovered that anything was happening down below. Popping my head over the edge of the *machan* I was astonished to see a large tigress standing there, just having appeared over the edge of the *nullah*. There she stood, in the dazzling sunshine, a magni-

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ficent figure. Marvellous colouring, a fore-arm as thick as a youth's thigh, she looked a perfect picture of beauty as she gazed steadily in front of her, her black stripes blending wonderfully with the shadows in the grass. I feasted my eyes on the truly wonderful sight. Just then, when she had been standing stock-still for some twenty-five seconds, the goat gave another petrified bleat, and swinging round tried to make a dash for safety. The effect on the tigress was extraordinary. Crouching swiftly back on her haunches, ears laid back, dripping jaws bared, her evil eyes staring wickedly through the grass at the wretched goat, her tail twitching right and left, she took a pace forward and shot through the air, landing full on top of the goat, her forepaws on either side of his forelegs, her body over his, her jaws closed on his neck so that his head lay on the left of her mouth, the root of his neck on the right.

Thus she stood for the fraction of a second; then she lay down suddenly, crushing the goat beneath her, and as she did so she turned her head to the left, breaking the goat's neck. The goat died instantly.

All this while I was watching fascinated. Then I remembered why I was there and realized that my gun and my rifle were both unloaded. Ever so cautiously, but unable to take my eyes off the tigress, I loaded the rifle, sliding in two huge 500 shells. As soon as I began to do this the tigress appeared to be uneasy. She looked about her. Ever so slowly I raised the rifle and drew a bead on her shoulder. She glanced up at me, but seeing nothing looked away. "Now I've got you!" I thought to myself; and again the tigress looked up at me, her eyes an evil green. I fired. With a coughing grunt she leapt to her feet, rolled over, struggled to her feet, and bounded past me to my left at full gallop. I leaned over the edge of the *machan*, taking a swinging shot, smashing her near fore-arm; but she galloped on and was gone. Then I began to curse my fate; of all the jobs in the world of which I most disliked the idea it was that of following up a wounded tigress on foot. However, remembering my books, I sat down to "wait for half an hour," to allow the brute to stiffen up a bit, before going after her.

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Seven minutes later I heard the sound of footsteps in the *nullah* below me, and looking over the top of my *machan*, to warn any coolie that might be there of his danger, I was astonished to see my tigress limping along, about eighty-five yards down the side of the *nullah*. She halted behind a small bush, only her hind-quarters showing; then, after a minute or two, she rose to her feet, limped a few more paces, and lay down in a small clearing. Taking careful aim at the root of her neck I fired, and she, arching her back like a caterpillar, her head pressed to the floor, slowly rolled over and over and disappeared down the hill-side.

There was nothing more to be done, and after waiting another half hour I called to the coolies; and with Woji I walked down the hill-side and found her lying there quite dead. She measured eight feet two and three-quarter inches long.

We found my bullets in her when we skinned her; and we also found an old native lethal bullet which had just penetrated her left forearm and had now been completely healed over. She was rather old, very fat, but in excellent condition, and the skin was very well coloured.

For a fortnight after that we saw no sign of any game until one day B. shot a tiger, eight feet ten inches, which had the most colossal forearm I have ever seen. It was a huge tiger with rather a short tail, otherwise it would have measured far more.

That was the end of our trip, and we had enjoyed ourselves tremendously besides learning a lot which we might never have discovered had we been taken everywhere by some rascally *shikari*, who would undoubtedly have made the most of our novice status; although I suppose also we might have fared very much better had we been accompanied by some experienced old Indian who had our interests at heart. The leave was cheap, too, all things considered; our total expenses for railway fares, stores, wages, etc., coming to a little under twelve hundred rupees for the two of us for two months, which at three hundred rupees a month each is very good value.

I have not tried to gloss over my many mistakes and errors; any experienced shikari will be able to detect them and will, I hope, smile tolerantly as he remembers his own first essay in the

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jungle. However, there is one matter which, even in my inexperience, I feel compelled to mention.

Some months ago, I think it was in the July, 1931, number of "Blackwood's Magazine," an article entitled "Experiments in the Primitive," appeared written under the *nom-de-plume* of "Forepoint Severn." This was an excellent article, covering entirely new ground, in which the author showed, for the first time, probably, in the history of *shikar*, that there is a definite peculiar influence which man exerts over animals. There is some peculiar form of mental "telepathy" which, if a man sits waiting patiently, murder in his heart, to shoot an animal, seems to warn that animal, who probably never appears. How far that influence can act, and to what range, has not yet been discovered; but that such an influence is present is coming to be more and more universally recognized.

The two instances which I have quoted of being near a tiger are cases in point. In the first case, when I sat up all night, I was awakened by the presence of the tiger; and I believe that he was frightened away by my concentrating all my energies and mental powers on trying to locate him to shoot him. The second case is even more vivid; when the tigress approached my *machan*, I was moving about in the *machan*, shaking the whole tree, totally unaware of her presence, and my mind entirely occupied with tying up pieces of string. When I first saw her, I was so astonished and so interested in her appearance, that I did not think of shooting, of trying to kill her, until she had slain the goat; then I pulled myself together and took aim. It was not till then that she looked up, and her manner became definitely uneasy at once. This account I have written from very complete notes which I wrote in my diary on the afternoon when I shot the tiger, April 24th, 1929; and it was not until I had read "Forepoint Severn's" article in 1931 that I began to think about the possibility of such an influence with wild animals. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, on referring to the notes which I had made in the jungle, to find that my observations of the tigress's actions justify, absolutely, the theory of the presence of that peculiar influence.

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Whether this influence can be controlled, and whether a man can deliberately so scatter his "malignant" thoughts that the animal is unaware of his intentions, are matters which have yet to be decided; but I would ask even the most sceptical shikari to give this a trial the next time he goes into the jungle; and I feel sure if he can keep his heart at peace, and force himself not to concentrate with murderous intention on the animal, whether he can see it or not, he will have a far better chance of seeing good sport.

Anyhow, whatever theories people may have about this, we do all of us owe a debt of gratitude to "Forepoint Severn" for his courage in being the first to bring to light what must, after all, have seemed at first sight to be a crazy theory.

So convincing are his arguments, however, that one is forced to consider them in the light of one's own experience; and the first reluctant, half amused "Well, I wonder if there *is* anything in it?" soon turns to astonishment that one has not thought of it for oneself long ago.

One day, perhaps, science will explain it to all of us.

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SOME LITTLE KNOWN BRITISH COMMANDERS OF THE PAST

By Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

I. Lord Hill, 1772-1842.

The Peninsular War is, thanks to Napier and Sir Charles Oman, perhaps that one of all England's wars of which we know the most and can read with the greatest pleasure and profit; but the central figure of the story on our side is so great a soldier and so outstanding a personality as to overshadow completely not only his allies and his enemies, but his subordinates as well. Among these latter there was no lack of picturesque figures or striking characters; but their great chief found none of them fully worthy of his confidence, or well fitted to play an independent rôle. None, that is, save one, whose military qualities were so great that they might, given the opportunity, have rivalled Wellington's own, and whose character as a man was attractive as his commander's was repellent. That one was Rowland, Viscount Hill.

1. *Early Career*, 1772-1807.

Rowland Hill, a member of an old Shropshire family of squires, was born at Prees, near Hodnet, on August 11th, 1772, the second son of ten, and the fourth child of sixteen. From his earliest years kindliness of heart, generosity, and humanity distinguished the character of the child, as later that of the man; but of the future great soldier little was to be seen in the delicate sensitive schoolboy, diffident, reserved, and apt to faint at the sight of blood, of whom the earliest records of his life tell us. Moreover, the Hills were not by tradition a military family, and Rowland was at first destined for the law. It was

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by his own choice, and with the somewhat reluctant consent of his parents, that he decided for the army, and was gazetted in 1790 to an ensigncy in the 38th Foot.

In 1791 he transferred on promotion to the 53rd Foot, after having spent most, if not all, the intervening period abroad, learning his profession in a military academy at Strasburg. The outbreak of war with Revolutionary France found him quartered with his unit in Scotland, and shortly to be promoted captain, as a reward for raising an independent company for his regiment. It was not, however, till 1793 that his first opportunity came for active service in the field, at the siege of Toulon, where he was attached as A.D.C. in succession to the staffs of Lord Mulgrave, General O'Hara, and David Dundas. He displayed courage and coolness remarkable in one undergoing his baptism of fire, was slightly wounded at the attack on Malbosquet Fort, and won golden opinions, particularly from O'Hara, who was to be a good friend to him all his life.

Early in 1794 he transferred once more, this time to the 90th Foot, or Perthshire Volunteers, then being raised by his future comrade-in-arms of Peninsular fame, Sir Thomas Graham, and rapidly rose first to the rank of major and then, on an increase of establishment, to lieutenant-colonel—this after less than four years' service! Such rapid advancement was of course not uncommon in the days of purchase, but in very few cases was it so well justified by subsequent service as in that of Hill. The 90th Foot had, however, a somewhat uneventful early history; periods of garrison duty in the Ile D'Yeu, off the coast of La Vendée, and at Gibraltar, with short interludes at home, filled Hill's years until his promotion, early in 1800, to full colonel, in which rank he took part in Abercromby's Egyptian expedition. After the Aboukir landing, he distinguished himself at the action of Mandora tower, where his regiment, moving as advance guard, was suddenly violently assailed by French cavalry. So swift was the attack that it had not time to complete its deployment; but it stood firm, and beat off the horsemen with the coolness of a veteran corps. In the heat of the action Hill was hit on the peak of the helmet, and so badly stunned that he had to be carried back aboard

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ship. It was three weeks before he rejoined, in time to take part in the unopposed march to Cairo, and to be present at the capitulation of the French Army.

By the spring of 1802 he was back in Ireland, which was as usual in a state of disaffection, and here he spent six uneventful years, broken only by the fiasco of the expedition to the Weser, on which occasion he first met his future commander-in-chief and friend, Wellesley, and by a short period of coast defence duty on the shores of the Channel. June of 1808 saw him under orders to join the expeditionary force destined for Portugal, and for the most famous of all our British wars.

2. *The Peninsular War*, 1808-1814.

On August 1, 1808, the landing of the British force commenced on the Portuguese coast at Mondego Bay, 100 miles north of Lisbon, where Junot, commanding the French invading corps, had his headquarters. Hill was appointed to the command of one of the six temporary brigades into which the force was now organized; and in the first action with the French covering detachment at Rolica, he took a vigorous and successful part in the series of attacks, by which the French were driven from one ridge to another and finally off the field. At the battle of Vimiera on August 21st, however, his brigade was posted on the extreme right of the line, and took so little part in the action that it had no casualties at all to report. The Convention of Cintra and the evacuation of Portugal by the French under its terms, concluded the campaign.

Sir John Moore now assumed command of the British army, and in mid-October commenced an advance into the heart of Spain to the assistance of the Spanish armies endeavouring to hold the line of the Ebro. Hill's brigade formed part of the right column, which moved by Abrantes and Guarda to Salamanca, where after much unnecessary delay the whole force was collected by mid-December. From there Moore thrust forward against the right flank of the French main army, which under Napoleon's personal command had swept victoriously forward to Madrid, and now threatened to overrun all Spain. Moore's stroke caused the Emperor to turn the

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bulk of his forces against the British, who, threatened with envelopment and destruction, had to turn about and make a headlong retreat to their ships at Corunna. In the exertions, privations, and horrors of this famous retreat Hill and his men had their full share; but they were not employed on rearguard duty, and had their first sight of the enemy only on January 16th, 1809, when Moore stood to fight south of Corunna to secure his unmolested embarkation. During the battle Hill's brigade held the extreme left of the line overlooking the sea; after some fighting it was withdrawn to the outskirts of the town and remained there all next day to cover the embarkation of the rest of the force, being itself among the last to go aboard. The retreat and the battle had taken heavy toll of it, exactly 25 per cent. of its original strength being deficient on landing in England.

A short spell of home leave followed before Hill returned to the Peninsula, this time to take command of the 1st Brigade of the field army, now once more under Wellesley. The first part of the latter's plan was to drive Soult's corps from northern Portugal, where he had established himself about Oporto. The French covering troops on the Coimbra-Oporto road were quite unaware of the storm about to burst upon them, and Wellesley hoped to destroy them by the combination of a frontal attack and a movement against their flank and rear, to be conducted by Hill's brigade, which was to cross the Aviero lake in boats and take them by surprise. Hill successfully carried out his part of the scheme; but the frontal attack was delayed, and, left isolated in face of superior hostile forces; he had inactively to watch the enemy effect a hurried retreat, which he was too weak to molest. Soult assembled his army behind the line of the Douro at Oporto; but his defensive preparations were so careless and faulty that Hill, under Wellesley's orders, was able to ferry over a part of his brigade undiscovered and establish himself in a seminary building just east of the city. Here he beat off a succession of vigorous attacks and gained time for the main body to cross to his support. The French were forced to beat a hurried and disorderly retreat, which did not stop till they had been driven clear out of Portugal. Hill's conduct in

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this campaign gained him, when a few weeks later the army was re-organized on a divisional basis, the appointment to the command of the 2nd Division.

Wellesley now turned against Victor's corps in the Tagus valley; but the difficulty of combining operations with the Spaniards caused him to lose so much time that his enemy was reinforced, and he was compelled to fight a defensive battle at Talavera. Hill's division held the key to the position, a ridge on the left of the British line; and a powerful French attack, delivered under cover of darkness on the night prior to the general battle, took the defenders by surprise and gained the crest of the ridge. Hill himself, believing, as he said, "that it was only the old Buffs, as usual, making some blunder," rode up to see what was afoot, and found himself in the midst of the enemy. His brigade-major was killed beside him, and a French soldier seized his bridle; but he broke away down the hill, collected and led up his reserves, and ejected the enemy with the bayonet. Next morning the French renewed their attack in mass; the British skirmishers came back before them so slowly that Hill was heard to use strong language for the first time in his life, and to cry, "Damn their filing, let them come in anyhow!" As soon as the enemy columns appeared on the crest, he led his lines forward in a fierce counter-attack, which swept them back whence they had come; but in the moment of success he was wounded in the head, and compelled to leave the field. Talavera, though a British victory, was a fruitless one; the threat of fresh French forces moving against his rear forced Wellesley once more to withdraw beyond the Portuguese frontier.

At the end of 1809 he was busied in preparing for the great hostile invasion of Portugal, which he foresaw for next year. The main body under Massena was reported north of the Tagus, and in face of it he had assembled the bulk of his forces; but Reynier's corps south of that river also had to be watched, and for this purpose Hill, now a lieutenant-general, was selected. He was given 12,000 men—his own and a Portuguese division, and two cavalry brigades—and posted at Portalegre, north-west of Badajoz, with orders to observe the French in his front,

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and move northwards to join the main army immediately it became clear that they on their side had been called up by Massena. It was a difficult and delicate task, requiring good intelligence, sound judgment, and decision; but Hill performed it admirably. He refused to allow himself to be imposed upon or deluded by Reynier's feigned thrusts towards Badajoz; and when, early in June, 1810, the French crossed the Tagus at Almaraz and moved west to Coria, they found Hill, who had passed the river at Villa Velha, once more in front of them at Castello Branco. Here both remained face to face for two months, when Massena finally drew in Reynier northwards to join him. But again Hill was aware of the movement and, marching by Thomar, effected his junction with Wellington in ample time for the battle of Busaco, which in the event of his absence the British could hardly have risked fighting. On the field his command held the right wing, but was not seriously engaged; and with the rest of the army it withdrew to the lines of Torres Vedras, which it garrisoned in the sector just west of the Tagus. There followed a period of stalemate until mid-November, when Massena, at the end of his supplies, withdrew to Santarem, and Wellington, cautiously following up, pushed Hill across the Tagus to operate on the French flank as they fell back. But at this juncture the latter fell sick of an obstinate fever, which compelled him to take leave and a short period of rest and convalescence in England, and it was not till June, 1811, that the services of his best subordinate were once more at Wellington's disposal.

On this date Hill once more assumed charge of the British southern wing, now comprising the 2nd and 4th Divisions, plus a detached brigade, and two cavalry brigades—10,000 men—posted at Almendralejos to cover the siege of Badajoz, in which the main body of the army was engaged. The concentration of Marmont's army from the north and of Soult's from Andalusia, combined with the failure of the siege operations, compelled Wellington to abandon the enterprise, draw Hill back, and take up a defensive position just north-west of the fortress; the French, unwilling to risk an attack and unable to hold their forces together for long, withdrew to their former areas, and

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the bulk of the British army also went north, leaving Hill with his detachment, now 16,000 strong, about Elvas, to observe d'Erlon's corps, stationed about Zafra and Merida as connecting link between Soult and Marmont. Here the two adversaries remained from July onwards, each having a defensive rôle enjoined on them. But in October d'Erlon was called on to disperse his forces more widely by sending Girard's division north of the Guadiana to Caceres, and Hill sought and obtained leave to strike at the latter. He collected 10,000 men at Albuquerque, but on marching on Caceres found that Girard and his 5,000 men, though in complete ignorance of his move, had moved off southwards towards Merida. He followed hard after them, and despite rain and wind and desperately bad mountain roads, covered 28 miles, got round to west and south of the enemy, and fell on him by surprise at Arroyo dos Molinos, early on the morning of July 28th. Part of Girard's command, surrounded by an enveloping attack from three sides, was forced to lay down its arms; the rest were dispersed into the mountains, and barely 500 of them ever rejoined the eagles. This brilliant little episode, which cost the British less than 100 casualties, proved that Hill was not merely a reliable independent detachment commander, but a fiery and inspiring offensive leader into the bargain.

Of this reputation he was shortly to give confirmatory proof in the raid on the Almaraz bridge. Early in March, 1812, he was once more on the move eastward from Elvas, whither he had returned after Arroyo dos Molinos, operating on the north bank of the Guadiana to cover the siege of Badajoz, which fell to storm after a month's investment. The main army then moved off northwards to attack Marmont, and Hill was again left in Estremadura to observe d'Erlon and Soult, who had retired once more into Andalusia after an unavailing attempt to relieve Badajoz. The only communication across the Tagus between Soult and Marmont being the fortified bridge at Almaraz, Hill in May was authorized to endeavour to destroy it. Leaving 11,000 men of his force in front of d'Erlon, he set off secretly with 7,000 *viâ* Merida and Truxillo, hoping to surprise the garrison. In this he failed, partly owing to a long and

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unexpected delay in crossing the Guadiana at Merida, and partly by reason of the difficulties of a night march in the mountains, which apparently were insufficiently allowed for. But, far from abandoning the enterprise, Hill stormed and carried the works on the south bank by a daring *coup de main;* the northern work was abandoned by its garrison, and all these and the bridge fell into his hands and were destroyed. Henceforward the only communication between the northern and southern French armies, by way of Arzobispo, was too circuitous to be of value, and Hill returned to his post in Estremadura, confident that Wellington would be able to pursue his campaign against Marmont unmolested.

For the rest of the summer of 1812, while the British in the north were gaining the victory of Salamanca and marching on Madrid, Hill and d'Erlon were neutralizing each other in the south. First the French commander, reinforced by Soult, pushed his opponent back to Albuera, where a pause ensued; then in his turn Hill took the offensive and manœuvred d'Erlon back to his former positions. The news of Salamanca and the French evacuation of the capital put an end to this to-and-fro movement; Soult abandoned Andalusia to join King Joseph in Valencia; Hill, under orders from Wellington, moved off north-eastward to take charge of the troops holding Madrid, while his chief in the north undertook the ill-starred siege of Burgos. The British failure here, and the rapid approach of the united French armies of the south, compelled a general retirement into Portugal; Hill evacuated Madrid on October 30, and falling back before Soult and Joseph, moved across the Guadarrama by the Escurial and Penaranda, safely effecting his junction with the main army near Salamanca, whence Wellington, after twice offering the French a battle which they declined to accept, drew back at the end of November within the frontiers of Portugal. Hill's own corps was quartered on the north side of the Tagus valley, in the area Bejar-Plasencia-Coria, where it remained all winter.

Hill's rôle in the Vittoria operations of 1813 was to form, with a force of five British and four Portuguese infantry brigades, two Spanish divisions, and four cavalry brigades, in

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all some 30,000 sabres and bayonets, the right wing of the army, which was to move *viâ* Salamanca and Toro against the French front on the Douro, while Graham with the left from Tras-os-Montes moved round their right. These movements were punctually executed; the French fell back north-eastward; Hill crossed the Douro at Toro and effected his junction with Graham; and the whole army, continuing its north-eastward progress, forced the enemy to abandon his successive positions on the Pisuerga and about Burgos, and to accept battle in unfavourable conditions at Vittoria. Here Hill admirably fulfilled his allotted task of pinning the French left wing to its ground to allow of their centre and right being crushed; and the battle ended in a complete British victory, the rout of the French army, and the collapse of their dominion in Spain. While the main body was driving their last remnants beyond the frontier, Hill was sent to blockade Pampeluna, one of their last remaining fortresses in Spain; and on the investment being taken over by the Spaniards, he was sent north to take up a covering position, after expelling the enemy from the Bastan valley in the south slope of the Pyrenees. This he successfully accomplished by mid-July, and established himself on the frontier, with his advanced troops at the Alduides and Maya passes, and his main body in rear in the Bastan valley.

A fortnight later Soult, having re-organized the French army, assumed the counter-offensive against the right and centre of Wellington's covering line. On both sectors he was at first successful; Hill's attention was distracted by a feint attack on the Alduides pass; the defence of Maya was badly conducted by the local commanders; and this, combined with Soult's success further east, compelled Wellington to withdraw Hill out of the Bastan to Lizasso, where he again made head against the French right wing. The pursuit was timid, and by the time the French had again attacked and driven Hill from his ground, the defeat of their main body further to the south at Sorauren compelled Soult to order a hurried retreat, which he was only able to effect in safety thanks to the weariness and heavy losses of the victors, and to Wellington's failure to divine the true route of the withdrawal and consequent misdirection of his forces.

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In the subsequent operations the British commander-in-chief at first left his trusted subordinate in charge of the whole of his right wing, which stood fast on the crest of the Pyrenees at Roncesvalles and Maya; and it was not till mid-November that this right wing was called in for the offensive against Soult's entrenched lines on the Nivelle. In this battle, Hill, now in permanent command of a corps of four divisions, brilliantly evicted the enemy from their works on the upper course of that river, and the whole army swept on to the Nive and Bayonne, where Soult planned to make a new stand. Wellington promptly secured the passage of the river above the fortress, and threw Hill's corps across to the east bank; but a sudden flood carried away the bridges and left him with 14,000 men isolated and exposed to attack by greatly superior numbers. On December 13th the French brought over 30,000 men to assail his position at St. Pierre. The fighting was bloody and desperate; but Hill had selected a good position, managed his slender resources admirably, recovering all ground lost by rapid local counter-attacks, and had won his battle and given the French, to use his chief's words, "the worst drubbing they ever had," by the time that tardy aid reached him from the main body of the army.

A pause of two months now ensued, but in February, 1814, the British offensive was resumed. Wellington planned to draw off Soult from Bayonne by an eastward advance on Toulouse, utilizing Hill's corps on the right wing to turn in succession all the rivers flowing north from the Pyrenees, which the French might use as lines of defence. This scheme was carried out with little difficulty; three successive river lines were thus forced, and when Soult stood to fight in a strong position at Orthes, Hill was well placed to descend on his right and rear, and hasten his retreat after an unsuccessful frontal defence. The progress of the invasion continued unchecked, though Hill had two smart little fights at Aire and Tarbes before the army came up before the line of the Garonne and fought its last battle at Toulouse, where his corps had only to play the minor rôle of masking the west front of the city by feint attacks. Before the battle had actually been fought the fall of Napoleon had ended the war; and by the end of May, 1814, Hill, now raised to the peer-

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age, as a reward for his services, was back home in London to take his place in the House of Lords. His fame and popularity had spread from the army to the country; at a review held in Hyde Park, at which he led the parade, an enthusiastic crowd expressed their affection so vigorously that his clothes were almost torn off his back; and his first appearance in his native town of Shrewsbury was no less triumphal and overwhelming—so much so that he was obliged to confess that though he had never fled from his enemies, he had perforce been compelled to do so from the kindness of his friends.

3. *Waterloo and the Peace*, 1815-1828.

Hill's period of leisure was to be short-lived, for in less than a year there came news of Napoleon's recovery of his throne. He was at once sent out on a confidential mission to the Prince of Orange, then commanding the troops on the northern frontier of France, to enjoin upon him the utmost caution and, if necessary, a voluntary withdrawal of his forward posts, so as to avoid any danger of their being surprised and overwhelmed before the Allies could come to his aid. When the Anglo-Dutch army assembled under Wellington, Hill took command of the 2nd Corps, one Dutch-Belgian and two British divisions; but the brief campaign of Waterloo afforded him little chance of distinction. On the day of the battle, two of his divisions being detached to Hal to guard against the possibility of a turning movement against the Allied right, he was left with only one, which was posted on the right of the battle-line, just north of Hougoumont; and here he took his stand and fought with it, and led it in the final forward movement which overthrew the Imperial Guard and achieved the rout of the French army. In this, his last fight, he had a horse shot under him and got separated from his staff, who for some time believed him to be dead; but he escaped with a few bruises, and was with the army in its unopposed march through France to Paris, and during the long period of occupation. It was not till late in 1817, after a severe illness had necessitated a period of absence from duty, that he at last returned home for good.

There followed a long period of uneventful years, mostly passed by Hill in the varied life and pursuits of a country gentle-

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man on his Shropshire estates, with occasional visits to the capital. His health, never robust, though much improved by this long rest, compelled him to refuse several offers of active employment, among them the posts of commander-in-chief in India and of Master-General of the Ordnance. It was not till 1828, when Wellington's elevation to the Premiership caused the chief command of the army at home to fall vacant, that Hill was induced to leave his retirement and accept the appointment to that high office, the duties of which, though without the actual title, he assumed on February 15th, 1828.

4. *Commander-in-Chief*, 1828-1842.

Hill, now a Field-Marshal, was destined to have a singularly easy and pleasant tenure of supreme command, despite certain difficulties arising from undue interference by Parliament in the details of military administration, and the occasional necessity for vigorous armed action in repression of disorder, on the increase in that time of economic and political disturbance. Though a Tory of the old school—so openly so that he was once the object of a vigorous personal attack by a Radical member in the House of Commons—he was anything but stern and unbending; he never allowed his political views or personal inclinations to interfere with his military actions; and his administration of the large patronage at the disposal of the Horse Guards was so scrupulously fair as to be above reproach. Hill's personal charm of manner and old-world courtesy no doubt facilitated his discharge of these somewhat invidious duties; it was not in him to be abrupt even to the most garrulous or the humblest of applicants; but he himself said that it was his habit to hold his interviews in a room with but one chair, "so that when I ask visitors to sit down, they are sorry to see me standing, and do not stay very long." Yet those who offended against his very strict code of duty and discipline found another and sterner side to his nature; as did the colonel who allowed offensive words about the King to be spoken in his hearing without a protest, and the unfortunate Colonel Brereton, who showed culpable weakness on the occasion of the famous Bristol riots of 1830. Hill's tenure of office was not marked by any striking military reforms; but a number of useful minor measures were instituted, dealing

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with such matters as the grant of half-pay to officers while holding civil posts; the earmarking of a sum of £18,000 per annum for rewards for distinguished service; the establishment of garrison libraries; improvements in the system of religious instruction in the army; and the abolition of the most degrading of the punishments then in vogue in military prisons.

By the summer of 1842 the old field-marshal's health had become so bad that he was no longer able to perform the duties of his office; and in August he tendered his resignation, which the Queen graciously and regretfully accepted. He did not survive the winter, and passed quietly away at his country estate at Hardwick Grange, Shrewsbury, early in the morning of December 10th, 1842. "I have a great deal to be thankful for," he murmured just before he sank into his last sleep, "I believe I have not an enemy in the world."

5. *Hill's Character and Achievements.*

In personal appearance Hill, florid, full-figured, and homely, bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Pickwick, as represented in the earliest illustrations to Dickens, and showed little of that martial fire that was latent in him. In manner he was quiet, unassuming, courteous, and kindly; all men, from the highest to the lowest, were alike to him; and his thoughtful, considerate treatment of them quickly won all hearts. There are stories extant of his personal attention to the feeding and comfort of a wounded officer from Albuera, making his way painfully back to the base; of his thoughtfulness for the needs of orderlies sent to him with messages; of his sharing his flask with an exhausted private at a time when water was hardly to be had for love or money; and of his giving personal advice and help to junior officers in trouble, which speak volumes for his kindliness and thought for his inferiors, at a time when the gulf between British officers and men was far wider and more firmly fixed than it is to-day. The whole army spoke of him as "Daddy Hill," and an officer who knew him well admirably summed up his personality in these words of high praise:—"The great foundation of his popularity with the troops was his sterling worth and heroic spirit, but his popularity was increased and

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strengthened as soon as he was seen. He was the very picture of an English country gentleman. To those soldiers who came from the rural districts of old England he represented home—his fresh complexion, placid face, kind voice, the absence of all parade or noise in his habits, delighted them. The displeasure of Sir Rowland Hill was worse to them than the loudest anger of other generals; and when they saw anxiety in his face that all should be right, they doubly wished it themselves; and when they saw his countenance bright with the expression that all was right, why, they were glad for him as well as for themselves. His kind attention to the wants and comforts of his men, his visits to the sick in hospital, his vigilant protection of the poor country people, his just severity to marauders, his generous and humane treatment of such prisoners and wounded as at times fell into his hands, made for him a place in the heart of the soldiery; and wherever the few survivors of that army may be scattered, in their hearts assuredly his name and image are justly cherished still."

These words represented the universal opinion of all who knew and had served under him. Sir Charles Oman has left it on record that in all the hundred volumes of Peninsular memoirs he has perused, he has never read a hard word about "Daddy Hill"; and Hill's own last words on his death-bed were no more than the strict truth. Even the normally hard-headed and cold-hearted Wellington succumbed to his charm; and the letter in which, when Hill suffered a temporary pecuniary embarrassment, his chief placed his own purse and credit at his subordinate's disposal, does honour to both sender and recipient. A truly devout and religious man, striving to fear and serve God all his days, Hill found the highest expression in loving his fellow-men also. And yet he was no amiable weakling or time-server; not even the expressed wishes of his sovereign could induce him to vote in the Lords for the Reform Bill, of which as a Tory he disapproved; and in more than one matter that came before him as commander-in-chief he insisted on what he thought right in face of opposition from formidable and exalted quarters. He had in truth a great heart and a lovable soul, and his reward was to live long and well, and die happy.

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As regards his military capacity, no great chief ever had a better subordinate than was Hill. He had intelligence enough fully to comprehend, and skill enough admirably to perform, any independent mission with which Wellington entrusted him; the commander-in-chief never had reason to feel anxiety as regards affairs in his quarter, and could rest assured that he would neither get himself into a mess, or compromise the main cause. He was a master of manœuvre, whether strategical or tactical, never allowing himself to be caught at a disadvantage either on or off the battlefield; he could fight a delaying action, carry out a leisurely retirement, or choose a position to stand and at an advantage, all at will and at need. Above all he was exactly and utterly reliable; Napier wrote of him that he never fell short of or exceeded an order; and what better subordinate could any chief desire than one of whom that could truthfully be said?

That was one side of Hill the soldier; but there was another, which to a superficial observer would have been less obvious from his placid and benignant exterior. Arroyo dos Molinos revealed him on the offensive, fierce, relentless, furiously energetic, bold almost to adventurousness—a veritable thunderbolt of war. Similarly St. Pierre, the second of the only two occasions in the Peninsula on which he was heard to give vent to blasphemy, showed his mastery of resolute, stubborn, and unbreakable defence. To these we must add his very considerable administrative powers, which made the 90th regiment under his command one of the best governed and most contented units in the army, and which later enabled him admirably to fulfil the duties of the highest office open to a British soldier.

All this galaxy of qualities ought to have made Hill's name one of the greatest in the annals of the time. He was—it is a considered judgment—a greater soldier than any Englishman of his time, save Wellington only—greater than Moore, or Stuart, or Abercromby, or Hastings—and a more admirable and lovable personality than any of them, including his great chief. But his reputation has suffered from the fact that he served and fought always in Wellington's shadow. The only life of him ever written is a poor inadequate production, long since

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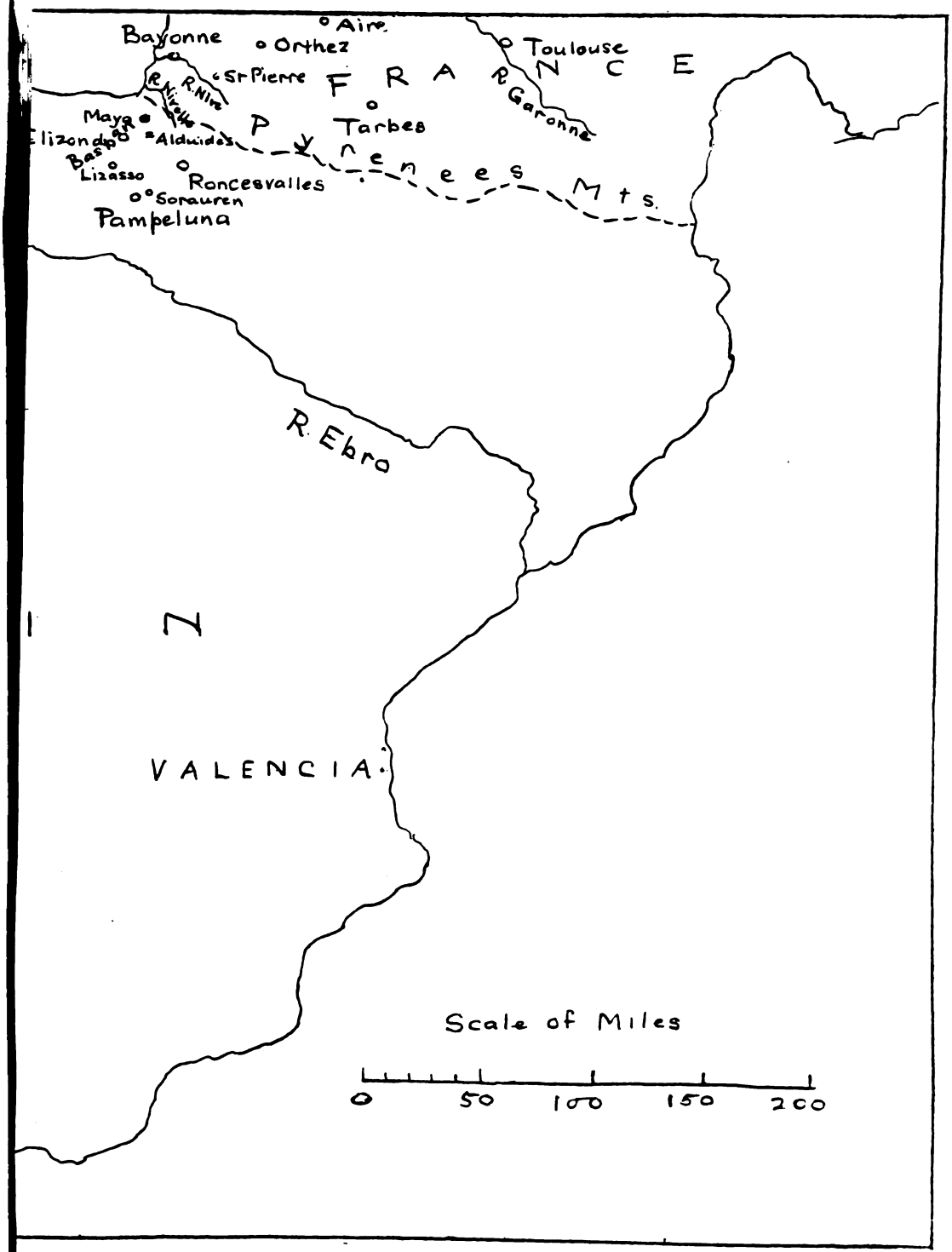

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deservedly forgotten. His career would be worth re-telling, for he might well serve as a model for all young British aspirants to the career of arms. There is nothing about him of the sublime and unattainable that seems so far above us in a Marlborough or a Napoleon; nor are there any of those ugly blots that disfigure the reputations of these immortals. The only regrettable thing about Hill's career is that he never had the chance to show his full military stature; yet we may be sure that he himself never cherished such a regret, for he appears to have been completely devoid of ambition. He was rich in this world's goods; he served his country well, and was fittingly rewarded; he rose to the highest peace-time post open to a soldier; he was beloved by men, and at peace with God; and he deemed himself, and rightly, the most fortunate of men, when he looked back on his life from beneath the shadow of approaching death. What more could any soldier, any man, have desired? And what better could we hope to find if we were to search the pages of our military history for the best type of British officer, fitted in every way to serve as a model for our imitation?

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SOUR GRAPES AND BAYONETS

By PHŒNIX.

IN our grandfather's days it was the practice among authors to tell a story and then, at the end, to point a moral. Nowadays we in our military training do much the same thing. We draw lessons. The one probably has about as much permanent effect on us as the other. The moral fades from the memory and the lessons are forgotten. One always hopes that something will have stuck in the subconscious mind and that one day when the test comes the accumulation of lessons will bear fruit and make us do the right thing instinctively.

It is peculiarly hard to learn from experience. In war sheer necessity forces us to adopt certain measures. Take, for instance, the arming of our cavalry with bayonets. In peace, when there is time to think of other things we find that other considerations, the weight on the horse for instance, are more important. The fact remains that by 1918 our cavalry in all parts of the world had adopted the bayonet as part of its necessary equipment. Much as they may dislike it cavalrymen have at times to fight on foot. In peace, when there is no danger, they like to pretend that they can do so without a dismounted *arme blanche*.

So much for the lesson. Now for the story, which happens to be true.

II.

It was desperately hot; as hot as only a cantonment on the North West Frontier in India can be in summer. The nights were a penance of breathlessness and sleep was difficult to come by. The days were even hotter, but luckily there was plenty to occupy the mind, and so one passed the time until that glorious day when leave to the hills was due.

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The regiment was reduced to the usual four or five officers necessary to keep the ball rolling, and so there was much to keep them busy till a late lunch although the day's work had started at 5.30 a.m., when the copper sun had raised its unwelcome face over the distant line of baking hills.

Creffield, who was acting as adjutant, had just disposed of the pile of correspondence which unfortunately grows no less in the heat, and was thinking of a long cool drink in the Mess when the telephone bell rang. It was Milward, the policeman.

"I'm sorry, old boy," said the voice of Milward, "but there's a show on. The chance of a lifetime. We've got a gang marked down this side of the border only fifteen miles from here, and they say that Fazal and Hakim, those swine I've been after for years, are leading it. They have dossed down for the afternoon of course. How quickly can your mobile column squadron turn out?"

"Ready in twenty minutes. I'll come with it myself. Johnson and young Nixon are both down with fever and the Colonel can't come out on a show like this. Lethbridge is off on leave this afternoon; so I'll not detail him."

"Good, man. I'll meet you on your parade ground in twenty minutes and tell you all about it as we ride out." And Milward rang off.

The mobile column squadron had to work to two timings. The "One hour's notice" timing resulted in a squadron turned out looking pretty, polished and complete with machine guns and what not. The "Immediate" timing did not produce such an imposing show but everything was there, including the demolition horse with enough of the goods to blow in the side of a Pathan house.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the squadron, only some sixty strong, trotted out of cantonments. The heat was intense but being of the dry variety it was bearable.

Creffield and Milward rode ahead.

"Its like this," said the policeman, "About an hour or so ago a man from Tori Khel village came in with one of the constabulary. His small son had been wandering round looking for a lost cow. He was just going to search in the Toria nullah

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(you probably know it, with its deeply fissured banks) when he nearly trod on a man sleeping with a rifle in his hand. The youngster seems to have had his wits about him because he spotted that the man didn't belong to the district. So he slipped quietly behind a bank, scouted round, and saw in one of those small caves some more men asleep. He realized that it was a gang lying up, and thinking that they were after someone in Tori Khel he ran and told his father. I gather that the latter didn't believe him because he, too, came along to have a look. They went to the place by another covered way and came upon no less than six more of the gang, all asleep under an overhung bank. Fortunately they didn't wake them, but by a most extraordinary bit of luck the man recognized both Fazal and Hakim because the latter is his wife's cousin and, of course, everyone knows what that swine Fazal looks like."

"Do you know the place yourself?" Creffield asked.

"No, I don't, and of course I couldn't get them to show me on the map, but I gather that the gang are lying up in that appalling bit of broken ground on the banks of the Toria nullah about half a mile north of the spot where this track crosses it."

"Righto! I'll trust you to lead us as far as that and we'll start the battle from there. I won't send a patrol or advance guard ahead as they would only blow the gaff. I suppose some of your constabulary blokes are there?"

Milward nodded. "Yes. The villager and constable who came in will be waiting for us. There are about ten of the constabulary also on the spot by now keeping a look out. I sent word that they were to be particularly careful not to show themselves."

Creffield had been out once or twice before after raiders and knew the principles. Tori Khel lay about twenty miles from the border, and he realized at once that the first thing to do was to get his squadron between the gang and the frontier and cut off their line of retreat that way. He decided to move across the nullah out of sight directly the gang was located, block the nullah above and below them and then close in from the far side, leaving the constabulary to deal with the near side.

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"I suppose there is no chance of them having removed themselves in the meantime?" he asked.

"I don't think so. These chaps always lie up till dark." He chuckled. "I don't fancy the chances of the sentry who went to sleep. Even if he escapes us he will have a worse time at the hands of the others, poor devil."

"Our difficulty," he went on, "will be to finish this job before dark. It is light till eight. After that we are done. As you know, these chaps disappear into thin air when the light goes. Even the constabulary can't catch them."

"That's alright. We'll move fast enough. Don't you worry." Creffield grinned. "My lads know all about moving across this country."

Milward looked doubtful. "What do you propose to do?" he asked, "Charge into them? If I know anything about these fellows they will be lying up in a place that will be difficult enough to move over on foot, let alone mounted."

III.

However exciting the adventure, the effort of covering some fifteen miles at a fast pace along an appalling dusty cart track in the middle of a hot-weather afternoon with the temperature not less than 110 degrees in the shade, takes the keen edge of perception away from any man. Creffield and the policeman were riding ahead of the squadron and so avoided the blinding choking dust through which the unfortunate men had to ride.

After two hours their conversation had flagged and both were riding along in a kind of stupor induced by the glare and heat. Milward had ridden along the track many times and was convinced that he would recognize the approaches to the Toria nullah. Moreover, the constable and villager had been told to meet them short of the crossing.

"Crack! Crack! Phut! Phut!"

Creffield was suddenly brought to himself by a terrific blow on his off stirrup iron. His horse shied violently to the left. Looking round he saw the policeman turning his horse about, and, some fifty yards in rear the leading files of the squadron

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which protruded from the dust cloud it made, were already moving off the track towards a mound covered with long grass.

"Phut!" Another puff of dust rose near by. He looked up and saw a short distance ahead half a dozen men of the constabulary lying concealed in a ditch. One of these had raised his hand and was waving him back while the others were peering forward towards some broken ground not more than two hundred yards away in which he could see moving the dirty grey headdresses of some trans-frontier Pathans.

"Crack! Crack!" Two more bullets passed him before he realized that these were the actual gang.

There was no time for a reconnaissance or a carefully prepared plan of action. Before him, 150 yards wide, was the open bed of the Toria nullah. Beyond, on the far bank, was a broad stretch of mud-coloured ground, fissured and broken up into an intricate network of small deep ravines. The gang seemed to be concealed to the right of the road on this far bank. Further on Creffield saw a countryside green with crops stretching away towards Tori village on the left and the foot hills to the right.

It was now obviously a question of speed. Once the raiders got into the crop area all hope of rounding them up would be gone.

Cursing himself for having gone to sleep and Milward for having failed to warn him, Creffield turned his horse sharp to the left and broke into a gallop. Even as he raised his arm to give the squadron the signal to follow he heard the Indian officer of the leading troop, now near the mound, give the order: "For action, dismount." Almost incoherent with rage Creffield screamed the order to mount and signalled the advance at the gallop. Fortunately, for the dust about the squadron was rising in clouds, the second troop leader saw his signal and brought his men forward with a will.

Creffield's mind at this time was obsessed with one idea only, to get across the nullah and on the far side of the gang as quickly as he could. He decided to risk crossing the open river bed under fire but intended that the range from the gang should not be less than he could help. After galloping some distance he turned towards the bank and found to his dismay that it

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dropped sheer some fifteen feet on to the stones below. Here and there were deep cracks in the soil made by the rain. For the moment he thought he was done. As he pulled up, his trumpeter, mounted on a fast mare with a mouth like iron, shot past him and slid in a cloud of dust out of sight into the largest of the fissures. Anxious for the man's safety Creffield momentarily forgot his plan and rode to the edge of the chasm. There at the bottom, still in the saddle and apparently unhurt, was the trumpeter, his white teeth gleaming through his black dust-covered beard.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he cried, "Look! Here is a path into the nullah."

Creffield saw to his joy that the path some twenty yards to his left entered the fissure, evidently a cattle track to a water pool below. He arrived at the head of the path as Milward and the leading men of the second troop came up. In single file they slid and clattered down the path and across the river bed.

The noise of the horses' hoofs on the stones drowned any sound of firing and Creffield as he galloped across, preceded only by the trumpeter, glanced uneasily to his right, wondering how far from the gang he was leading his men.

The far bank was not sheer but much broken up. The horses to save themselves had to slow up to a canter and jump like goats from bank to bank of the network of channels. As he topped the bank, Creffield, glancing over his shoulder, saw his squadron strung out for a quarter of a mile behind him. Should he collect them here or move on as they were?

Three hundred yards ahead was a small garden and a few outlying buildings of Tori village. He decided to make that his rallying point. Before breaking once more into a gallop he looked to his left and saw beside him the scarlet and grinning face of Milward.

"By gad, this is the hell of a go!" said the policeman.

"Not finished yet," replied Creffield. "Come on. Gallop."

Before them stretched the high green crops, and as he put his spurs to the bay mare he little knew what he was about to lead his squadron over. The going was soft and the crops girth high, giving a horse no chance of seeing where to put its feet.

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Within a few yards the little mare leapt into the air and he saw a deep water channel under him, quite hidden by the crops. There was nothing for it but to go on. The next instance the policeman passed him like a human catherine wheel. *His* horse had failed to see the channel.

"What a go, indeed," thought Creffield as he took a pull at the mare. She, however, was not to be restrained. Wild with excitement she increased her pace.

It was at this moment that Creffield was confronted with a problem which took his mind completely off the matter of crops and ditches. Running towards the same garden for which he was heading he saw three grey clad figures bent forward and running with rifles in hand. Stop or change direction he could not. The mare had completely taken control.

"This is where we charge," he muttered to himself as he fumbled for his sword. "Lord knows if any of the others are following."

The three men disappeared behind some bushes at a moment when the mare, making her first mistake, turned head over heels, shooting her rider some fifteen yards ahead. His sword flew out of his hand as he turned over and landed in the approved pig-sticking style on his back.

Clambering to his feet he looked round for the three men of the gang. They had gone, but the sight that met his eyes as he looked back at his squadron made him gasp with astonishment. The fields behind were covered with men and horses picking themselves up. Others were still in the act of falling; some men, slaves to habit, were searching for heel ropes and other articles of gear and saddlery which they had shed in their fall. A few, some thirty in all, were still mounted and came on, hoping for the best. Ahead of them was Milward. He was no longer grinning.

"Look here, young fellow," he said, "this is a bit too much of a jest. If you spill your ruddy squadron all over the country like this how do you expect to get these raiders.

"Don't excite yourself, old boy. I'm afraid the blighters have gone already. Three of them passed by those bushes just as I took my toss." The policeman had already moved on

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towards the buildings and a moment later was speaking to the very same three men. Not a little puzzled, Creffield climbed on to the mare which the trumpeter had caught, and joined Milward.

"These fellows are from Tori village," said Milward. "They have been watching the gang from this side and say that, so far as they know, they are still in the same place. I think the speed at which you moved over here rather puzzled the raiders, and they were so busy watching you that they forgot to move off."

Creffield decided to keep the subject of his charge to himself.

IV.

A burst of firing from the direction of the nullah made it clear that either the raiders could see the squadron and were taking advantage of a good target or that the constabulary on the far bank, no longer condemned to concealment, were keeping the attention of the gang fixed in their direction.

The second troop, which seeing the disasters of the first in crossing the crops had come at a more sober pace, had now reached the garden. He left an orderly to give instructions to the rest and decided to move on with those who had arrived.

"Shall I leave someone on this track or will those villagers stop this line of escape?" Creffield asked.

"I don't think the gang will risk coming this way. They are up against this village, who want their blood. I will arrange with these chaps to block this side including the nullah where we crossed."

The country over which they were now about to move was more enclosed. Here and there were groups of mud buildings, most of them deserted and in ruins. A few trees, mud walls and banks marking the edges of fields were scattered about. Creffield noticed that the ground fell away slightly from the direction of the Tori nullah and promised to give a way covered from sight of the gang.

With the leading troop he made his next bound to a small group of ruins where, leaving the men concealed, he rode to the right to get a view of the raiders.

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"Crack! Phut!" One passed him and another struck the bank a few yards away.

"I wonder if that is the gang or overs from these wretched constabulary," Creffield said to himself. "Anyway, I seem to be directly behind them here."

When he got back to the troop he found Milward and the second troop arriving. After a short powwow they decided on a plan. One troop would stay to close this side. Milward would take one section dismounted and work towards the gang while the rest of the troop, keeping within view of him but under cover, would be ready to move mounted against any of the raiders who might try to escape. Meanwhile Creffield with the other troop would move on to block the line of escape along the nullah on the North and close in on the raiders from that side.

In ten minutes the cordon was complete and it only remained to locate the gang accurately and to deal with it.

Creffield left one section to block the nullah and with the other two sections of the troop he moved to a water channel with raised banks, whence he hoped to get a view.

He and the Indian Officer arrived simultaneously at the channel and saw some 150 yards away two of the gang creeping towards the nullah.

"Take a section mounted and get them, Jemadar Sahib."

The leading section broke into a gallop at once but the two men disappeared from view immediately. Before they had gone fifty yards the section was brought to a halt by the network of deep ravines and broken ground. Casting right and left the men tried to get through. It was of no use. No progress could be made. The movement nevertheless cleared up the situation for Creffield and, as subsequently he learned, for Milward also. The sight of these discomforted horse soldiers was too much for the remainder of the gang who, disclosing their position, opened a burst of fire on them. A small cloud of dust rose around the section as it withdrew at a trot but by some odd chance neither man nor horse was hit although the range could not have been more than three hundred yards.

Creffield glanced at his watch and noted that time was passing all too quickly. They could neither remain where they were

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nor leave this side to look for better going. There was nothing for it but an advance on foot. The ground was appalling, and in many places they had to scramble on hands and knees. On the right Milward and most of the first troop were coming forward on foot. The problem of ground had evidently defeated them too.

The two scouts sent on ahead suddenly dropped under cover and raised a warning hand, and Creffield began to realize what lay before him. Up to this time all had been simple and according to normal cavalry work; wide movements at speed, mounted, were all a matter of routine. Now it was different; he was up against an infantry job.

He noticed that Milward had detached a section to his right, thus closing the cordon tightly around the gang. On three sides were his squadron and on the the fourth was the open river bed with the constabulary lying on the far bank. One could not say how many, if any, of the raiders had slipped away, but there were certainly about a dozen or more collected together just ahead.

V.

As everyone admits, there are many solutions to every tactical situation and it is possible that Creffield could have been more successful had he taken another line of action. I will merely relate the actual events and attempt to describe the situation as he saw it.

The gang was now concentrated in an area some thirty yards square. The ground was of hard baked earth, deeply fissured, a network of trenches varying from three to six feet deep. The cordon, of some forty cavalrymen with rifles only, were now within fifty yards of the gang and on three sides of it. Creffield passed the order to close on the gang. Not even at this stage had he fully realized the problem that lay before him.

As he rose to move forward fire opened on them from point-blank range and the non-commissioned officer a few paces to his right toppled over into the next ditch. Creffield went to him and found that the bullet, apparently of the expanding variety, had shot away a quarter of the man's head.

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Sick with dismay and anger, for this was one of the best men in the regiment, he realized the situation. He had to kill or capture a gang of desperate characters, outlaws, who were notoriously savage and who were now fighting for their lives. Although less in number than the troops against them they were, for this short-range work, better armed, for they had in addition to their rifles the long Pathan knife, at fighting with which they were adepts.

Get the gang he must, but nothing could excuse him if he sacrificed a number of men on a job of this sort. To take a chance of casualties was one thing, but deliberately to risk losing half a dozen soldiers in an affair of this kind could not be justified if there were any other way of securing the gang.

He passed the word to stand fast and crawled round to the side where Milward and the senior Indian Officer were waiting under cover.

"What now, my lad?" was Milward's greeting, "I told you that this was no country for horse soldiers."

"Why not? I guess we can do what anyone else can." Creffield was annoyed and put on his mettle by the remark.

"Well, what do you intend to do?" The policeman looked serious. "Your fellows have no bayonets and if you are thinking of going in at these chaps without anything but rifles you are asking for trouble. They are adepts at snap shooting and probably quicker than your lads, especially as they will not have to move over this damnable ground. Also remember they have their knives."

The Indian Officer understood English and now broke in. "Sahib," he said, "I have already sent six men back to the horses to fetch up the swords of my troop. We will charge with them."

Creffield tried to picture the charge. Would the men sling their rifles or carry them in the other hand at the trail. In either case they could not use them for snap shooting and would be much hampered in using their swords. It seemed that the only way would be to send in some men with rifles and others with only swords. Yet, under such an arrangement both would be at a disadvantage. The plan did not commend itself to him

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because he was determined if possible to have no more casualties.

"If only we had bayonets," he mused, "how easy it would be." He then made up his mind. He would send in to cantonments to beg, borrow or steal bayonets somehow and get them out in a Ford van. If they came before daylight failed, well and good. If not, he would pair the men off and send them in with sword and rifle before darkness put an end to the chances of getting the gang. An Indian officer and three men were sent off post haste to get the bayonets while Creffield and Milward perfected their plans for the final assault.

Within an hour a cloud of dust in the direction of cantonments puzzled the watchers for it was too early for the arrival of the bayonets. Then they saw four lorries bumping and labouring along the dusty uneven track, and from these soon debouched a strong platoon of infantry.

A few moments later the disgusted Creffield was addressed by a senior major of the infantry.

"Hullo! Creffield. Let's hear all the news. I suppose I take this over from you now."

It did not take long to explain the situation.

"Right. Now I want you, Creffield, to put in covering fire from that flank with all your fellows and we will walk into the blighters from here. The sooner the better. Say, in ten minutes?"

It was all over within five minutes of opening fire. The infantry only found two men within reach to bayonet. The remainder of the gang had gone to ground in tunnels formed by the curious erosions of the soil.

Before nightfall, when Creffield and his men sorrowfully returned to barracks, an elaborate lighting arrangement had been made around the caves and tunnels so that no raider could escape unseen. Smoke fires were lighted to drive the wretched Pathans from their holes. It is a tribute to their hardiness that they did not finally capitulate until ten o'clock next morning when the nine survivors of the gang of seventeen, more dead than alive, gave themselves up to the constabulary, only to meet with their end on the scaffold some weeks later.

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VI.

This story began with a lesson and there is no room here for another.

It is not uninteresting to narrate, however, that the cavalry regiment never got over the humiliation of having to give up their quarry to the infantry. They demanded bayonets and as it was still war time they got them. Six months later that regiment was able to take on work in frontier warfare, which they had previously regarded as purely the province of infantry. They doubled their value for frontier fighting and gained in morale and dash, both mounted and dismounted, to a degree which only those who had contact with them fully realized.

Not many months afterwards all cavalry regiments on the frontier were given bayonets.

It is interesting also to observe that although the end of the Great War did not affect in any way the rôle or employment of cavalry on the frontier, bayonets were withdrawn from *all* cavalry units in India not many months after the armistice.

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THE APPROACH-MARCH OF THE CAVALRY

By Konrad Leppa.

Translated by permission from "Wissen und Wehr," 1932.

Part II.

The Eastern Front.

When hostilities opened in 1914 the German Eighth Army, operating from East Prussia, comprised only the 1st Cavalry Division, made up of twenty-four squadrons and three batteries of horse artillery. Two Jäger battalions, with their accompanying cyclist companies, could, however, be called upon to reinforce this Division in case of need. The 1st Cavalry Division had mobilized on the northern flank of the Eighth Army, which flank, up to the battle of Gumbinnen, was the more important. But although the two above-mentioned Jäger battalions might have been brought up on this flank, while the number of available squadrons could easily have been increased to thirty-six by adding to the Division more cavalry taken from the three Army Corps of the Eighth Army, the Army Commander contented himself with adding only the 2nd Jäger battalion to the Division. The result was that at the decisive moment in the battle of Gumbinnen the 1st Cavalry Division was not strong enough for the action demanded of it. Had it been possible to employ it against the northern wing of the First Russian Army important results could have been achieved, and the battle might well have ended in favour of the Germans. But as the cavalry was not used to the best advantage, and had to content itself with minor operations, the battle came to a fruitless end.

The Russian command acted in much the same manner. For the advance into East Prussia the First Russian Army had at

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its disposal the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Divisions of the Guard, with the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions and the 1st Cavalry Brigade, the whole composing a Cavalry Corps operating on the northern flank of that army, and containing one hundred and eight squadrons and forty-eight guns. On the left wing of the army stood the 1st Cavalry Division with twenty-four squadrons and twelve guns. At the opening of hostilities the Russians consequently possessed the strongest cavalry force that appeared in any theatre during the war. The Russian Army Corps, however, lacked active divisional cavalry, as it was intended to supply these units from the second and third categories of the Cossack reserves. Accordingly this want was made good by drawing on army cavalry, and as a result the cavalry divisions were six squadrons short of their proper complement being actually weakened instead of strengthened.

Further, in the case of the Second Army on the southern frontier of East Prussia the cavalry went forward on both flanks, the right guarded by the 4th and the left by the 6th and 15th Cavalry Divisions, the one formation containing twenty-four and the others forty-eight squadrons with the usual complement of guns. But here again these divisions were weakened by having to supply divisional cavalry.

Thus distributed the Russian Army made its advance. The Cavalry Corps of the First Army did not get very far forward. Despite its strength it achieved nothing at Gumbinnen, but merely acted as a threat; shortly after it was held up in front of the fortress of Königsberg. The 1st and 4th Cavalry Divisions, moving forward independently, effected no useful purpose, while equally the 6th and 15th Cavalry Divisions exercised no influence on the course of the operations culminating at Tannenberg.

Apart from defective leading the faulty advance of these great formations was mainly responsible for the failure of the cavalry. No fewer than eight and a-half cavalry divisions encircled the East Prussian frontier from the River Memel to the Vistula, but their chief strength was centred opposite the Memel. So they possessed a larger number of squadrons at this point than anywhere else, and yet, except for the part taken in

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the battle of Gumbinnen, the cavalry failed to develop any really useful rôle. The Fortress of Königsberg, together with the Deime and Pregel position, lay in the way of the advance and prevented all pursuit by the Russian mounted troops, making it impossible for any really large cavalry body to push past and gain the rear of their retreating enemy. The right place for the Cavalry Corps with the First Army was on the left with the Second Army—and here the full strength, mobility and fire-power of the whole eight divisions should have been concentrated. The 1st Cavalry Brigade should have sufficed for the safeguarding of the right of the First Army and for the carrying out of any operations in the direction of Memel, Pregel and Deime. The Cavalry Corps, thus apportioned, with its eight divisions, or one hundred and ninety-two squadrons and ninety-six guns, could advance west of the Second Army, where it would have had a wide field of useful activity northwards past Allenstein and Deutsch-Eylau—cutting the communications of the Eighth German Army, interfering with its supply arrangements, and destroying the roads and railways from the Vistula to Königsberg, while in co-operation with the First Army then advancing from the east, it should have been possible to hold up the Germans retreating before the First Army until the Second Army arrived upon the scene. There were, indeed, very many tasks which the Cavalry Corps could have carried out in East Prussia, and for which it possessed ample strength, on the condition that it was originally set in motion in the right direction. But such action as was attempted had no effect upon the vital and anticipated result.

Equally against the Austrian armies in Galicia and Poland the Russian High Command had mobilized very powerful cavalry forces. In front of the Fourth Army were the 8th and 13th Cavalry Divisions, the 3rd Division of Don Cossacks and the Cavalry Brigade of the Guard; with the Fifth Army was the 7th Cavalry Division, the Composite Cavalry Division, and later the 1st Division of Don Cossacks; the Third Army had with it the 9th, 10th and 11th Cavalry Divisions; and the Eighth Army the 12th Cavalry Division and the 2nd Cossack Division. Between the upper and the lower Vistula the 5th

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Caucasian and the 14th Cavalry Divisions were about Plotzk, Lodz and Ivangorod. Later seven more cavalry divisions appeared upon the scene, and out these one joined the Third, one the Fourth, two the Fifth and three the Eighth Army, when the distribution of divisions was as follows: four and a-half with the Fourth Army, and five divisions with each of the Third, Fifth and Eighth Armies. The average strength of each division was twenty-four squadrons and twelve guns, although the Composite Division lacked artillery. But in this theatre of war the army cavalry had once more to supply squadrons to act as divisional cavalry, so that the former was practically reduced by 25 per cent. of its proper establishment.

Eighteen and a-half cavalry divisions were employed on the Russian south-west front, while three more occupied the ground between the upper and lower Vistula. During the campaign, however, none of these played any really important part. Still less were they made use of for any really outstanding cavalry action. During the battles of the frontiers they did no more than cover the flanks of their respective armies and protected their forward movements, but took no part in any action or in any great battle. Even in the fighting which took place in the vicinity of Lemberg the Russian cavalry was not employed for any really useful purpose. The gap which had arisen between the Austrian and Fourth and First Armies offered the Russian cavalry every chance for decisive intervention, yet only Dragomirof's Cavalry Corps, containing some two and a-half cavalry divisions, appeared upon the scene; and this was too weak to gain a victory, even too weak to oppose the enemy with any hope of real success; for although the right flank of the Austrian forces was in the air, with only three weak cavalry divisions occupying the wide space between the River Dniester and the Carpathians, even against these the Russians could only bring an even weaker body of cavalry, and then handled them in timid fashion.

To the west of the Vistula matters were even worse. Here the 14th Russian Cavalry Division was wandering in the vicinity of Ivangorod, while two others remained immobile and inactive facing Poland and Silesia. A wide field for cavalry operations

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lay before them, but the squadrons were too weak in strength for any useful effort. The bulk of the cavalry divisions moved in close order beside or in rear of the infantry of their armies, and, so far as their utility was concerned, became purely divisional cavalry. So much might have been done, so little was actually accomplished.

Here again the High Command failed to apply its cavalry at the decisive point, and the divisions were scattered over the whole field of action. The avowed intention of the Russian High Command, namely to drive back the enemy from Cracow and the Carpathians, and so to bring about a modern Cannæ, was not revealed by the initial movements of their cavalry divisions in 1914.

Of the twenty-one and a-half cavalry divisions, composing seven cavalry corps, at least four corps were detailed to advance to the west of the Vistula in a southerly direction. The right flank of this cavalry body was covered as far as the lower Vistula by a single cavalry corps, the bulk of this corps being kept close to the flank of the army; although in this case co-operation in battle was given the precedence to the duty of security. Accordingly there were nearly fifteen cavalry divisions free to advance against the rearward communications of the Austrian army between Przemysl and Cracow. The weak protective troops were broken up, railways and roads throughout West Galicia were cut, and then a change of direction was made so as to advance against and across the River San. It was also a somewhat advantageous circumstance that out of the remaining cavalry corps either both or one corps moving to the east of the Vistula and on the right flank of the Fourth Army, should be following the cavalry advance. This fact enabled the effect of the mounted troops' advance to be experienced on the east bank of the Vistula, while they kept touch with the cavalry mass across each of the crossings over the San as fast as these were gained. At the same time the Fourth Army was supported throughout its advance. As a matter of fact Przemysl alone was fortified on both banks of the river, so that the passage of the San offered less difficulty to the cavalry than had been anticipated. But the advance of these mounted troops spread alarm

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and confusion even in Eastern Galicia in the rear of the Austrian Army. The effect of this outflanking and encircling move to the west of the Austrians was also intensified by a weaker army of six cavalry divisions which advanced on both banks of the River Dniester and pushed back the Austrians from the Carpathians. So there presented itself the vision of a modern Cannæ on the banks of the Dniester and San with this difference, that instead of the Numidian horsemen, Russian Cossacks and Cavalry of the Line were advancing to administer the decisive stroke! But the majority of the leaders of the Great War, the Russians among them, were always content with ordinary expedients and mediocre decisions. They eschewed the extraordinary, forgetting that in war only the heroic counts as the ordinary. So they failed to achieve success by a movement of their cavalry, superior in numbers and power, to the decisive point in a theatre that held out the brightest promise of victory.

But it was just the same on the other side, and the Austrian High Command had no better a conception of the use of cavalry as the instrument of battle, of decision, of victory! In Galicia to the east of the San there were mobilized ten Austrian cavalry divisions; and these moved off in line. One other, making eleven in all, started off into West Poland. So finally there were aligned between the Rivers Dniester and Bug the 1st, 5th, 8th, 4th, 11th and 2nd Cavalry Divisions; between the Bug and the Vistula there came the 10th, 6th, 9th and 3rd Cavalry Divisions. In West Poland the 7th Division was making for the Vistula. But the whole of these mounted troops were scattered all along the front, and when the Austrian army became heavily involved in the battles along the frontier, the cavalry divisions remained content to cover the flanks of their armies. Consequently there was no strength of mounted troops on the left flank of the First Army, while there was a total lack of such a force with the Fourth Army in the Battle of Komarov. Finally, in the Battle of Rava-Ruska-Lemberg, when the Austrian High Command united the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th and 11th Cavalry Divisions beyond the threatened flank of the Fourth Army, it was too late to employ this mounted mass at the decisive point; all it could do was to secure the flank—and the retreat of its own army. More-

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over, although the Austrian High Command was in a position to employ eleven cavalry divisions, never more than two such formations were ever sent into action at any one time. The original mode of advance entailed the piecemeal employment of the mounted arm. The cavalry, no less than the army as a whole, paid the penalty for these earlier faulty dispositions, even down to the Battle of Lemberg.

It had been the intention of the Austrian High Command to throw back and defeat the Russians with the First and Fourth Armies in the course of the great wheel to the right between the Vistula and Bug. The decision was to be gained by the First Army. Here should have lain the main strength of the Austrian mounted troops—at least six to seven divisions. These divisions united in a single corps and led by a competent cavalry leader, in combination with the First Army, should have defeated in signal manner the inferior Russian Fourth Army in the Battle of Krasnik. This mounted force could have cut the hostile communications, interposed between the Russian Army and Ivangorod, attacked it in rear and, with the First Army, surrounded it. Had this been done, the next step would have been to continue the movement against the enemy, either held up in front of, or retreating before, the Fourth (Austrian) Army, attack him and threaten him with a similar fate. True it would be a heavy and exacting task, but what a stimulating prospect of reward for a bold cavalry force! The remaining divisions, and these were five in number, would have been fully occupied in protective tasks, and in delaying actions against the superior enemy in Eastern Galicia. In this case also, the cavalry would have taken part in the decisive act of battle, if not in attack, at least in defence; their strength should, however, have been economized for the decisive battle further north. But should the Austrian Eastern Army have reached the position Lemberg-Mikolajov, the task of these five divisions would be to assemble north of Lemberg so as to attack the Russians from this point and thus to initiate the attack of the Fourth Army as it started to wheel round; then to drive home its onslaught as the Fourth Army completed its offensive operation. In the farther development of such a battle at Lemberg a strong cavalry force should

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have found an opening by turning outwards from the Fourth Army which would then be moving down from the north to attack the Russians. It would have poured down upon the Russian flank and even on the Russian rear. A heavy task, it is true, but one that could lead to success, even to victory.

As it turned out, in the Battle of Rava-Ruska-Lemberg of 1914, a cavalry force while supporting the Fourth Army could, by attacking the enemy's flanks, have accomplished much, if not achieved a victory. But it was decided that every army must retain its cavalry division. In thought and in action the leaders of the Great War of 1914 were all alike, and so the strength and power of the mounted troops were frittered away.

III.

Conclusions.

The great strategic deployments of 1914 were lacking in all those elements that make for the correct use of mounted troops. Both in the West and in the East, cavalry divisions advanced against the enemy aligned with other cavalry divisions. Nowhere was there assembled a superior mass of several cavalry corps in or against a decisive area of the war. Nowhere, neither in Belgium and France nor in Galicia and Poland, did an army of horsemen ride forth to obtain a decision in battle. In the place of armies single divisions and weak corps moved against the enemy. Why was this? The reason is because it was no longer the custom to calculate cavalry formations in such strengths as had once been the rule in the days of Frederick the Great or of Napoleon. Cavalry was reckoned by divisions, and forgotten in this faulty reasoning, the cavalry corps was no longer regarded as the greater cavalry formation. Yet Frederick and Napoleon had always controlled their cavalry by corps, never by divisions. This train of thought had led us so far astray that, in time of peace, no cavalry corps was ever set up; worse than that the mounted arm had been tied to the heels of the foot soldiery. And what happened? On mobilization in Russia, Austro-Hungary and France, for example, there actually took place a delay in the formation of cavalry corps

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staffs, so that these were never properly entrusted with the control of the cavalry arm on the deployment of armies. Consequently there took place an inadequate concentration of force, with subsequent faulty cavalry leadership. That was all to be dearly paid for later. Finally, no overwhelming mass of mounted troops was formed; it was regarded as out of date; cavalry was even kept out of battle and used up in expensive reconnaissance. The consequences of these erroneous beliefs were first revealed in the faulty cavalry deployment; and out of that faulty deployment there followed the squandering of the mounted troops throughout the campaign. The German Regulations on "The Command and Action of the Combined Arms," paragraph 10, require a decisive concentration of strength :— "The main strength must always be applied at the decisive point. The troops must be distributed from the outset with this object in view. In this way every attack is allotted its main point of impact. The latter is to receive particular emphasis in the orders." Every word of this applies to the mounted arm. It is applicable to every offensive movement of an army and of the mounted arm in particular; equally so to the strategic deployment. To concentrate strong forces at the decisive spot is the paramount duty of every army commander; it is the first principle of every use of cavalry in the field; it is the test of good cavalry leadership.

One objection may be raised against the creation and employment of armies of mounted men in war. Is it possible to keep supplied such a large number of cavalry divisions when advancing over a narrow zone of country, even though they may be distributed on a fairly broad front? In military life difficulties always arise in order that they may be overcome. Great difficulties, too, have usually given the leader his opportunity to show of what stuff he is made. Both Frederick and Napoleon handled similar masses of mounted men, not only once but in all their campaigns, across half Europe. Yet, in spite of the infinitely more difficult conditions of supply and transport then prevalent, they never allowed their mounted troops even to suffer privations. What was feasible in those days should be still more practicable to-day with the help of the mechanical lorry, motor

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car and of modern technique. It may be assumed indeed that the rider's food will be obtainable from the country, even if precautionary measures may have to be taken in order to circumvent any sudden shortages of foodstuffs. A few motorized columns should suffice for this purpose. A greater difficulty will be felt in the matter of bringing up forage for so great an assemblage of horses. To meet this requirement there is but one reliable method, namely, the allotment of motorized columns for the transport of oats to each division. Competent and far-seeing staff work should also find expedients and improvisations to meet any resulting difficulties. It is, moreover, the duty of the cavalry commander and of all his subordinate leaders, even down to the last-joined subaltern, to pay particular attention to all matters affecting supply and of replenishment. In short it should never come to pass that a mounted force should let slip a favourable opportunity, or should even lose a battle, on account of difficulties of supply or replenishment. Lastly the education of the younger cavalry leaders in time of peace should include a most careful study of this most important branch of troop-leading, namely, the problems involved in the supply of the larger cavalry formations in time of war. If this be conscientiously carried out all fear of such obstacles standing in the way of a bold handling of the largest cavalry formations in war should disappear.

It has been the experience of all wars of which we have record, and this phenomenon has been proved anew by the Great War, that mounted troops become fatigued very quickly and may even grow completely immobile from this cause. An exhausted cavalry force loses all utility for the High Command. Nevertheless the latter must not shrink from employing the cavalry on a great enterprise even when such a measure may involve the infliction of extraordinary fatigue or a heavy loss of horses on this valuable arm thereby gravely lowering its combatant strength. Blücher himself had once experienced that same trouble at the battle on the Katzbach, but knew what he was doing :—"It is no good paying any attention to the lamentations of the cavalry; for if it be within one's power to achieve so great an end as the destruction of an entire hostile army, the

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loss of a few hundred horses is one that the State will bear lightly. Neglect in the exploitation of victory has for its immediate consequence the necessity of fighting another battle in place of getting through the whole business at one stroke." Cavalry must know how to act vigorously and in the face of all apprehension, even at the cost of every man and horse. To quote Blücher again:—"I cannot conceal my dissatisfaction with the cavalry. They knew the task I had imposed on them, namely, to hold on to the enemy and do him all possible injury at every possible point; instead of doing so, they prefer to 'observe' him and are always asking for orders. It is not enough to win a battle; it is equally necessary to turn it to account. If we do not follow up our success, the enemy will naturally recover so far that we shall have to seek, by means of a fresh battle, all that we should already have obtained if we had acted with the utmost vigour." This principle must permeate every cavalry leader from his very earliest days. Even though this or that squadron, nay, even a whole division, should ride its horses to death, what can it really signify, when a great victory is won and the enemy has been virtually exterminated? It is consequently the duty of all those responsible for the peace training of cavalry to exact long marches from horses and men alike, and so to train them until they can accomplish these arduous marches—though not rapid nor forced marches; that should be the goal of our peace training. In addition to battle efficiency and horsemanship, endurance on the road is the most important requirement of a good cavalry in war; it must therefore become an indispensable portion of all peace training. Cavalry well trained in marching during peace will not suffer so rapidly from fatigue in war, provided always that the remount service is capable of doing its work. Such results as the cavalry commander has obtained during the training of his regiments in peace he may expect in war; but no more.

It also lies within the power of the cavalry commander to conserve the strength of his troops. The leader, who knows how to avoid every unnecessary expenditure of force, and to save his troops from every unnecessary effort on side issues, while daring to apply them to a decisive stroke, will always

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find himself at the head of a cavalry force undiminished in numbers or in strength. With such troops he can well make his effort on the decisive sector of the decisive theatre of the campaign. Economy in the management of the cavalry may then bring its own reward. But a leader who regards his mounted force as a maid of all work, who treats it is a stopgap to be sent here or there, who uses up its strength in long, useless, marches, such a commander runs a serious risk of being bitterly deceived on the decisive day. Cavalry which has suffered in strength and force, and so has lost its mobility, will never win a victory; it will not even assist in its obtainment. Much depends on the understanding of the High Command, and of the cavalry leaders in particular; the condition of the cavalry on arrival on the battlefield, whether it arrives fresh or weary, lies in their hands.

It is no easy task to lead cavalry. In the history of war great cavalry leaders are few and far between. But their glory has always been the glory of the arm they have led. "The finest cavalry can only prove its quality, and gain renown in history, when it is led by a great commander such as Seidlitz once was."* This hoary truism holds good of the leadership of modern mounted troops. If the continuous employment and efficacy of cavalry depends on its original distribution and its first deployment, that is all the more reason for the need of the highest quality in its leadership.

The great commander is born and not promoted, as Schlieffen once wrote. So it is with the cavalry leader; he must be born. But it will be a far lighter task for the High Command to discover the true cavalry general and to watch over his advancement, if there be given him every opportunity in time of peace to command and train greater cavalry formations. Even then war must remain the final, the best and most searching test. But active service will, perhaps, harbour fewer deceptions than when in peacetime cavalry staffs are not created further up than brigades or divisions. If the military authorities consider it necessary and advisable to form divisions and groups, in which footsoldiery constitute the main arm,

*General-Field-Marshal Graf Wrangel, "Remarks on the Training and Employment of Cavalry and on the Education of its Leaders."

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then they should have no reason to avoid setting up cavalry divisions and cavalry corps in time of peace. Completely trained formations which shall be self-reliant in the field can only be produced in peace. Yet it is precisely such forces that are chiefly required in war by the cavalry leader.

Character and resolution go to make up the great captain; they also form the true cavalry leader. "A cavalry leader, to whom any degree of independence has been granted, must never allow a situation to arise where he can be required, either by an infantry commander to whom be has been allotted or by any higher commander, to take some action which encroaches upon his technical competence. He should already have reflected, decided and taken action. He who cannot achieve this, does not understand his craft; he deserves to be kept in leading-strings; then he can be of no value to his own arm."* These words, though uttered in the days when cavalry was an arm of assault, still hold good of modern mounted troops. If the true commander be a rarity, equally rare will be that leader of the mounted arm who ponders calmly, acts quickly, who is resolute yet resourceful, who is mobile in deed yet immovable in purpose. Such a man seeks a decision, grasps success and holds fast to it until his enemy is destroyed. Yet even that cavalry commander, to whom fate has granted fewer talents, may still achieve great deeds, provided that the High Command has been able to direct him and his cavalry army on to the decisive spot from the first instant of the strategic deployment. Thus there may be achieved a concentration of mounted troops, which shall be superior to that of the enemy, while being superior to him in training and in morale. In such conditions the cavalry leader can confidently ride into battle and victory. Only then can every officer and man, every corps and squadron attain that end which their great champion, General of Cavalry von Bernhardi, once defined as follows:—"Quite another situation arises if the mounted troops are equal to their task; when they cannot only drive the enemy's cavalry right off the field, but also remain fit for further action—just as was the case of the Prussian horsemen after the Battles of Soor and of Rossbach. To obtain that

*Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, "On Independent Action."

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end must be the object of our cavalry; to achieve that end they must expend their entire will power. Cavalry must never remain content with half-success, as happened on the Plateau of Ville-sur-Yron, so long as it is still able to level a lance and gallop over the stubble. Cavalry must be ready to expend itself down to the last man, the last breath. He who hesitates to stake his all on the game before him can be no true cavalryman."

ERRATA. The Approach-March of the Cavalry. Part I. October, 1932.

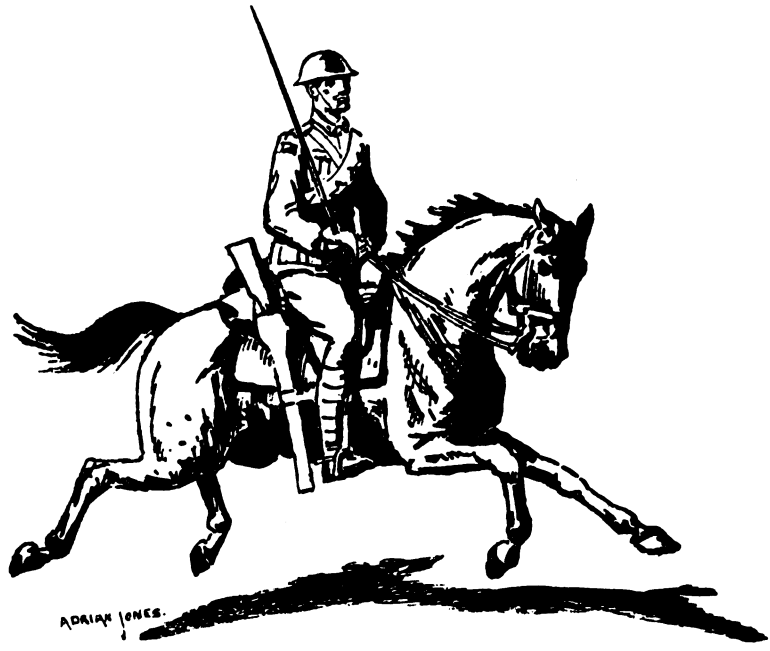
p. 518, line 21, for Maturédy read Malmédy.

p. 519, line 5, for Witz read Wilz.

p. 523, line 2, for the sentence beginning " The chance . . ." substitute " The risk of these not taking part in the victory, as actually happened in 1914, could be regarded as negligible. Moreover any fear of a British attack of the German uncovered or open flanks could be more completely ruled out with ten cavalry divisions than, as was attempted, with three."

p. 527, line 28, for La Père read La Fère.

p. 528, line 4, for Canneau read Conneau.



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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R. Hist. S.

Part VI.

The Seven Years' War.*

"*Emsdorff.*"

Further successes to the Allied cause followed the victory of Dettingen.† The Austrians overran Bavaria and the Emperor Charles was obliged to lay down his arms and ask for peace. Carteret, who had followed King George II to Germany, called together a Congress at Worms, at which representatives of England, Holland, Sardinia and Saxony guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction‡ and the integrity of the dominions of the House of Hapsburg. In the Spring of 1744 the Allies pledged themselves to invade France, and Carteret, in his moment of triumph, drank to the restoration of Alsace to Germany—a wish not to be fulfilled until 1870 (Oman). Alsace has, of course, again become French territory as a result of the Great War. France

* Works consulted :—
"History of the British Army." Vol. II. Fortescue.
"History of England." Oman.
"A Short History of the English People." John Richard Green.
Gentleman's Magazine for 1760. Contains dispatches and letters.
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"Frederic the Great." (Essay). Lord Macaulay.
"A Journal of the Allied Army's Marches, etc." Published 1762.
"The Operations of the Allied Army under Prince Ferdinand, 1752–1762." By an officer of the British Forces. This is an eye-witness account.
"XVth The King's Hussars." By Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.

† See previous Number, pp. 533—553 for an article on Dettingen.

‡ See previous Number, p. 534.

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soon became aware of the Allies' intentions and endeavoured to secure the help of Frederic II of Prussia to relieve them of the peril to their country. Voltaire, the philosopher who, in Macaulay's words, "was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction," was sent on a mission to Frederic, and failed miserably. But where Voltaire failed the Austrians succeeded, for Frederic, in his turn, became alarmed at their run of successes, and was much troubled by the thought of what might happen to him if England and Austria secured a position from which they could dictate to France. He was conscious "that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary," whose great object in life was "to recover Silesia and humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust." He therefore considered his safest course was to join France and attack Maria Theresa again, which he did "in the autumn of 1744, without notice and without any decent pretext." (Macaulay.)

Prussia's alliance gave the French renewed hope. Her armies were now under the famous Maurice of Saxony, better known as Marechal de Saxe. The young Duke of Cumberland, not yet twenty-five, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British in the Spring of 1745, his fellow-Commanders being the Prince of Waldeck and the Count of Konigseck. By an astute move Saxe brought on the battle of Fontenoy (11th May, 1745), where he defeated his opponents. The Rebellion headed by Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, broke out in Scotland, and Cumberland's army was brought back to cope with it. The campaign was brought to a successful conclusion by the defeat of the rebels at the battle of Culloden (20th April, 1746), upon which the army returned to the Low Countries again to assist in checking the progress of Saxe who, however, gained further victories at Roucoux (11th October, 1746) and at Lauffeld (2nd July, 1747).

So the War of the Austrian Succession dragged on until sheer exhaustion drove the contending forces to conclude the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in the Spring of 1748 by which both parties restored their conquests. Frederic alone had gained by the war, for he had taken Silesia and by his "unprincipled

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dexterity" in political affairs was regarded as holding the balance of Europe. "Eight years of uneasy peace followed the indecisive and vague treaty (1748-1756)" (Oman). The two powers of the House of Bourbon (France and Spain) were still united by the Family Compact, with the humiliation of England as their ultimate goal. By a startling change of policy Maria Theresa had secretly drawn to their alliance in 1752 and was now willing to co-operate in bringing about the destruction of the nation which nine years earlier had stood by her at Dettingen and saved her Crown. Her immediate concern, however, was the humiliation of Frederic of Prussia and the recovery of Silesia, which she hoped to achieve with the help of her allies. The growing power of Frederic was jealously observed by Russia so that Czarina Elizabeth required little persuasion to promise aid to those who had designs upon his overthrow. By 1755 Spain, France, Austria, Russia and Saxony were secretly allied against Frederic. "So secret were these negotiations that they had utterly escaped the notice of the Duke of Newcastle (head of the ministry) but they were detected from the first by the keen eye of Frederic, who found himself face to face with a line of foes which stretched from Paris to St. Petersburg." (Green.)

During the "eight years of uneasy peace" England and France had been doing some fighting in distant fields, India and America; in India Clive was defeating Dupleix and laying the foundation of the British Empire there but in America fortune went to the French, the disaster to Braddock's force in 1755 being a well-known event. "Yet the two nations were nominally at peace, and the French, who were just about to engage in a great war in Germany, were not anxious to commence hostilities with England." (Oman).

In his appreciation of the situation Frederic saw that once the alliance against him moved, nothing short of ruin could be his fate. Yet there was one slender chance of escape, and it lay in his securing indisputable evidence of the plot against him, which being published, would show him in the light of an intended victim of a heinous plot. He relied on such an exposure to win European opinion to his side. Having become

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possessed of intelligence that the plot was maturing he determined to strike the first blow and did so by overrunning Saxony in August, 1756. He seized Dresden quickly and there, amongst the state papers, found the full story of the plot and immediately published the most important documents. Thus began "The Seven Years' War." England and Prussia being at war with France, though in different fields, the countries became united in an alliance for joint action on the Continent. Although it might appear that we were acting merely as auxiliaries to Frederic it must be remembered that it was important that France should be prevented from augmenting or replenishing her forces in America, which could only be done by "containing" her in Europe.* Our alliance with Prussia, therefore, constituted a threat of sufficient magnitude to achieve that object.

The Duke of Cumberland was sent to Hanover to command the forces defending it against France, but he suffered defeat at Hastenbeck and was compelled to sign the Convention of Closter-Seven (Klosterzeven) September, 1757, under which Hanover laid down her arms. This disaster exposed the western frontier of Prussia to French attack and might have brought about Frederic's ruin had he not by good generalship saved himself by rapid blows dealt to West and East. He first defeated the French at Rossbach, in Central Germany (5th November, 1757), and before the Austrians had missed him he returned to Silesia and defeated them at Leuthen (5th December, 1757). These victories entirely changed the aspect of affairs. The question of repudiating the Convention of Closter-Seven had been broached immediately after it had been concluded, and it was announced that the Hanoverian army would again take the field this time under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, a very able commander, and within a few months the French were pressed back to the Rhine. On 23rd June, 1758, Ferdinand inflicted a severe defeat on the French under the Prince de Clermont at Crefeld (north of Rhine Province) upon which Pitt decided to send British troops to reinforce the Prince's army. By 21st August, 1758, the

* Expeditions against the French Coast were made with the same object.

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whole of the reinforcement had joined the army at Coesfeld,* on the western boundary of Westphalia.

About this time another mile-stone in British Cavalry organisation was reached. The success of the Light Troops which had already been added to certain Cavalry regiments induced the authorities to decide upon the raising of a whole regiment of Light Dragoons, and under a warrant dated 17th March, 1759, Colonel George Augustus Eliott, of the Horse Grenadier Guards, was commissioned to raise such a regiment, the 15th Light Dragoons, which became Hussars in 1806.† For many years it was known as "Eliott's Light Dragoons."

Minden, the first battle of the campaign, fought on 1st August, 1759, was an unfortunate one for the British cavalry; unfortunate because they had a golden opportunity of smashing the French completely, but their Commander, Lord George Sackville, either through sulkiness in being under the command of a foreigner, or lack of courage,‡ would not and did not bring them into battle. While it is the pride of six infantry regiments‖ to be known as "Minden" regiments, it is only with eternal regret that the cavalry can view the circumstances, over which they had no control, which prevented their sharing in the honours of the day. Ferdinand sent repeated orders to Sackville to advance, but he would not move. Commenting on Sackville's conduct Fortescue writes: §"The part played by this deplorable man did not end with the battle. Ferdinand in general orders made scathing allusion to his conduct without mentioning his name, and Sackville was presently superseded and sent home. There he was tried by court-martial and pronounced unfit to

* "The troops were: The Blues, 1st and 3rd Dragoon Guards, Greys, Inniskillings, 10th Dragoons (now Hussars), 12th, 20th, 25th, 37th, 51st Foot, and one battalion of Invalids to garrison Emden." (Fortescue ii, 341).

† Amalgamated with the 19th Hussars in 1922 (A.O. 133/1922) under the title "15th/19th Hussars" which was changed to "15th The King's Royal Hussars" under A.O. 177/1932.

‡ See Fortescue ii, 496. For some information on Sackville's Court-Martial, see Chapter X of W. E. Manners "Marquis of Granby."

‖ The Suffolks, Lancashire Fusiliers, R. Welch Fusiliers, K.O.S.B., Hampshires and K.O.Y.L.I. The honour "Minden" was, however, on the Guidon which William IV presented the Royal Horse Guards on 13th August, 1832.

§ Fortescue ii, 496.

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serve the King in any military capacity whatever, a hard sentence but probably no more than just. The King published the sentence of his dismissal from the army in a special order, with very severe but not undeserved comment. . . . Had Sackville's cavalry come forward when it was bidden, it might have cut the flying French squadrons to pieces, barred the retreat of most, if not all of the French left wing, and turned the victory into one of the greatest of all time." The Marquis of Granby succeeded Sackville in command of the British troops.

The 1760 campaign opened in May, and a good deal of manœuvring took place until Ferdinand's army and the French army met at Corbach (in Waldeck) on 10th July. The Prince's troops attacked the head of the French, but as more French came on the scene they gradually drove back their assailants. Following this encounter the main body of the opponents remained motionless, but a manœuvre by a small French force brought on a most brilliant action in which Eliott's Light Dragoons (15th Hussars), then just over a year old, greatly distinguished itself.

"*Emsdorff.*"

After the action at Corbach, Ferdinand withdrew S.E. to Sachsenhausen (Saxenhausen). Whilst here he learned that a force of the enemy under Major-General de Glaubitz, consisting of six infantry battalions, a regiment of Hussars and a number of light troops* was on its way from Marburg (about 40 miles S. of Corbach) to Ziegenhain, on the River Schwaln, about 25 miles N.E. of Marburg. The object of this move is variously given—Fortescue (ii, 504) states:—"Evidently with the object of disturbing his (Ferdinand's) communications." Wylly (p. 22):—"Duke Ferdinand had formed the design of cutting off, if possible, the Corps of de Glaubitz; if, from the enemy's vigilance or any accidental alarm, this enterprise should fail, the troops employed upon it were to push forward to Marburg to interrupt as far as possible the communications of the French with that place and to disquiet them in their rear." The French account gives yet another version, which was "to draw near to

* The French account states: 3 bns. of regiment Anhalt, 2 bns. of Royal Baviere and 1 bn. of Turpin; and Berchini's Hussars.

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Ziegenhayn, in order to form a blockade of that place." Whatever his object may have been Ferdinand had no intention of allowing de Glaubitz to have an uninterrupted march to Ziegenhayn. Ferdinand had a detached force (six battalions)* lying at Fritzlar (about ten miles S.E. of Sachsenhausen, on the River Eder where the Cassel-Marburg road crosses) under the command of the hereditary Prince, whom he ordered to oppose de Glaubitz. This detachment moved rapidly southwards on the 15th July, and on the way was joined by General Luckner with his regiment of German Hussars. Eliott's Light Dragoons, which had just arrived from England, also joined the detachment, at Lemmisfeld, about 3.0 p.m. on the 15h. The whole force then marched to Treya where it bivouacked for the night. (Wylly.) As for the French, they had got quite close to Ziegenhayn, but had changed their minds about blockading it and were withdrawing again. On the 15th they broke camp at Waseberg and marched to Exdorff to await arrears of provisions to come up from Marburg. A defensive position had been taken up, the right being near Exdorff and the left near Emsdorff; the line therefore was facing a general easterly direction. No news of the hereditary Prince's move to Treya had reached de Glaubitz.

The next day (16th July) was very hot but the hereditary Prince avoided much of the heat by marching out from Treya at 3.0 a.m. Luckner's Hussars were leading, followed by Eliott's and then the Foot, "the men stripped to their waistcoats." (Manners.) On arrival at Speckwinckel the force halted while the Prince and Luckner reconnoitred the French position. They saw no French outposts or covering troops of any kind and actually got within a mile of Exdorff.† The Prince decided to send five of his battalions round the enemy's left flank at Emsdorff whilst the remainder threatened Exdorff. Eliott's was sheltering under the cover of a wood and whilst waiting for the infantry to gain their position, "according to the evidence of

* 1 bn. of Behr., 1 bn. of Marchal, 2 bns. of Mansbach, and 2 bns. of Hessian Guards.

† The French account states that de Glaubitz had only placed a "Captain's command in the woods" at Exdorff and at Emsdorff "three was not so much as a post of Hussars."

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Thomas Ryland, an old soldier of the Fifteenth who fought at Emsdorff, Major Erskine, who was in actual command, directed every man to place an oak branch in his helmet, urging the Dragoons to evince a firmness in action corresponding with the stout character of the tree from which the branches had been plucked." (Wylly). About 1.0 p.m. all was ready and a signal gun was fired from the allied right upon which the Cavalry galloped towards Exdorff. The signal was heard by the French, whose camp "was in perfect tranquillity," and they were completely surprised. Rations were being served out at the time but "the soldiers threw away their bread and ran to their arms in their waistcoats." Two battalions of Royal Baviere* formed hastily in the woods towards Emsdorff. Here they saw the Prince's infantry advancing in waistcoats also, which caused them to hold their fire for a few minutes for fear of making a mistake. Both sides stood looking at each other for "about eight minutes" and then the allied infantry opened fire with terrible results to Royal Baviere, whose remnant returned the fire and then retreated.

As soon as the French saw the Allied cavalry advancing, their own fled from the field and abandoned the infantry to their fate. Luckner's Hussars went straight for the French camp at Exdorff where "those rogues ran at once for plunder without striking a blow or firing a single shot."† Eliott's, however, went off in pursuit of the French Hussars and, reaching Langenstein, cut off the retreat of the infantry. Major Erskine sent a detachment of his regiment to round up some sixty or seventy French Hussars, which were secured. Luckner's Hussars had not yet joined them, but Luckner and his A.D.C. soon arrived. When the Prince arrived he expressed his thanks to Eliott's and begged them to make one more charge against the French infantry. The horses were somewhat "blown," but within a short time they caught the French infantry in a plain and crashed into them, bringing down great numbers and taking one battalion of Anhalt complete. Erskine then took the regiment

*The other battalion of R. Baviere had gone to Marburg "to cover our ovens there."—French account.

† Manners. Footnote on p. 133.

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through Niederklein and cut off the enemy. As he was forming for another attack the French beat a parley and laid down their arms. De Glaubitz and the Prince of Anhalt were among the prisoners taken.

"So ended the action," writes Fortescue, "which is still commemorated on the appointments of the Fifteenth Hussars by the name of Emsdorff. The French camp had been surprised at noon and the last fragment of their force capitulated at six o'clock in the evening, having striven manfully but in vain to shake off the implacable enemy that had hunted them for nearly twenty miles." Eliott's lost 125 men and 168 horses, out of a total loss of the Prince's troops of 186 men and 181 horses. "It was the Fifteenth, in fact, that did all the fighting." Prince Ferdinand in General Orders, dated Saxenhausen Camp, 30th July, 1760, states "His Serene Highness therefore gives his best thanks to those brave troops, and particularly to Eliott's regiment, which was allowed by everybody present to have done wonders."

The honour "Emsdorff" was granted to the Fifteenth by Royal Warrant for Clothing, dated 19th December, 1768, and was the first honour to be granted in the form of the name of the action. For some years the black leather helmets of the regiment bore the following inscription engraved upon the silver ornaments:—

> "Five battalions of Foot defeated and taken by this Regiment with their Colours and Nine pieces of Ordnance at Emsdorff, 16th July, 1760."*

The capture of the French colours was commemorated in an interesting badge once worn by the Fifteenth, being a pair of French Cavalry Standards crossed and pointing downwards.

At the time that Eliott's Light Dragoons was being raised a number of journeymen tailors and clothiers were in London in connection with a petition regarding some grievances which they were to present to Parliament and a large number of them, a superior class to the ordinary run of recruits of that day, enlisted into Eliott's. This fact is noted by Charles Lamb in

* One of these helmets is in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution. For illustration, see Manners' "Marquis of Granby," p. 134.

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his Essay "On the Melancholy of Tailors" in which he says:— "Valiant I know they can be" and refers to "the exploits of Eliott's famous troop." In the "Weekly Journal" for 2nd August, 1760, a further reference is made to the fact in the following lines:—

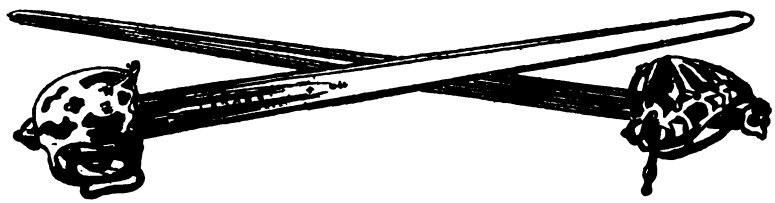
"Nine taylors make a man," the proverb says,
But this was only in more ancient days.
In these *our times* invert the rule before ye,
The French destroy'd, proclaim the Taylor's glory.
His *bodkin* in his hand a sword becomes,
His *parchment measures* head the sounding drums,
His *goose* becomes a skull-cap, wrought most rare,
His *shreds* are feathers, waving in the air,
His *thimble* lengthened, to a musket turns,
His *yard* the rammer, and his courage burns,
His needle pricks the touch-hole, brave not rich,
He with his work makes quite a thorough stitch,
His heart unfolds, no danger can him quell,
And 'stead of *cabbage*, Frenchman sends to Hell.
Thus nobly armed, deny it who can,
A Taylor now becomes a complete Man."

(WYLLY).

The poetry may be poor but the sentiments are right, for England was much impressed by the exploits of so young a regiment.

* * * * *

[NOTE. The other cavalry action of this campaign, "Warburg," will be dealt with in the next Part.]



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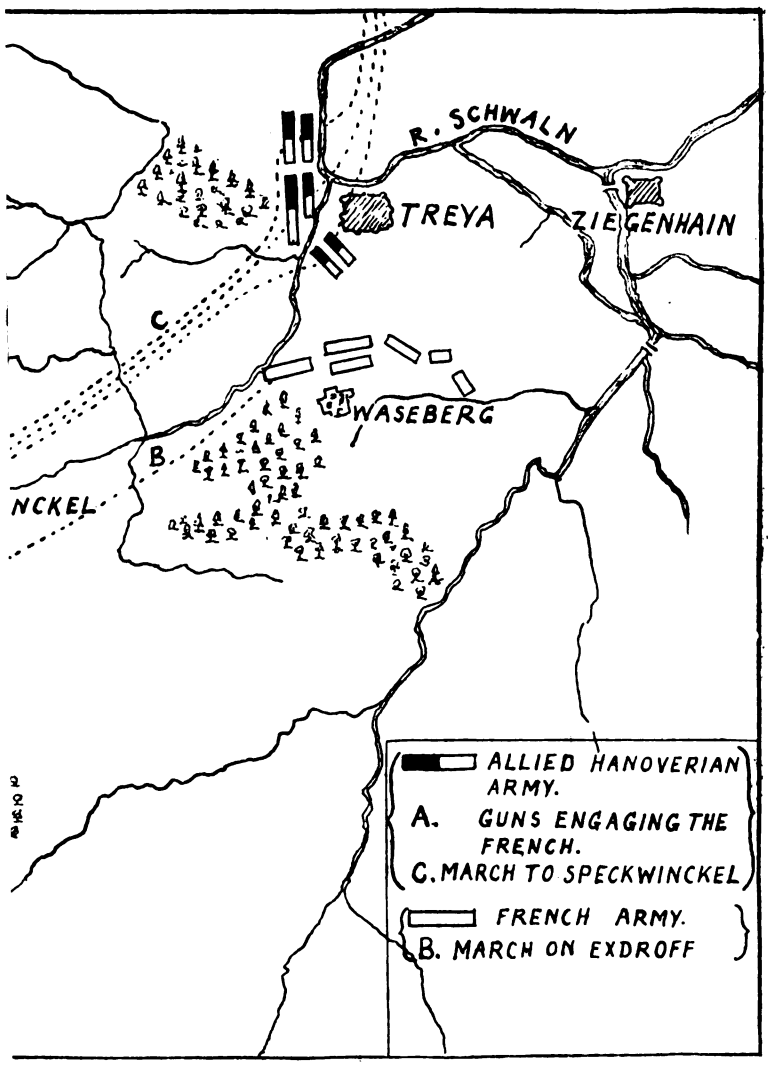

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O TEMPORA! O MORES!

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

Is it in the interests of horsemanship that the prejudice against astride riding is so great that it is still banned at many horse shows in this country? Were there no other reason the economic side of the question ought to weigh heavily, few women taking up riding to-day can afford to rig themselves out in side saddle kit.

Astride riding for women is no latter-day feminist attempt at emancipation as many of its enemies maintain. In "The Pastons' and their England," by H. S. Bennett, we read :—"As we know, among the twenty-nine immortal Canterbury Pilgrims of Chaucer there rode the Prioress and her fellow nun, beside that incorrigible pilgrim the Wife of Bath.

"The pictures in the Ellesmere M.S. remind us also that riding astride had not at that time quite gone out of use for women. The Prioress, as we might expect from so well-bred a lady, followed the new custom and rode side-saddle. Not so the Wife of Bath who had 'on her feet a paire of spores sharpe' and rode astride. Some pilgrims in their religious ardour, scorned all such aids and made their pilgrimage on foot." This in the fourteenth century!

Turning to a later date just before Victorian primness dictated our manners, we find in Faraday's "Life and Letters," published in 1870 :—

"*Vicenza*, October 29th, 1814. We left Florence this morning about seven. Women who ride there—and there are great numbers who do constantly—sit across their horses. We passed three genteelly-dressed ladies to-day who were riding so. They seemed good horsewomen; one of them had a very restless pony to manage."

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As a comment on present-day fashions in contrast to the old, I submit two photographs.

One is taken from an old colour print, entitled "Female Equestrians, The School," and published by Messrs. Ackermann & Co., 96, Strand; the other is a snapshot taken at a recent agricultural show.

I think if a young woman were to appear to-day in the hunting field attired like her sister in the print the sensation would be profound, but what would have happened in 1844—the date of the picture—if the young woman depicted astride had given her exhibition before a scandalized field?

Would the Master have taken hounds home? I think that even the horses would have required smelling salts and sal volatile before they recovered from the shock. But the matter went deeper than the mere outward garments.

In Fillis's great work he ventures to give hints to the "Amazon" as to how she shall dress herself, and we read the following:—

"For a long ride, and still more for hunting, she should wear a short chemisette, made of very fine material and fitting close to the body. The collar and cuffs ought to be strongly connected to this chemisette, and not merely fixed to it by pins, which are liable to fall out or hurt the wearer. I strongly advise that she should wear socks instead of stockings; because a garter is always inconvenient and may cause serious wounds.

"The socks should be fitted with a close-fitting collar of some soft and elastic material, such as knitting or jersey, lined with silk, or, still better, very fine doeskin. The trousers should be strapped with india-rubber, and should fit rather closely so that that may not wrinkle. The boots should have elastic sides and not buttons, which would cause wounds.

"I prefer ordinary boots to long boots, which are too hard and are consequently apt to cut the wearer under the knee, and to prevent her feeling the horse with her leg. The corset should be very short and low. A long busk is not only inconvenient, but is also dangerous."

I do not profess to know what women to-day wear under their riding habits either astride or side-saddle, but I dare swear

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it is not what Fillis recommends, and I wonder what inducement it would require to make them go hunting in elastic-sided boots?

Well, times change, and not only costumes but customs also.

"Far be it from me to assert that the field is no place for the fair; on the contrary. I hold that their presence adds in every respect to its charm. Neither would I protest against their jumping, and relegate them to the bridle-roads or lanes. Nothing of the kind. Let the greatest care be taken in the selection of their horses; let their saddles and bridles be fitted to such a nicety that sore backs and sore mouths are equally impossible, and let trustworthy servants be told off to attend them during the day. Then, with everything in their favour, over a fair country, fairly fenced, why should they not ride on and take their pleasure?

"But even if their souls disdain to follow a pilot (and I may observe his office requires no little nerve, as they are pretty quick on a leader if he gets down), I would entreat them not to try cutting out the work, as it is called, but rather to wait and see one rider, at least, over a leap before they attempt it themselves."

So wrote Whyte Melville in his "Riding Recollections." Now by way of contrast, let us turn to an account of a great run with the ——— Hounds, which appeared at the time in "The Field."

"*A Fine Run.*

"January 9th will long be remembered in hunt annals as the occasion of one of the longest and severest hunts that have taken place in Blankshire for many years. The large field included the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry."

* * * *

Here follows a minute description of the country traversed.

* * * *

"They had by now covered 16 miles of country, with only a short check in the Moorby Hills, so most people expected the fox to turn into Brimington, where he was fairly sure of refuge. When, however, he went boldly on across the open without taking any notice of the Brimington Coverts, it was evident to

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all who were up that they were dealing with one of the stoutest of the breed.

"29 *Miles of Country.*

"Miss X. by riding hard, got in touch with hounds somewhere near Harby Covert, in the South Notts country, two miles beyond the railway crossing. They were still running hard, and, turning left-handed, covered another five miles by Brinksworth and Barrington to the railway at Brockton, with Miss X. still in close pursuit, and Captains James and Bartlet and Major Gibbs some distance behind. At Brockton level crossing Captain James gave up, and soon after Miss X. was the last person in touch with hounds. The hunt came to an end nearly three miles past Brockton, in the dark, and it was hard luck that the pack were not successful.

"Wrightson (on Mr. Paxton's horse) and Mrs. Harold Parsons got up a little later, after a long stern chase, and collected hounds and brought them home. As the pack ran, I make out that, including the original ring, they covered 29 miles of country, with a point from Heaton Thorns to Harby Covert and practically 13 miles. The time taken was about 4½ hours.

* * * *

"One horse had to be destroyed as the result of a fall, and several horses were too exhausted to be got home that night."

I have only to add that Miss X. rode astride.

O Tempora! O Mores!

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— 1832 —

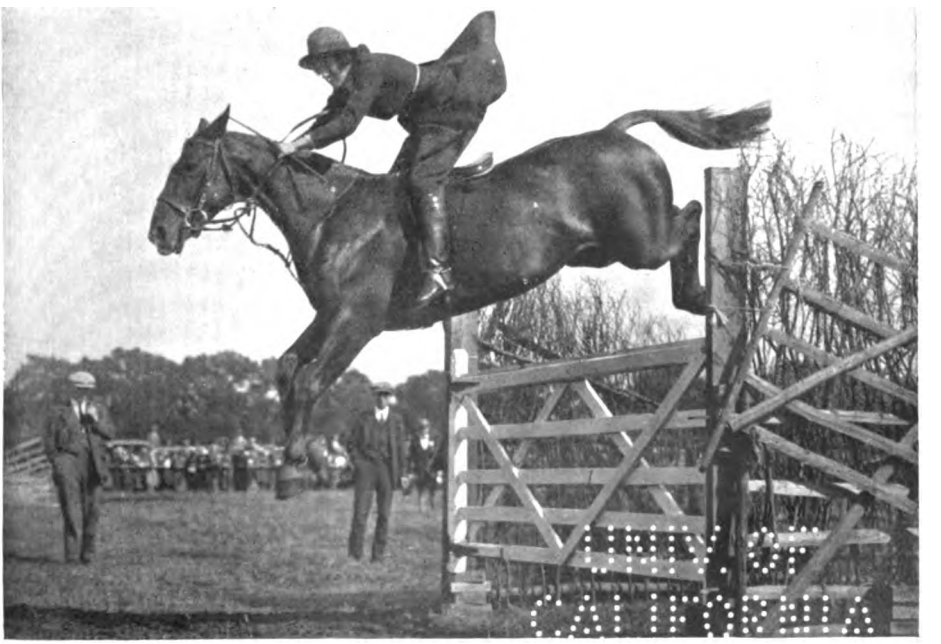

Photo by The Sport and General Press Agency.

— 1932 —

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CORRESPONDENCE

On page 573 in the article "Mass versus Mobility" of the October number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL it is stated "In the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 two successful cavalry charges only are recorded." A correspondent has pointed out that a performance of the Prussian 10th Hussars at Benatek during the battle of Königgratz on the 3rd of July, 1866, may well be considered a successful cavalry charge, and should be included as a third example. This affair is described on page 233 of Hozier's "Campaign of 1866 in Germany" in the following paragraph:

> "In the course of the fight in the wood, a battalion of the 51st Regiment (Archduke Charles Ferdinand) had lost all idea of its whereabouts; issuing from the north-west corner of the wood it advanced towards the small copse on the Bistritz, in the direction of Horenowes, but was soon seen by Captain Von Humbert, who was stationed in a hollow way south-westward of Benatek with the 1st Squadron of the 10th Hussars. The squadron rapidly formed line and charged the enemy. At the first summons to surrender 16 officers and 665 men laid down their arms without resistance. One flag was captured; a second, that was at the rear of the battalion, escaped."

This was a notable performance, and it must remain a matter of individual opinion whether it is worthy of inclusion with the other two instances given in the article, or whether it should be classed in a separate category as an example of "exploitation" by cavalry, on the ground that the charge was evidently not pressed home, and no casualties were apparently suffered by either side.

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To the Editor, Cavalry Journal.

Sir,—Your interesting article on Famous Chargers reminds me of the following reference made to "Copenhagen" by his illustrious owner, to the Rev. J. Young. The occasion was the evening of the battle of Waterloo. Wellington had just got back to his house at St. Jean. The rest is in his own words:

> "The poor beast I myself saw stabled and fed. I told my groom to give him no hay but after a few go-downs of chilled water, as much corn and beans as he had a mind for. I impressed upon him the necessity of strewing them over the manger first."

It is so many years since I copied this out that I forget the book, but it has come into many lectures to artillery drivers, not as an instance of modern ideas on horse mastership (!), but as a striking example of thought and consideration for his horse at the moment when the fate of Europe was resting on his shoulders.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. Burne.

Australia.

"The Sun News Pictorial," Friday, July 1, 1932.

Pony Dies Standing Up.

Riddell, Thursday.—Seen standing in the same place for a long time during the recent cold weather, a pony in a paddock near the Salvation Army Girls' Home was found to be dead. It had died on its legs. For 28 years it had carried mails and had done other work.

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NOTES

THE Annual Meeting of the "Cavalry Journal" Committee was held in the Council Room of the Royal United Service Institution, on November 29th, 1932.

Present: Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., LL.D. (in the chair); General Sir George de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.; Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.; Major-General A. E. W. Harman, C.B., D.S.O.; Colonel R. Chenevix-Trench, O.B.E., M.C.; Major C. W. Norman; Captain J. A. Paton.

The following extracts are taken from the proceedings:—

1. The Statement of Accounts for the year was examined and passed. The surplus of assets over liabilities on October 31st was £877 7s. 1d., an increase of £48 8s. 5d. over the previous year.

2. The Committee approved the new Advertising Contract with Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd. This is now on a commission basis; the Journal to have 80 per cent. of all monies received.

3. A vote of thanks to the following voluntary contributors to the Journal was proposed by Major-General Harman, seconded by Major Norman and carried unanimously.

Lieut.-General The Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.

Major-General Sir Nevill Smythe, V.C., K.C.B.

Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.

Major-General E. D. Giles, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., Major-General Cavalry in India.

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Brigadier G. F. H. Brooke, D.S.O., M.C., Cavalry Brigade, Egypt.
Officer Commanding, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars.
Colonel H. W. Hamilton, late Cureton's Multanies, I.A.
Lieut.-Colonel W. G. H. Vickers, O.B.E., 13th D.C.O. Lancers, I.A.
Lieut.-Colonel L. F. Page, D.S.O., Lord Strathcona's Horse.
Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Trimmis, Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry.
Lieut.-Colonel T. Slingsby, The Lancashire Fusiliers.
Major G. T. Williams, late 11th P.A.V.O. Hussars.
Major H. C. H. Robertson, D.S.O., Australian Staff Corps.
Major John Henry, V.D., Bihar Light Horse, I.A.
Major H. G. Eady, M.C., Royal Engineers.
Captain F. C. Hitchcock, late 5th Royal Irish Lancers.
Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.
Captain E. Hinterhoff, Polish Army.
Professor Hobday, Royal Veterinary College, London.
Inspector C. D. LaNauze, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.
Godfrey Brennan, Esq.
William McCabe, Esq., late Royal Scots Greys.
Dame Catherine Furse.

4. It was proposed by Major-General Pitman, seconded by Major-General Harman and carried unanimously, that Captain J. A. Paton, 3rd Carabiniers, should be appointed Editor, *vice* Major C. W. Norman.

5. Field-Marshal Lord Allenby proposed that a special vote of thanks be accorded to Major Norman for his services as Editor over a period of three years. This was carried unanimously.

6. It was proposed by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell and seconded by General Sir George Barrow that a vote of thanks be accorded to Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby for having kindly undertaken to preside at this meeting. Carried unanimously.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

Cavalry matters feature most infrequently in this quarter's home magazines, though there is much of general interest in all of them. In the "Royal Air Force Journal" there is an account, unfortunately without a map, of "Jeb" Stuart's raid round the rear of McClellan's Federal Army in the peninsula of Virginia in the year 1862—an oft-told tale, and to the reviewers' mind, an over-rated exploit. In his article on the Greatest Cavalry Raid in History in the "Canadian Defence Quarterly," however, Flight-Lieut. Walker breaks new ground and his carefully worked out story of the Mongol raid into Persia and South Russia in 1220 is well worth a study, made easy by an excellent map. In this magazine there is another article by Lieut.-Colonel Timmis, "the Breeding of Light Horses," with special reference to Canadian conditions—an industry which the author considers has a bright future before it, if a reasonable amount of knowledge and patience be brought to bear. Readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL may like to know that in "Pearson's Magazine" there is now appearing in serial form the autobiography of Lieut.-General Lord Baden Powell, one of our directors, a practised and lively writer whose every page is a joy, and a vivid and humorous artist. From the first instalment, the only one yet available for review, there may be gathered some foretaste of the wealth of good things to come.

E. W. S.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

In the July-August number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" Lieut.-Colonel Pugens continues his detailed study of the action of the German Cavalry in holding the gap between the Army Corps of Kluck and Bülow during the battle of the Marne (6th—9th September). It is a most interesting study in which the work of individual squadrons and patrols is taken into account. The author shows how the Cavalry failed in its mission, partly because Kluck relied upon the cavalry to assist his Army in battle and partly owing to Marwitz' orders to his 2nd Cavalry Division whereby he virtually lost the use of that formation. Nevertheless, the retreat of the Cavalry on 7th September would appear to have been well carried out although, as is pointed out, the British followed up their advantage with exaggerated caution. The state of uncertainty of the Germans and the lack of understanding between Marwitz and Richthofen, the two German cavalry corps commanders is emphasized.

In the September-October number this study is continued. The author begins with fighting at Frétoy in which the well-known action of Sir David Campbell in charging at the head of some of his 9th Lancers is criticized. Although the author does not know the British version of the incident he states that the German and British accounts do not tally. The remainder of the article turns on the question of how far the two German Cavalry Corps could fulfil their task in view of the failure of general headquarters to direct their movements. The events of 8th September expose this failure even more clearly. But the author has not read the British Official History.

The July-August number also contains an article by Major Mariot on the duties of reconnoitring cavalry in the approach march which is worthy of consideration; it is based on a problem worked out on the map. Captain Labouchere continues a discussion of British armoured machine-gun carriers which is

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largely an analysis on our Armoured Car Training. He supports his arguments by references to the Iraq operations. This is followed by Lieut.-Colonel Devenne's article on the protection by armour of cavalry machine-guns. It is a clearly written technical article which shows the author to be an enthusiastic supporter of armour. An analysis of General Brandt's new book, "Modern Cavalry," is continued. An interesting illustrated article on the centenary of the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique is wholly historical in scope.

In the September-October number the most noteworthy contribution is a study of the offensive value of cavalry motor-borne machine-guns by Devenne, the writer already named above. He has much to say on the subject of the new Gerlich bullet, which he shows to possess several drawbacks. These, he considers, would be sufficient to prevent its universal adoption throughout any infantry or cavalry unit. This article is illustrated by photographs of steel plates struck by such bullets. An article on the work of the 17th Squadron of motorized machine-guns (or armoured cars) in Morocco shows how this type of unit can be used in desert warfare. The review of Brandt's book "Modern Cavalry" is brought to a close. An article on the breeding and training of horses in Czechoslovakia and in Switzerland is of interest.

The American "Cavalry Journal" for July-August and September-October contains two noteworthy articles, "Forts and Fortresses" by Colonel Shartle and "The Russian Plan of Mobilization" of 1914, which have a wider appeal than to cavalry officers only. Shartle evidently believes in the fortress and, characteristically enough for an American expert, seeks in the end to justify coast fortificaton. Colonel Nikolaiev in the latter article shows how the Russian mobilization plan of 1910 was altered in 1912. This later plan had two alternatives in view: "A," a main attack on Austria in Galicia and "G" a like attack on Prussia. The former was that actually put into force in 1914. But the division of the Russian forces was faulty in that only 50% of the Russian mobilized armed resources were set in motion against Austria, while 33% were set aside for an invasion of Prussia. Moreover, the latter operation was based

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on a premature advance because the supply services had not been properly mobilized when the Russian armies moved off. The author further argues that the basic conception of the French "Plan xvii" disregarded the needs of the Russian mobilization. The latter, being of necessity slow, should have been given more time to smash the Austrian forces, while the French armies, acting defensively, should have held the Germans and not run the grave risk of total defeat, which they unquestionably did. Once Austria was defeated Germany could not stand alone.

There is an interesting page on a "Brigade Command Car," with illustration in the earlier number, also a short article on the defensive use of cavalry machine-guns which is written in the form of a narrative of an actual incident. It is readable and instructive though slightly savouring of the text-book.

There is not much in the September-October number of the Austrian "Militär-Wissenschaftliche Mitteilungen" that is of cavalry interest. Of most general value is a description of the American Army deployment in 1917, but this is based wholly on American documents. A discussion on espionage, sabotage and propaganda is well-informed but presents little that is really new.

The three numbers, Nos. 8, 9, 10, of the Swiss "Monatschrift für Offiziere aller Waften" conclude the translation of General Debeney's well-known article on "The Spirit of Modern Armies." It is interesting to note that the Gallipoli campaign begins to form a serious item of military study abroad. Colonel Curti initiates in No. 10 a wide review of all forms of automatic weapons in use and projected to-day; this promises to be an important study; the present instalment is highly technical.

The "Revue des Forces Aériennes" for August begins a long and important discussion on the offensive value of the modern army, taking into account the most recent constructional development in aircraft and in armoured vehicles, while the effects of gas-shell are taken into account. From a study of their combined effects the writer deduces that in future warfare any higher formation of troops on the move will be held up by a simple curtain of fire which will cause it to deploy. In order

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to overcome this effectively he considers that a strong proportion of aircraft will be needed; this force must be divided into (*a*) observation aircraft, (*b*) communication machines and (*c*) battle-planes. These must work in conjunction with a number of armoured vehicles.

Under certain conditions large masses of cavalry could perform this function if adequately supported by all other arms. The French cavalry division has now been reconstituted by the increase of its fire-power, and its use in an offensive sense depends on this capacity to develop fire. But in the end cavalry, like all arms, will depend for its offensive power on fighting aircraft. The bombing aircraft will become one of the most important causes of the success of land forces.

The second part of the discussion in the September number studies the power of aircraft to influence strategy, more especially their effect on strategic surprise. He begins by comparing the works of the aviators in 1914 with that possible to-day. He concludes that any change will only come if the attacking aviation is powerful, well provided with reconnaissance aeroplanes and backed by armoured aircraft. In order to destroy the enemy's power of defeating reconnaissance a strong force of fighters will also be needed.

Now speed alone will not ensure the success of a modern strategic manœuvre; it is necessary to cripple the enemy's speed. Here again aerial superiority is needed. Further, surprise based on speed without force cannot lead to a decision; there must be weight behind it. By means of an attack on communications the same argument applies to the exploitation of any success. Once more aerial power is needed.

It seems then that the fast moving tank and the aeroplane will be the only antidote to a repetition of the events of the last war, and that in the concentration of a powerful Air Army lies the best hope of success in future warfare.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"An Eye for a Horse." By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney Goldschmidt. Illustrated by Cecil G. Trew. (Constable & Co.) 10s.

As this book is being brought out in serial in our Journal, it might seem unnecessary to review its merits for the benefit of our readers who are better able to judge for themselves by reading the chapters as they appear. We feel, however, that we would like to congratulate the author on the excellent work which he has produced. The book is described as "A guide to buying and judging" and herein lies its value to all cavalry officers. We all buy horses and ponies, probably from the day we join, and many of us have at times bought bad ones and might have saved a deal of money if we had had a book of this nature to study. It is all put very clearly, make and shape wonderfully illustrated, great stress being laid on not buying animals, which, have obvious defects that may lead to unsoundness, however attractive the horse or pony may otherwise appear. Finally, there is one test when buying which should take precedence to all others and that is what he feels like and how he rides when you get on his back. We feel certain that many of those who read these chapters will wish to possess the whole work in book form.

"At the Tail of the Weir." By Patrick R. Chalmers. (Philip Allan.) 12s. 6d.

Fishermen's tales are usually taken "cum grano" but somehow the fish hooked by Mr. Patrick Chalmers at the Tail of the Weir, have the appearance of genuine live creatures, which when landed and weighed in the balance are not allowed to suffer from the usual exaggeration. There is so much charm about the manner in which the story is told that the reader will long to meet the author in person. Any lover of the "gentle art" will

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appreciate this book which not only tells you how to catch fish but how best to cook them when caught. On days when fish refuse to look at any sort of bait and there would appear to be "nothing doing," Mr. Chalmers points out so many other attractions of the river-side that there can be no such thing as a "blank day." T. T. P.

"War and Western Civilization." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Duckworth.) 10s.

This latest book of General Fuller's takes the form of a history of the last hundred years, with special reference to the causes, courses and consequences of the armed conflicts that have occurred in that period. The general cause underlying them all appears to him to be the prevalence of economic nationalism, of which war has become the political instrument. Incubated in the perod 1832-52, consolidated by 1871, and expanded in the epoch immediately preceding the Great War, it found therein its consummation and apothesis, with the ultimate result of flinging Europe into chaos and undermining the foundations of civilization itself. On all this, General Fuller urges, we must turn our backs if we are to live. The nations must be grouped for joint co-operative effort, with a common policy and a common defence force; and he sees as future groupings, the British Empire, the Americas, Europe and Russia with Asia. Between these great groups wars are still possible, almost certain, though they will be continental rather than national wars, and will be waged by continental armies formed of contingents from all nations of the group. "War," he says, "is an activity which cannot be charmed away. There are reasons for war and as long as these reasons endure wars will continue." The historical narrative which leads General Fuller to this conclusion is drawn in broad yet vivid outline, and illustrated by a series of useful maps.

"The History of the 15th, The King's Hussars, 1914-1922." By Lord Carnock. (Crypt House Press, Gloucester.)

This little theme of 270 pages may be regarded as a pendant and continuation of the larger history of the regiment, compiled

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by the late Colonel H. C. Wylly before the Great War. In it is told in considerable detail, the part played in that conflict by this famous corps; this part was necessarily a minor one but is full of interest and variety. The 15th started the war as divisional cavalry, and throughout all the first mobile phase of the war was called on to play this laborious and thankless role. not being assembled together as a regiment until the spring of 1915, after the battle of Neuve Chapelle. It then formed part of the 9th Cavalry Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division; it was heavily engaged at the Second Battle of Ypres, inflicting and sustaining serious losses in the defence of Hooge, and played a distinguished part at Cambrai, and on August 8th and the succeeding battle days up to the armistice in 1918. Between these battles it took its share of trench work and the ordinary routine duties of the Western Front. All this is fully narrated in the volume under review, which also contains, as all good regimental histories should, a comprehensive list of casualties, battle honours, and officers' services. It is unfortunate that though the book purports to be produced at a price "within reach of everyone who has passed through the ranks of the regiment," that price is nowhere mentioned.

"Passing It On." By General Sir Andrew Skeen. (Gale & Polden.) 5s.

This must be a unique, and is certain to prove a most valuable, little book, for in it the late Chief of the Staff in India undertakes to pass on to junior officers of infantry and of the British Service the fruits of his years of experience gained in Indian Frontier Warfare. That form of warfare may be said in a sense to be more stereotyped than any other for which our army has to be prepared; its conditions have altered but little from the past, and tactical methods which have proved their worth in previous campaigns, still retain much of their validity to-day. General Skeen goes into great detail, and not the smallest practical hint is too petty for him; an easy conversational style facilitates the reading and assimilation of his pages; he can "paint a picture" admirably, and a dry sense of humour is often evident to add to the student's enjoyment. The whole range

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of frontier warfare—marches, pitching of camps, piquet duty, protection, attack and withdrawal, foraging and demolition—is passed in review; and on every aspect General Skeen has plenty of importance and interest to say. It is without doubt the most useful book of its kind that has come from our military press for many a long day.

"The Desert Column." By I. L. Idriess. (Angus & Robertson, Sydney, Australia.) 6s.

Trooper Idriess served in the ranks of the 5th Australian Light Horse for more than three years, fighting in Gallipoli and Palestine; and during all this period he kept a diary, opening on the day he first landed on the Peninsula, and closing with his serious wounding and evacuation from Palestine at the end of 1917. It is very voluminous, though less so than the original, from which the author tells us 20,000 words have been cut to reduce it to a form suitable for publication; but one forgets its length in admiration for the observant eye of the writer, his industry in putting down all he saw, and the literary skill which has enabled him to convey so well his pictured impressions of war and a soldier's life. Human personality, accuracy, and a fine spirit breathe through the pages of this, the first soldier's story to come from the gallant ranks of the splendid Australian cavalry, whose record in the Great War add so illustrious a page to the history of the mounted arm. It can be heartily recommended to all cavalry readers in and out of Australia.

E. W. S.

"England under Queen Anne." (Ramillies and the Union with Scotland.) By G. H. Trevelyan, O.M. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 21s.

This is the second volume in this set of three which will cover the period of the history of England under Queen Anne, and opens with the general situation at home and abroad after Blenheim, the battle which had been so admirably dealt with in the author's first volume. As the author himself says, "this is a rope twisted of three strands—the war, English politics and the Scottish problem." To the student of military history,

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the bewildering intrigues, quarrels and compromises of Whig and Tory are always a stumbling block to the study of the big military problem of the Marlborough period. Here, the author at last shows most clearly the inter-dependence of all their intrigues, with the fantastic stories of the influence on the Queen of "Mrs. Morley" and "Mrs. Masham," and the strategic scheme. As one reads this account of petty jealousies and purely party and personal politics, one becomes more and more astounded at the patience, the breadth of vision, and the whole strategic conception of Marlborough. Never has any other commander in war been asked to bear such a burden. This volume certainly shows him at his greatest, holding Europe together politically, dealing with recalcitrant allies, fighting Ramillies, settling the problem of Charles XII of Sweden, that "hare-brained Hotspur, governed by a spleen," conceiving the plan for the seizure of Toulon, fighting Oudenarde, and capturing Lille. At the same time he had to watch the military comedy-tragedy of Peterborough in Spain and try to control the situation in England, which was largely being governed by the whims and jealousies of favourites.

While not going into great detail of campaigns or battles, the author gives a very clear picture of the immense military situations, and as he himself says, "it is here recorded how Marlborough won the war that but for him would have been lost; and how he failed to make the peace."

The best compliment one can pay this book is that it is a worthy sequel to the previous volume on Blenheim and will make the reader look forward to the publication of the third and last volume of this series.

"Red Russia Arms." By John Baker White. (Burrup, Mathieson.) 3s. 6d.

This is a small book, in which the author has collected all the documented evidence he can find upon the condition of the armies in Russia to-day. He has considered the "workers and peasants" army, the Navy, the special troops of the Ogpu, the frontier guards, and the escort guard. He shows that expenditure in this respect has risen from 244 million gold roubles in

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1922 to 1,372 in 1932, and he estimates the total strength of effectives at any time as some 1,185,000, a figure which could be expanded in war time to over 10 millions of trained and partly trained men. He deduces that the Cavalry arm is particularly efficient, and puts the figure of trained cavalrymen somewhere in the neighbourhood of 100,000.

There is an interesting analysis of the military influence and training in Soviet factories, many of which have armouries and ammunition stores, parade grounds and rifle clubs; the author explains the difficult transport situation, and the probable exaggeration of Soviet activities in chemical warfare; and there is a study of the Strategy of the Five-Year Plan.

The book is a valuable summary of the Soviet strength and desire for war, written apparently without exaggeration or bias.

H. G. E.

"English Sport." By Captain H. F. F. Hardy. (Country Life.) 8s. 6d. net.

"Turf, Chase and Paddock." By William Fawcett. Hutchinson.) 12s. 6d. net.

It would be delightful to find these books in a friend's smoking room, and to read them by the fire, in the interval between tea and dinner after a long day's sport.

"English Sport" is perhaps the better written of the two, and a little more serious in its aim. There is plenty of useful information covering a wide field: hunting, shooting, fishing, and yachting all have their chapter, and there are delightful accounts of the personal experiences of the writer.

The author is an enthusiastic rider to hounds and in total disagreement with those who object to blood sports, whom he designates as "cranks." Nevertheless it is interesting to read that he is very dubious about the hunting of a carted deer, and strongly of opinion that in fox hunting the fox should have a sporting chance. If all sportsmen would join with the sanity and balanced judgment of Captain Hardy in freeing field sports from unnecessary cruelty, and in stopping abuses such as putting aniseed at the mouth of a fox's earth the cranks would find it exceedingly difficult to get up any good case.

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"Turf, Chase, and Paddock," in its style and general appearance is typically the work of a journalist. The style of writing, the author's portrait on the jacket and the use of the word "Yuletide" all mark it as such, but this does not necessarily decry it. The book is very pleasantly written and is full of most amusing anecdotes; every page is entertaining, one can dip into anywhere and pull out a plum.

If any lady of the present day is tempted to believe that she is a more enterprising or fearless sportswoman than her predecessor of 100 years ago, let her read in it of the gallant Mrs. Thornton, the lady jockey of 1832!

"Older Mousie." By Golden Gorse. (Country Life.) 10s. 6d. net.

It is difficult to praise a book in words which carry conviction, because publishers have by overwork deprived so many words of their meaning. One can only say that "Moorland Mousie" is one of the best children's stories ever written, and that "Older Mousie" is a most worthy sequel to it. It will be eagerly welcomed by thousands of children this Christmas, and for many years to come.

It is written simply and in good English; it arouses a child's sympathy without any mawkish or sickly sentiment, and it awakens in many children a keener observation and love of nature without any long descriptions. Until the appearance of "Mousie," "Black Beauty" was the classic schoolroom story of a horse, but "Black Beauty" is so desperately and unnecessarily tragic; cruelty and ignorance make their appearance in nearly every chapter, and the pious moralizing is often couched in a phraseology which means so little to children to-day that one cannot help believing that Mousie's story in future will now be the more widely read. Golden Gorse still appeals to kindliness and sympathy, and he also imparts a certain amount of practical information about the proper care of a horse and stable management in the course of the narrative, but he never harrows unbearably. Mousie's adventures, though exciting, end happily. The illustrations by Mr. Lionel Edwardes are a perfect accompaniment to the book, and one hopes that it will be a long time

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before any any other artist attempts to depict either " Moorland " or " Older Mousie."

" Historical Record of The 14th (King's) Hussars." Volume II, 1900-1922. (The Royal United Service Institution.) £2 2s. 0d.

This Volume begins at the commencement of the War in South Africa and concludes with the amalgamation with the 20th Hussars in October, 1922.

The period of the South African War and of service at home and in India up to 1914, has been written by Brigadier J. Gilbert Browne, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., and that of the Great War by Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Bridges, M.C., the whole Volume has been edited by Major J. A. T. Miller, O.B.E. It will therefore be seen that the reader has a first-hand account of the daily round and common task of the Regiment, both in times of peace and war.

" A " and " C " Squadrons, 14th (King's) Hussars, landed at Durban on the 6th January, 1900, and took part in the operations for the Relief of Ladysmith, after which orders were received to join the main army at Bloemfontein. " B " Squadron disembarked at Capetown four days later, entrained to De Aar, then joined the Cavalry Division, under General French, and was amongst the first troops to enter Kimberley. On April 14th " B " Squadron rejoined " A " and " C " Squadrons at Donkershoek; the whole Regiment being thus together again for the first time since the departure from Aldershot, in December, 1899. In the advance to Pretoria and subsequent operations the Regiment fully participated, one Victoria Cross, for valour at Geluk, being awarded. A Fourth Squadron was formed in November, 1900; this was broken up and distributed among the other three squadrons in December, 1901. Hostilities ceased on 1st June, 1902, and within a year afterwards the 14th (King's) Hussars had returned to Aldershot.

In 1906 the Regiment embarked for India and there remained until 1915, mobilization orders being received on 27th October of that year. Basra, which proved to be the unknown destination, was reached on November 13th, and for the next

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three years the hardships of the campaign in Mesopotamia, including the advance to the relief of Kut-al-Amara, and Persia, were experienced. On the return to England in May, 1919, the Regiment was reformed and stationed at Tidworth; on 20th November, 1920, the 14th (King's) Hussars left that station for Cologne, to join the British Army of the Rhine, where "A" Squadron was temporarily detached for duty in Silesia.

Being written by regimental officers, who were serving at the time, this Second Volume appears to be all that could be desired and should prove of much interest and considerable value to the student of military history.

The book is handsomely produced, having a number of illustrations, chiefly portraits; there are no less than twenty-five useful appendices; the maps are good and well chosen; whilst the Index, upon which so much always depends, has been carefully compiled.

"The Iraq Levies." By Brigadier J. Gilbert Browne, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. (The Royal United Service Institution.) 6s.

This is an account of the organization and work done by the Iraq Levies, from the time of their raising in 1915, to the final change-over into the New Air Defence Force, in 1932.

In 1915, 40 mounted Arabs from the tribes around Nasiriyeh were recruited for duty under the Intelligence Department, and from this small number was gradually built up a force, which after various changes of name, was finally called "Levies," and which from a strength of 40 rose to 6,199 in May, 1922, after which date the gradual cutting down of units, or transfer to the Iraq Army, began.

In October, 1922, the Royal Air Force took over from the Army and the Levies came under the direct command of the Air Vice-Marshal. The force at this period consisted of cavalry, infantry, pack-battery, and machine-gun companies.

Regarding the cavalry, there were at that time three regiments, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Cavalry, chiefly recruited from Kurds, Turkomans and Assyrians, the strength of each regiment being approximately 460. In May, 1924, the 2nd and 3rd

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Cavalry were amalgamated, under the title of 2nd Cavalry Regiment. In June, 1926, orders were received from Air Headquarters for the amalgamation of the 1st and 2nd Cavalry, under the title of 1st/2nd Levy Cavalry Regiment, whereby a reduction in strength of seven British officers, two British N.C.O.'s and 350 Native ranks was effected. These two regiments had been stationed previously at Arbil and Kirkuk, respectively; by August the amalgamation had been completed. Owing to the financial stringency and the pressing need for economy, recruiting for the 1st/2nd Levy Cavalry Regiment was ordered to cease in March, 1927, and the Regiment was ultimately disbanded in the following December.

In 1916 it was decided that the force must have a distinctive uniform, and here a difficulty arose; the only clothing for the legs available was either shorts or riding breeches, and the Arabs refused to wear either, considering that such an exposure of their lower limbs was indecent and against all custom. A compromise was arranged whereby they wore their Arab robes over their uniform; however, by 1917 they became accustomed to wearing the dress of the British soldier, and this pattern was generally adopted when the standard uniform was laid down.

Space will not here permit to give a description of the active service operations in which the Levies were engaged from time to time, chief of which were, perhaps, those against Kerim Futteh Beg, Sheikh Mahmud, and Sheikh Ahmed of Barzan. Many casualties were suffered, and the high standard of efficiency and discipline was always well maintained.

Few officers have had a longer experience with the Iraq Levies than the author, who was commandant; his story is well told and should be widely read.

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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

JUBBULPORE

15TH LANCERS TORCHLIGHT DISPLAY

DURING the visit of His Excellency the Governor of Central Provinces to Jubbulpore, a fine Torchlight Display was presented on the night of 21st October by the 15th Lancers. His Excellency the Governor of the Central Provinces was present, also Brigadier A. B. Robertson, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding the 10th (Jubbulpore) Infantry Brigade and a large and enthusiastic gathering of the ladies, officers, N.C.O's and men of the garrison. By kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Grylls and officers, the band of the 2nd (Sikhs) Bn. 12th F. F. Regiment played lively tunes during the proceedings.

The arena was in the Cavalry lines, which had been roped off and tastefully decorated by the use of electric light and Chinese lanterns, with a searchlight tower to flood the arena with light when required and presented a brilliant scene.

The proceedings commenced with a fan-fare by the Regimental Trumpeters followed by a display of athletics by recruits of the Regiment, whose average service was four months. In the beams of the spot-lights they performed thrilling somersaults over a " vaulting horse," then built various kinds of pyramids in the darkness, the light being thrown on each as it was completed. Finally they rounded off their performance by flinging themselves one by one into a somersault through a ring of fire, the centre of which was six feet from the ground. Their agility and perfect timing was a revelation of how much can be done in a short time with careful physical training.

The next item was an excellent exhibition of tent pegging at flaming pegs, singly and by sections and a daring exploit by a section who took four flaming pegs from the hands of four men standing in line some three feet apart. One section took their pegs standing up in crossed stirrups, a feat which must call for splendid balance. The comic relief was supplied by a clown who lost his hat, his stool and his mallet on the lance point, finally taking a point in " the seat of the pants." Sharpshooting with the revolver at bottles came next, an amusing stunt done at the gallop, which quite " took in " most of the ladies present.

Then followed a dismounted display of lance drill and manual by thirty-two men with lighted torches at the end of their lances. This was very effective and carried out with precision.

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A PYRAMID

A FRONTIER RAID

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

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After another fan-fare by the trumpeters a display of vaulting and trick riding was carried out by some horsemen clad in black and white with white trappings on their horses, which made a fine picture in the spot-light. Standing up, sitting sideways, vaulting off and on, all as one, to the sound of the whistle, the party showed fine training. When the riders cantered around the ring, each sitting on his mount's neck facing backwards one lady spectator was heard to remark that if it is possible to ride like that, how does one fall off when riding normally? The ride finished their show by forming line in front of His Excellency and standing on their horses' backs at the salute. Then the end man turned and ran along the hind quarters of the whole line to spring to the ground, followed by the others in turn, each man finally springing on to his horse by leap-frogging over its tail.

During the interval which now ensued refreshments were handed round, while two clowns with what surely must be the most patient and good-tempered horse in India, gave an amusing exhibition. Their antics on, off and under their mount highly impressed some of the audience and it is rumoured that several officers of the garrison would like to borrow that horse for the next January 1st Parade.

Next followed an amusing interlude called " Mechanized Cavalry," in which a horse made up as a motor car with tyres, steering wheel, gears, head and tail lights came hooting into the arena, bowling over a " Civvy " cyclist *en route* and was duly overhauled and generally repaired by a mechanic.

The next item was a Musical Ride and proved the most popular event of the evening. Dressed in review order, the riders and their horses performed some graceful evolutions at the trot and then at the canter. Their execution of a dance to the strains of the " Merry Widow Waltz " and their precise formation of dance-figures were a perfect exhibition of controlled horsemanship.

The finale to the Display was a set-piece called " A Frontier Raid." In this a bania's house is in the foreground and the bania is seen returning home market merry, with some friends and a bag of money, from what seems to have been a successful day of debt collecting. After some comic stuff and an examination of his " roznamcha " the bania and his friends retire to bed and soon the village resounds with their snores. Presently a gang of bloodthirsty looting dacoits approaches and by a ruse get the bania to open his door. The bania and his money are seized and his house set on fire, but one of his friends gets away and warns the Military Post nearby. A Cavalry Detachment headed by scouts arrives in the nick of time to intercept the raiders. Three of their horses are shot by the dacoits and "die" on the spot, but after a brisk engagement in which machine-guns are used, several of the dacoits are captured and the bania and his money rescued.

This was a little object lesson of the value of cavalry with their great mobility in affairs of this sort and was excellently stage-managed.

Altogether the Display was a splendid show greatly enjoyed by all present and it reflects great credit on those responsible for its organization.

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AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY COMPETITIONS

The following are the results of the Australian Cavalry Competitions for the year 1931/32 :—

Prince of Wales Trophy

		Points awarded
(1)	1st Cavalry Brigade, No. 3 Troop, "A" Squadron, 2nd/14th Light Horse Regiment, Harrisville, Queensland	351½
(2)	4th Cavalry Brigade, No. 4 Troop, "A" Squadron, 1st/21st Light Horse Regiment, Kangaroo Valley, N.S. Wales	348
(3)	2nd Cavalry Brigade, No. 4 Troop, "A" Squadron, 12th Light Horse Regiment, Tenterfield, N.S. Wales	330½

Lord Forster Cup

(1)	2nd Cavalry Brigade, No. 3 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 16th Light Horse Regiment, Dungog, N.S. Wales	249½
(2)	1st Cavalry Brigade, No. 1 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 11th Light Horse Regiment, Toowoomba, Queensland..	242½
(3)	4th Cavalry Brigade, No. 1 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 7th Light Horse Regiment, Goulburn, N.S. Wales	198½

Hutton Trophy

(1)	3rd Cavalry Brigade, No. 3 Troop, "A" Squadron, 13th Light Horse Regiment, Stratford, Victoria	412
(2)	6th Military District, No. 2 Troop, "A" Squadron, 3rd (T.M.I.) Light Horse Regiment, Scottsdale, Tasmania	304
(3)	6th Cavalry Brigade, No. 1 Troop, "A" Squadron, 9th Light Horse Regiment, Orroroo, South Australia..	289
(4)	5th Cavalry Brigade, No. 3 Troop, "A" Squadron, 17th/19th Light Horse Regiment, Kerang, Victoria	287
(5)	5th Military District did not compete.	

Lord Forster Cup

(1)	3rd Cavalry Brigade, No. 4 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 13th Light Horse Regiment, Moe, Victoria	255
(2)	6th Military District, No. 4 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 3rd (T.M.I.) Light Horse Regiment, Longford, Tasmania	254
(3)	5th Cavalry Brigade, No. 3 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 4th Light Horse Regiment, Camperdown, Victoria	248
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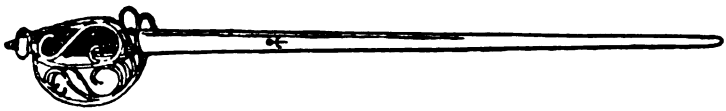
(5)	6th Cavalry Brigade, No. 4 Troop, Machine Gun Squadron, 18th/23rd Light Horse Regiment, Victor Harbour, South Australia.. ..	237



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THE 3rd DRAGOON GUARDS, 1867

From a water color painting by Orlando Norie.

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The frontispiece reproduced from a painting by O. Norie, depicts the uniform worn on active service, by the 3rd Dragoon Guards - the right wing of this regiment, under Colonel Power, were the only British Cavalry, that took part in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867-8.

It is interesting to note that the only concession apparently to the African climate, being a white helmet, ornamented with a brass spike, otherwise it is the heavy marching order of the period.

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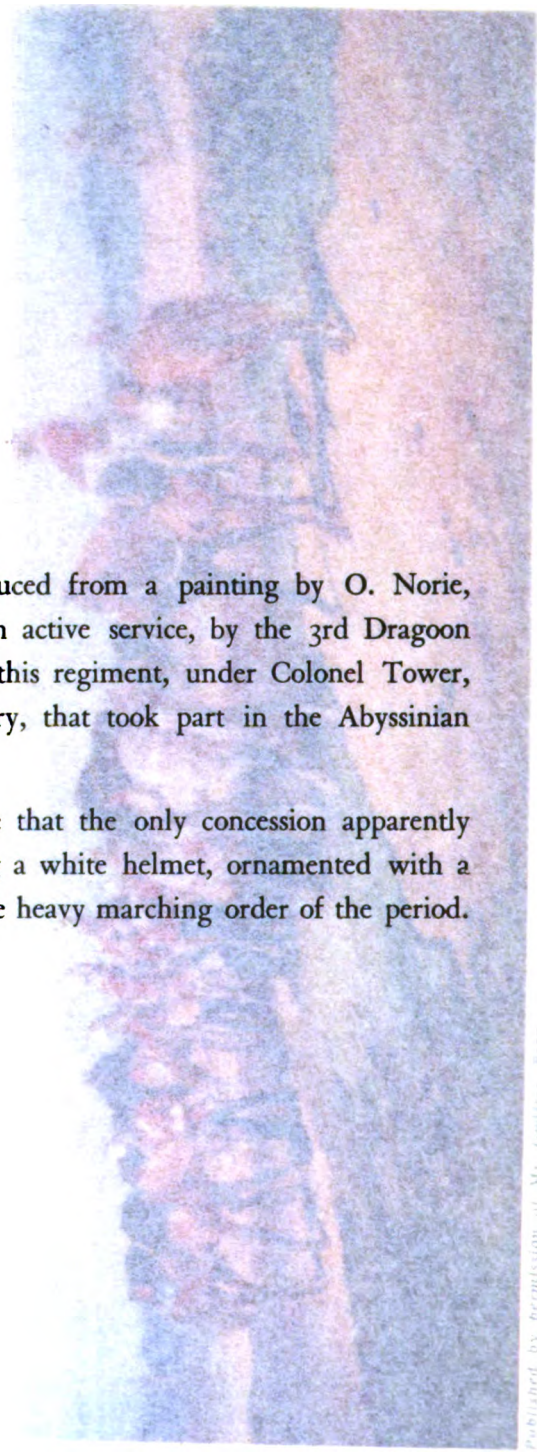

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 1933

THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH–APRIL, 1918

By Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D.,
Yorkshire Hussars.

Part V.

The 1st Cavalry Division comes under the Third Army.

In the early morning of the 25th March, G.H.Q. issued orders for all troops north of the Somme—including the VII Corps[1] and the 1st Cavalry Division—to come under the Third Army. Possibly it was thought that, with such a clear boundary line as a river, gaps between the Fifth and Third Armies would be prevented; but in actual fact the alteration had the contrary effect. It is usually better to make one formation responsible for both sides of a valley running at right angles to the front, and especially in the case of the Somme, of which—for the benefit of those who do not know this area—we may quote the following description:— 25th March

> "In its westerly course between Péronne and Amiens the Somme cuts a valley into the great plain of northern France, its course being some two hundred feet below the general level of the plain. The slopes of the valley on the left (south) bank are gentle, while those of the right are very steep; the bottom between them is flat, half-a-mile to three-quarters of a mile wide, edged by meadows, submerged in winter, but mainly marshes dotted with

[1] Corps Commander .. .. .. Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. N. Congreve, V.C.
1st Cavalry Division .. .. Major-Gen. R. L. Mullens.
16th Division .. .. .. Major-Gen. Sir C. P. A. Hull.
39th Division .. .. .. Major-Gen. E. Feetham.
21st Division .. .. .. Major-Gen. D. G. M. Campbell.
9th Division .. .. .. Major-Gen. C. A. Blacklock. (Was on leave for first days of battle, his place being taken by Brig.-Gen. H. H. Tudor).

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holes from which peat had been cut, now full of water. This bottom is for all practical purposes passable only at the occasional causeways, and is, even without the river, a very serious military obstacle. The river itself is unfordable, and has many windings and generally more than one branch: near Frise, for instance, there were five, the five bridges at this point being, respectively, 28, 13, 13, 16 and 17 feet wide; and it is doubled by a canal 58 feet wide at water level, and 6.6 feet deep."[1]

Thus troops on one bank of the river found it most difficult to keep touch with troops on the other: and the co-ordination which is so essential in a withdrawal became, as will be seen, particularly hard to secure.

25th March Sketch 1

Owing to events further north, it became clear that the VII Corps might have to fall back during the day (it actually did fall back about five miles) and that a mounted force would be very necessary to keep connection between the VII Corps' right flank and the XIX Corps' left, south of the Somme. But, as we saw in the last article,[2] the 1st Cavalry Division had an improvised dismounted brigade in the trenches at Montauban, whilst its led horses, with the rest of the division, were nearly 17 miles south-west of it at Bussy-les-Daours; even if it were possible to pull the dismounted men out of the line at once (which it was not), many hours were bound to elapse before the division would be capable of acting again as a complete mounted formation.

Beale Browne's Column.

Accordingly a conference was held at 2 p.m. at 1st Cavalry Division headquarters at Bussy, when it was decided firstly to form a composite mounted force under Br.-General D. J. E. Beale Browne (G.O.C., 2nd Cavalry Brigade); and secondly, to withdraw Br.-General Legard's dismounted brigade from the line that night.

"Beale Browne's Column," as the mounted force was termed, was to consist of about 450 men, the 1st, 2nd and 9th Cavalry Brigades each supplying a third of this total, and was

[1] "Military Operations, France and Belgium, 1916," p. 246.
[2] "Cavalry Journal," January, 1933, pp. 24-29.

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to be ready to start off first thing the following morning. Those men who were not included in this column were to remain at Bussy-les-Daours in charge of their own and the dismounted brigade's horses, the proportion working out at 1 man to 10 horses. 25th March

Thus it will be seen that exactly the same thing happened in the 1st Cavalry Division as had occurred two days earlier with the other two cavalry divisions when Harman's Detachment was formed. In each case a number of cavalrymen had been thrown into the line as infantry, perhaps too hastily; and in each case an improvised mounted force had to be formed from the "horses" part of the cavalry brigades concerned, leaving the remaining men with so many horses to look after that they ceased to be of any fighting value.

It has to be borne in mind, however, that the various corps and divisional commanders had to deal with a very critical situation as it appeared to them at the time; that of all the operations of war a retreat is acknowledged to be the most difficult; and that cavalry had not been used on such a scale since the autumn of 1914.

* * * * *

At 6 p.m. on this date the 1st Cavalry Division was placed under the orders of Cavalry Corps, which now for the first time in the battle had some of its own troops to administer.

Information was received at 7 p.m. that owing to withdrawals further north, the VII Corps would during the night retire to the line Bray–Albert. It will be seen later that this movement brought the right flank of the Third Army (north of the Somme) five miles behind the left flank of the Fifth Army (south of the Somme), which greatly increased the danger to the latter.

The Operations on the Somme, 26th March.

In describing the movements of the 1st Cavalry Division on Tuesday, 26th March,[1] it must be understood that until 10.45 a.m., Br.-General Beale Browne's Column (about the size of a strong regiment) was the only portion of the division 26th March Sketch 1

[1] This was the day on which, as already noted in an earlier article, General Foch was appointed to co-ordinate the movements of all the Allied Armies on the Western Front.

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available for action. At that hour the dismounted brigade under Br.-General Legard rejoined its horses at Bussy-les-Daours, after which the 1st, 2nd and 9th Cavalry Brigades were again complete mounted formations, except that each had 150 men away with Beale Browne's Column.

At 10.15 a.m. instructions were received from Cavalry Corps that if and when the VII Corps fell back north of the Ancre, its right would be at Ribemont, and the 1st Cavalry Division would then be responsible for the crossings over the Ancre south of Ribemont. Seeing that the right flank of the VII Corps was now at Bray-sur-Somme, this meant that the higher command evidently contemplated a withdrawal of some seven miles during the day.[1]

Orders were accordingly given to General Beale Browne to move off at once with his column and reconnoitre towards Morlancourt. He was told that the right of the VII Corps was at Bray; that he was to conform to its movements; and that if it fell back to Ribemont he was to fill the four-mile gap between there and Corbie.

The dismounted brigade as noted above reached Bussy at 10.45 a.m., and arrangements were now made to send B Echelon and the auxiliary horse transport back to the Havernas–Canaples area (north-west of Amiens). All spare led horses were sent back tied to the wagons, so that the division would have the maximum number of men available for fighting. At the same time, the 1st Field Squadron R.E. was made responsible for destroying the Daours and Corbie bridges should a further retirement render this necessary.

The whole of the division being now available, fresh orders were issued at 1.40 p.m. to the effect that, in the event of the VII Corps being pushed back, Beale Browne's Column would hold the line Sailly-le-Sec–Méricourt-l'Abbé; the 1st Cavalry Brigade the line Daours–Bonnay village and bridge (both inclusive), and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade from Bonnay (exclusive) to join up with the 21st Division at Ribemont; the 9th Cavalry Brigade to be in reserve 2,500 yards east of Fréchencourt. In

[1] Actually, things were not as bad as this. The VII Corps only retired 4 miles during the 26th, and the battle closed with the line nearly 2 miles east of Ribemont.

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other words, the division was to hold six miles of river line with two brigades in line and one in reserve, and with Beale Browne's force on a sort of outpost line in front, across the angle formed by the Somme and Ancre rivers. However, it did not become necessary to carry out this order. 26th March Sketch 1

In the meantime Beale Browne's Column had started off on its mission. Bray was found to be in the hands of the enemy, who by 3 p.m. was reported as moving towards Morlancourt. A brigade of the 21st Division was holding a two-mile front from Chipilly (on the Somme) to the Corbie–Bray main road, but north of that road our infantry were retiring westwards. Later, at 7 p.m., General Beale Browne reported that he was holding up the enemy at Morlancourt, and that German cavalry were in Meaulte.[1]

The withdrawal of the VII Corps along the north bank of the Somme created a most serious situation, as it carried the right flank of the Third Army some six miles further back than the XIX Corps which formed the left flank of the Fifth Army south of the river. The XIX Corps, left flank opposite Bray thus had no protection except the river, whose bridges were neither secured nor destroyed: thus there was nothing to prevent the Germans crossing to the south bank and descending on the rear of the Fifth Army.[2]

To guard the Somme crossings, the Third Army at 5.15 p.m. ordered the Cavalry Corps to be responsible for the south side of the river from Bray to Corbie, and this task was at 7.20 p.m. allotted to the 1st Cavalry Division, the only troops the Cavalry Corps had; owing, however, to the retirement of the VII Corps and the advance of the enemy, the order was cancelled and the 1st Cavalry Division was told instead to occupy a position with its right about Sailly–Laurette and its left behind (i.e., west of) Morlancourt. The main line of the VII Corps was still further back with its right at Sailly-le-Sec.

[1] See Footnote [1], "Cavalry Journal," January 1933, p. 21.

[2] "It was, in fact, very nearly the last straw. The reports of the retreat of the Third Army and of the unguarded bridges did not reach Watts (XIX Corps Commander) until nine in the evening, when he at once issued orders to destroy all bridges as far west as Crisy and called on the Fifth Army for help to meet this new danger . . . we sent 300 men . . . six Lewis guns, and a Canadian motor machine gun battery to Watts in response to his request." ("The Fifth Army," by General Sir H. Gough, p. 304).

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At 8.15 p.m. General Beale Browne received orders to assist the infantry on the Sailly-le-Sec–Méricourt line, and an hour later he was given the rest of his own 2nd Cavalry Brigade to help him, with a section of R.H.A. guns. By 10.15 p.m. the Germans were definitely in possession of Morlancourt, and at 11 p.m. Beale Browne was further told that Third Army considered the ground between the Somme and Ancre was vital; that the Sailly-Méricourt line was to be held at all costs; and that he was to push forward outposts to gain more ground if possible.

The Operations of 27th March.

27th March

On Wednesday, 27th March, both banks of the Somme were the scene of hard fighting, in which the regiments and machine-gun squadrons of the 1st Cavalry Division played a prominent part.

The situation here at dawn was grave because, for the third successive day, the VII Corps north of the river (Third Army) was several miles in rear of the XIX Corps south of the river (Fifth Army). It will be seen that on this day the Germans took advantage of the gap and, by crossing the Somme, got in behind the XIX Corps.

At 6 a.m. General Mullens opened his advanced divisional headquarters at Bonnay, and later in the morning rang up Cavalry Corps H.Q. at Querrieu to enquire exactly what his rôle was. The Corps replied that the 1st Cavalry Division was responsible for obtaining and holding a line between the Somme and Ancre, as far as possible in front of the Sailly-le-Sec–Méricourt line: this would be taken over by the Australians, who were on their way. Should the cavalry be driven back, they were to retire offering as much resistance as possible.

South of the river, the hostile attacks appear to have started between 7 and 8 a.m., and rather later on the north bank. The 4th Dragoon Guards (2nd Cavalry Brigade)[1] with a subsection of the 2nd Machine Gun Squadron, rode out from

[1] According to the 4th D.Gs, it seems that Brig.-Gen. Beale Browne was, on the 27th commanding both the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and Beale Browne's column. The latter formation ceased to exist as a separate detachment on 30th March.

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Sailly-le-Sec towards Chipilly and found the enemy in force at the latter place. 27th March

At 9.30 a.m. General Beale Browne received a report that the enemy was threatening the 9th Lancers' line north of the Corbie–Bray road. To clear up the situation, therefore, Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Sewell (4th D.Gs.) was ordered to move, with his own regiment, one squadron 5th D.Gs., and one M.G. subsection, via Sailly-Laurette to the high ground south-west of Morlancourt.

The leading 4th D.G. squadron (Capt. J. A. Aizlewood) made good the village of Sailly-Laurette and pushed out patrols along the roads leading east and north-east from it, whilst the second squadron (Captain Fetherstonehaugh) guarded the northern exits.

Shortly afterwards, a patrol moving up the road from Sailly-Laurette towards Morlancourt was shot at from a wood 1,000 yards north-east of the former village, and could get no further: whereupon the 5th D.Gs. squadron under Captain H. O. Wiley was ordered to proceed eastward along the river road with the object of turning this wood from the south-east. Here a German infantry patrol was surprised by the leading section of Wiley's squadron galloping at it as soon as they saw it: one man was captured and four were killed by a 4th D.G. Hotchkiss rifle.

It was now found necessary for some of the cavalry patrols to dismount and get forward under cover; they reported about 12 noon that the enemy was in strength in Les Celestins Wood, and was also advancing from Malard Wood; large numbers were said to be arriving in 'buses at Chuignes and Fontaine-les-Cappy. About 1 p.m. came further reports of Germans advancing in force along the Cérisy–Hamel road south of the Somme, and the cavalrymen could see their leading groups crossing the Lamotte–Sailly-Laurette road: these groups were engaged by machine guns of the 2nd M.G. Squadron from the high ground across the river, and although the range was nearly 2,000 yards, the Germans were forced off the road and were seen retiring into the valley running south-westward from Cérisy.

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27th March

Actually, at this hour the Germans at Cérisy had four battalions right behind those troops of the XIX Corps who were still fighting a few miles east of that place. At 1.5 p.m. 1st Cavalry Division H.Q. received a report that the enemy had "broken through."

Lieut. Stourton's Reconnaissance.

It will be of interest at this point to give an account of the adventures of an officer's patrol of the 8th Hussars (9th Cavalry Brigade) which was sent to find out what was happening south of the river. The following is the report made afterwards by Lieut. Hon. W. Stourton who led the patrol :—

Sketches 1 and 2

"With a mounted patrol of 9 other ranks I left the valley ½ mile north-west of Vaux-sur-Somme on 27th March about 2 p.m. My orders were to cross the Somme 300 yards north of Bouzencourt, keep south of the river, ascertain at all costs whether Cérisy and Morcourt were held by the enemy, and send in a written report at once. On gaining touch with the enemy I was ordered to keep in touch with him, and keep my C.O. informed of the enemy's movements and also of any infantry movements. I was informed before starting that the enemy was thought to be holding Morcourt.

"I went along the road to Sailly-le-Sec, crossed the river 300 yards north of Bouzencourt and kept in the valley north of the main Hamel–Cérisy road. My 1st bound was to the west edge of Sailly-le-Sec, my 2nd bound to the northern outskirts of Bouzencourt, my 3rd bound to the west edge of the wood 1 mile N.E. of Hamel, my 4th bound to the hollow 100 yards south of lock south of Sailly-Laurette, my 5th bound to the western outskirts of Cérisy, and my 6th bound to the N.W. edge of Morcourt.

"South of Cérisy our infantry were retiring in small disorganised parties, and Cérisy was held by about 1½ platoons of composite corps troops, with no patrols or scouts out. On reaching the eastern outskirts of Cérisy

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27th March Sketch 2

I observed 1½ companies of the enemy advancing along the main Morcourt–Cérisy road towards Cérisy, ¼ mile south of it. The enemy had neither scouts nor patrols in advance. The enemy was advancing steadily, and was also advancing in small bodies on to the high ground immediately south of Cérisy.

"I immediately made up my mind to get round the enemy, if possible, unobserved, find out his movements in rear, and whether he was holding Morcourt or had merely marched through it with advanced troops. I then advanced in chain formation along the river, taking all possible advantage of cover from view, to a small copse on the north-west edge of Morcourt. We passed within 150 yards of the 1½ companies of the enemy, apparently unobserved, who were marching on the road in column of route on Cérisy (¼ mile south of Cérisy).

"On reaching outskirts of Morcourt we were heavily fired on by machine gun and rifle fire, and it was easy to observe Morcourt was strongly held. This fusilade directed against us was quickly taken up by the 1½ companies of enemy ¼ mile south of Cérisy, who had 1 machine gun in action against us, and also by the enemy north of the River Somme. All the enemy in the vicinity directed their fire against us.

"Having observed and got my information, I knew our only chance was to gallop for it and retire quickly the same way we had come before we were cut off. I immediately made my rendezvous the church at Cérisy and gave the order to retire, same route in single file, 50 yards intervals, gallop as fast as possible. I remained in rear to direct operations and if possible to help my men who might be brought down by the enemy's fire. We passed within 150 yards of the 1½ companies of the enemy on the main road just S. of Cérisy, who directed rapid rifle and machine gun fire on us, some of the enemy in a lying position, some kneeling, and some standing.

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"I rendezvoused my patrol at Cérisy. I then retired with my patrol to the high ground ½ mile south-west of the crossroads 1 mile south of Sailly-Laurette from where I could observe the enemy's movements and at the same time keep in touch with our own infantry.

"Later I again retired to an entrenched position at the crossroads 1½ miles south of Hamel: I remained here until 7 p.m. (dusk) when I received orders from my C.O. to rejoin my dismounted regiment. Throughout my patrolling I kept my C.O. constantly informed, by written messages by mounted orderly of the general situation, of all the enemy's movements, and of all movements of our own troops and infantry.

"We were under the enemy's fire practically throughout our patrolling operations."

Stourton sent the following three messages during the five hours his patrol was out:—

(1) "To O.C. 8th Hrs. Ref. Map 1/100,000 AMIENS.

27/3/18.

"1½ companies of the enemy advancing either side of main road MORCOURT to CÉRISY and are about ¼ mile from CÉRISY. MORCOURT is held by enemy. About 1½ platoons of our infantry holding CÉRISY. Our infantry holding line in valley S. of SAILLY-LAURETTE S. of river. I am observing on high ground ½ mile south-west of cross-roads 1 mile south of SAILLY-LAURETTE.

"By mtd. orderly, (sd.) WM. STOURTON, Lt.,
Cpl. FRITH 8th Hrs.,
Despatched at 3.15 p.m. O.C. Patrol."

(2) "To O.C. 8th Hrs.

"The enemy is now holding CÉRISY and the high ground west of BAYONVILLERS. The enemy is advancing steadily and our infantry retiring before him. Our infantry are retiring on a well-wired entrenched position 100 yds. east of CÉRISY–LAMOTTE-EN-SANTERRE road. There is already a small garrison along this previously prepared position, on which our infantry rearguards are

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retiring. I am now observing from entrenched position at cross-roads 1½ mile south of HAMEL. Cpl. NOTT, 8th Hrs. who took my 1st message to O.C. 8th Hrs. has failed to rejoin me.[1]

" By mtd. orderly (sd.) WM. STOURTON, Lt.,
Pte. HALL 8th Hrs.,
Despatched at 4.30 p.m. O.C. Patrol."

" The infantry have just received orders to hold line 100 yds. east of CÉRISY–LAMOTTE-EN-SANTERRE road."

(3) " To O.C. 8th Hrs.

" Our infantry have retired on to an entrenched and wired position on high ground, running roughly BOUZENCOURT–HAMEL-MARCELCAVE. The enemy is steadily advancing on this position. There is no enemy or our shelling. Our infantry have orders to hold this previously prepared position at all costs. I am observing from an entrenched position at main T road ¼ mile north-east of HAMEL. I intend as previously ordered to remain in touch with the enemy and observe his movements till ordered to retire by you. I have had no reply to two previous despatches, and the despatch riders have failed to return."

" Despatched by mtd. orderly, (sd.) WM. STOURTON, Lt.,
Pte. CODY 8th Hrs.,
at 5.55 p.m. O.C. Patrol."

The divisional commander, Major-General Mullens, wrote afterwards that he considered the handling of this patrol reflected the greatest credit not only on Lieut. Stourton and his men, but on those who had trained them.

One or two points, however, seem to call for comment.

It is suggested that a man sent back with a message should, after delivering it, remain with his squadron and NOT attempt to rejoin the patrol. It has probably changed its position, and to try and find it might well be a hazardous business for the man and very tiring for his horse. A messenger should be

[1] It will be noted that at the foot of the first message the D.R's name is given as Corporal Frith.

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given to understand that, having got through with his message as quickly as possible, his job is done and he and his horse may take such rest as the situation admits of.

Another point is that Stourton says he received orders from his C.O. at dusk to rejoin the regiment, which presumably means that someone had to go out in search of the patrol and tell it to come in. One cannot criticise this without knowing the full circumstances, but normally a patrol should be told *before starting* how long to stay out. Anyone sent out to find a patrol may fail to do so or may become a casualty; and in that case the O.C. patrol, having no orders to come in, may stay out too long and run unnecessary risks.

Incidentally, the messages would not to-day be considered as quite properly worded. A modern message would be written on a message form, would have "AAA" between the sentences, and would use the correct abbreviations such as "coys." and "inf." for companies and infantry. It will also be noticed that in the third message a position is described from left to right, whereas the present practice is the reverse.

The Fighting Round Sailly-Laurette.

27th March Sketches 1 and 3

We must now revert to the general situation on the north bank of the Somme. By 2.30 p.m. the Germans were attacking Sailly-Laurette in earnest from the east and north-east, supported by machine gun fire from the various woods and copses. The 4th Dragoon Guards held on to the village successfully for some time, but at 3.40 p.m. Colonel Sewell, who had his headquarters at the church, found it necessary to send back the following message:—

> "Enemy are advancing just along Cérisy–Hamel road. They are now due south of Sailly-Laurette. If they go on at this present rate I shall have to leave Sailly-Laurette. As it is I have had to send my horses back."

And twenty minutes later:—

> "I am withdrawing towards Sailly-le-Sec. Situation here impossible as enemy are on 3 sides of me."

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At 4 p.m., in fact, not only was Sailly-Laurette under close-range machine gun fire from the east and north-east, but ten of the 4th D.Gs.' horses, which were in a valley just west of the village, were hit by machine gun fire from the south: the remainder of the horses were therefore moved slightly north, where they got under cover. 27th March Sketches 1 and 3

The 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards were now ordered to withdraw to a position (previously held by the 18th Hussars) 100 yards west of Sailly-Laurette, which village was thereupon immediately occupied by the Germans.

The situation was now considerably eased by a dismounted counter-attack delivered at 4.30 p.m. by the 11th Hussars (Lieut.-Colonel R. P. Anderson). It is not clear who gave orders for this, but it was executed with great dash and met with complete success. Entering the village from the south side, the 11th drove right through it to the eastern and northern exits, capturing eight German cyclists who had just arrived, and killing several more. A German officer in a car ran away on foot and escaped under a hail of bullets, the car itself with all his papers being captured.

The 11th Hussars then barricaded the exits, at the same time stopping by rifle fire an enemy party of several hundred who were advancing from the north some 400 yards away.

But this temporary success could not alter the perilous position south of the Somme, where parties of Germans were literally in rear of the XIX Corps, and at 4.30 p.m. Third Army had telephoned to Cavalry Corps that, if necessary, its troops (i.e., the 1st Cavalry Division) must be withdrawn from their present line in and north of Sailly-Laurette and sent across the river to stop the enemy's advance on the XIX Corps front.

This order was immediately telephoned on to the 1st Cavalry Division, adding that its reserve brigade (the 9th) was to cross the river at once, followed by the other brigades as soon as they could be pulled out of the fight on the north bank. The Fifth Army line was said to be broken between Harbonnières and the Somme (about three miles), and the cavalry were to help to stop this gap.

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Meanwhile the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards were hanging on to the cemetery west of Sailly-Laurette: the Bays had crossed the Somme (dismounted) at Sailly-le-Sec to gain touch with the infantry at Hamel, and helped to hold the line between that village and the river. Here they were joined by the 15th and 19th Hussars of the 9th Cavalry Brigade, and A Squadron 5th D.Gs, so that when the order came for the whole division to operate south of the Somme, more than three regiments were already well placed to act on it. The Vickers guns of the 2nd Machine Gun Squadron did considerable execution in the fighting round Sailly, whilst immediately to the north, the 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars successfully held a line south and west of Morlancourt. The 11th Australian Infantry Brigade had during the afternoon been ordered to relieve the cavalry north of the river, and was taking up the general line Sailly-le-Sec–Méricourt l'Abbé, roughly a mile behind the front line.

The 1st Cavalry Division Crosses the Somme and Reverts to the Fifth Army.

27th March Sketch 3

At 6 p.m. a further order was issued as to the action of the cavalry south of the Somme. If possible, all brigades (less troops already south of the river) were to cross mounted at Sailly-le-Sec; otherwise they were to cross on foot and send the horses round via Corbie. They were then to co-operate with the XIX Corps on the line Warfusée–Hamel–Sailly-le-Sec.

This movement can be best understood by referring to Sketch 3. The disengagement of the units in the front line was carried out without the knowledge of the enemy, and even if we admit that the Germans might have shown more enterprise, reflects great credit on the troops, many of whom had done the same thing at Montauban two nights before.

The 9th Cavalry Brigade crossed Sailly-le-Sec bridge at 7 p.m., taking with it the led horses of those units who were already south of the river: it was followed at 8.30 p.m. by the 1st Cavalry Brigade, which did the same. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade, with Y Battery R.H.A., crossed a little later at Corbie,

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the regiments having passed through the line held by the Australians. The latter's machine guns not yet having arrived, the 1st Machine Gun Squadron (Capt. F. C. Lacaita) was left to support them.

By 10.30 p.m. the 1st Cavalry Division was settled in the new line mixed up with units of Carey's Force.[1] The cavalry men were dismounted, but their horses were only a mile or two in rear. In detail, the dispositions were :—

9th Cavalry Brigade ..	Main road at Warfusée, to just east of Hamel.
1st Cavalry Brigade ..	East of Hamel to the Somme south of Sailly-le-Sec.
2nd Cavalry Brigade ..	In reserve at Hamelet.

General Mullens now moved his advanced headquarters to Fouilloy, where the 16th and 39th Divisions had also got their H.Q.

28th March Sketch 4

Shortly after midnight, the G.O.C. 61st Division (Major-General C. Mackenzie) and the G.S.O. of the 1st Cavalry Division (Lieut.-Colonel S. F. Muspratt) received orders to report at XIX Corps headquarters at Villers-Bretonneux, where they were told that the enemy was in possession of the twin villages of Lamotte-en-Santerre and Warfusée-Abancourt, and that these were to be counter-attacked early next morning (28th March). The 61st Division was to counter-attack from the south at 5 a.m. and, after securing the villages, swing north-east and join up with the left of the 39th Division south-west of Morcourt (see Sketch 4). The 1st Cavalry Division was to assist by pushing patrols forward north of Warfusée; should these patrols succeed in getting on, they were to be strongly supported and the ground secured.

Owing, however, to a shortage of 'buses, the troops of the 61st Division could not be ready in time, and the counter-attack was postponed until 12 noon.

It was then duly launched, but the opposition was too strong: the mounted patrols sent out by the 1st and 9th

[1] A composite force, containing men from Army and Corps schools, signallers and British and U.S. engineers, about 2,700 strong in all, formed on 26th March, and commanded first by Brig.-Gen. P. G. Grant and then by Major-Gen. G. G. S. Carey.

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28th March Cavalry Brigades were stopped almost immediately by machine gun fire, and the infantry failed to get on. It was now a question, not of regaining lost ground but of hanging grimly on and hoping to lose no more.

The Essex and Bedfordshire Yeomanry.

We have already noted in the first article of this series that when the Cavalry Corps was reorganized just before the battle, four yeomanry regiments were sent to the base for conversion into machine gun battalions.[1] They were now fortunately available as cavalry reinforcements and were used as such, just as the Northumberland Hussars had been in the III Corps three days earlier.[2]

During the morning of the 28th the Bedfordshire Yeomanry (Lieut.-Colonel Walker), followed by the Essex Yeomanry (Lieut.-Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore), arrived with their horses at Bussy-les-Daours and came under the orders of the 1st Cavalry Division, who later moved them forward to Fouilloy.

At 6 p.m. the Germans made a heavy attack on Marcelcave, driving back our infantry to a line about half-a-mile west of the village; and soon afterwards several of the "scratch" battalions of Carey's Force—including, as they did, American railway engineers and other details with no infantry training—withdrew from the front line, so that by 8 p.m. there was a large gap on both sides of the Amiens–Brie main road just east of Villers-Bretonneux.

The cavalry were at once called upon to fill this gap. Immediately north of the main road, the 9th Cavalry Brigade put in the 15th and 19th Hussars, whilst two squadrons of the 18th Hussars (2nd Cavalry Brigade) came up to the Bois des Tailloux on their left. The Essex and Bedford Yeomanry were placed under the orders of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and reached the Bois de Vaire at 10.30 p.m., where a squadron and a half of the Bedfordshire were kept in reserve, whilst the remainder were sent (dismounted) to fill the empty front line between the

[1] Leicester, North Somerset, Bedfordshire and Essex; see "Cavalry Journal," April 1932, p. 171.

[2] See "Cavalry Journal," October 1932, p. 483.

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Amiens–Chaulnes railway and the main road. On the right the Essex Yeomanry connected up with the 61st Division, whilst the Bedfords joined up with their old cavalry brigade (the 9th) on the left. Luckily the Germans seemed to have been in ignorance of the fact that some two miles of our front line had been undefended for a few hours. 28th March

A fairly continuous line was thus held for the night. In reserve at the Bois de Vaire was the rest of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade with Y Battery R.H.A. (which was still the only battery with the 1st Cavalry Division), whilst in the 1st Cavalry Brigade the 5th Dragoon Guards were relieved by infantry and came back into brigade reserve behind the Bays.

* * * * *

The men of the 1st Cavalry Division had now been marching and fighting for more than a week practically without a break, first under the Fifth Army, then for two days under the Third Army, and now under the Fifth again. More fighting still lay ahead of them, but it was to be on the ground they now occupied—there were to be no more moves. Moreover, though they did not know it, the enemy was to make very little further progress here: his advance astride the Somme had reached its high water mark.

Relief of Fifth Army Headquarters.

It was at 4.30 p.m. on this date that General Sir Hubert Gough and his Fifth Army headquarter staff were relieved by General Sir Henry Rawlinson and the staff of the former Fourth Army—though the Army continued to be known as "Fifth" until 2nd April. As very little more ground was lost after 28th March, General Gough may fairly claim to have fought this tremendous battle to a successful conclusion, for the German offensive entirely failed to effect its main purpose of breaking through and separating the French and British Armies. It was appropriate, too, that General Gough, himself a cavalryman, should have had all three cavalry divisions in France under his command during this critical time.

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Sir Henry Rawlinson, on taking over command, received a letter from Sir Douglas Haig, which laid stress on the fact that although the Fifth Army was now under the direction of the French, General Rawlinson was still responsible for the safety of the British troops. French orders were to be complied with provided that their object was the protection of Amiens, and it was vitally important that the right flank of the Third Army, resting on the Somme, should not be turned by the enemy.

(To be continued).

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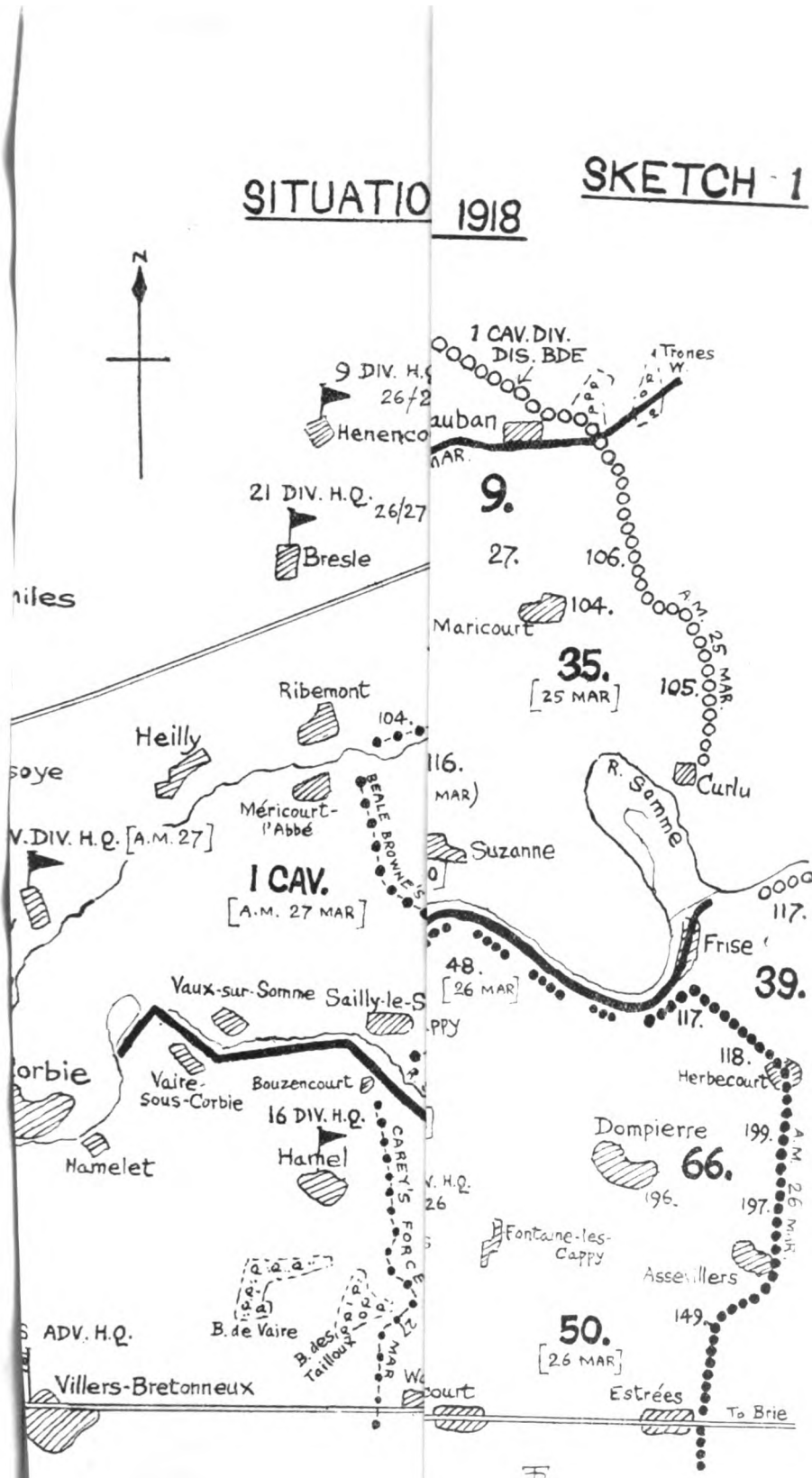

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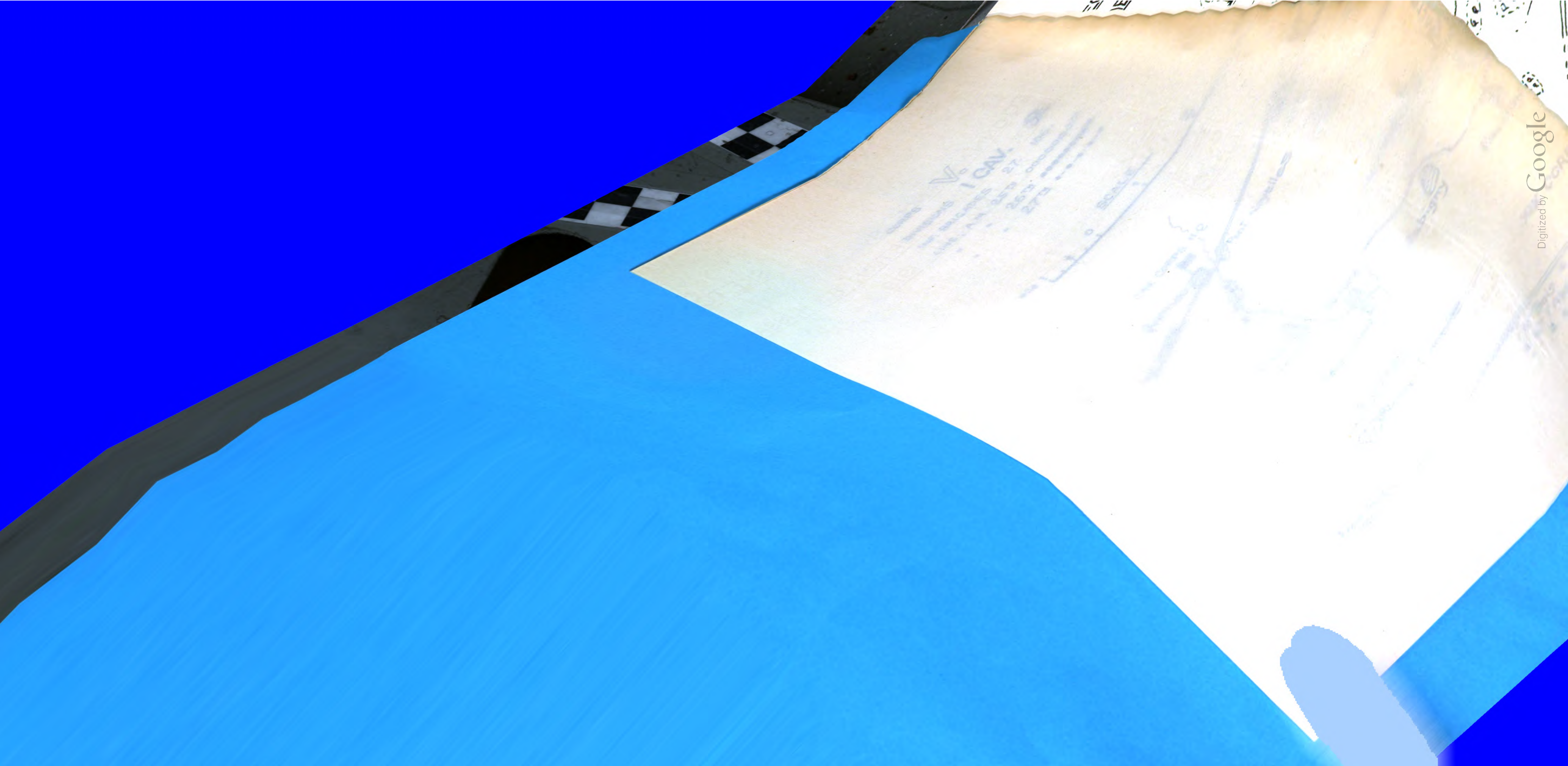
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SKETCH 2

ECONNAISSANCE BY
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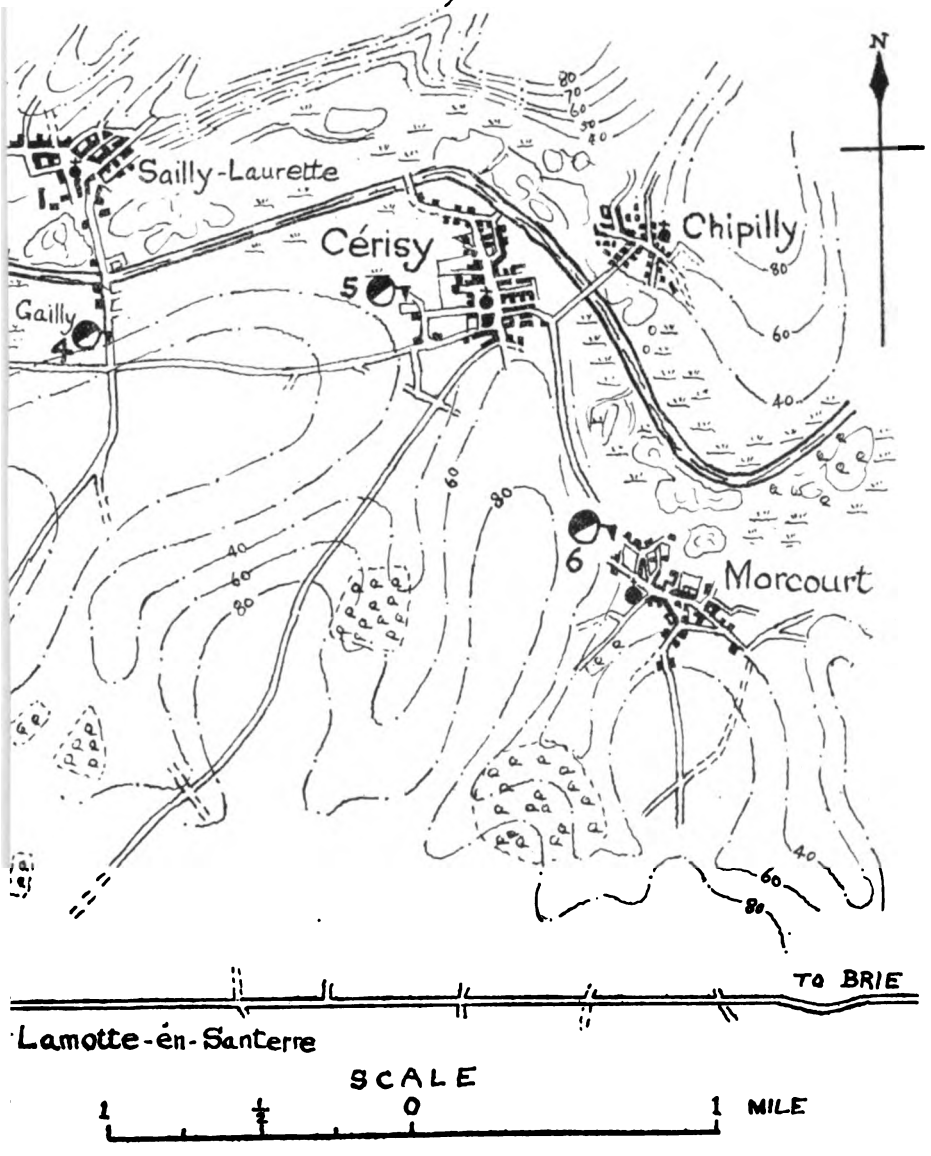
27TH MARCH 1918



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"A FANTASY OF THE HUNTING FIELD"

By Lieut.-Colonel O. J. F. Fooks.

The season was drawing to a close. It was not on this account, however, that the field was so depressed but owing to the fact that the total abolition of hunting had not only been proposed, but was on the verge of being carried out by the government of the day. Had not the new Home Secretary, Mr. Ebenezer Cole, an ardent killjoy and killsport, introduced a bill making it a penal offence to engage in fox hunting. Incredible as it may seem, the House of Commons had passed the bill twice and the last reading was now to be taken. The world of sport with its attendant industries and trades was astounded, for during the course of the general election lately held, the questions of hunting and of blood sports were scarcely mentioned. Now, however, a majority of the House, subservient to a weak Cabinet and dominated by the will of Ebenezer Cole, was actually in favour of killing the sport of our forefathers and ourselves.

Under such circumstances it was scarcely surprising that a state of despair had fallen upon us all. Those, who hunted for pleasure and those, who earned their daily bread out of hunting, were aghast at the prospect. The hunt staff was mutinous. The farmers were up in arms; their livelihood was to be taken away from them; there would be no need of oats, barley or hay, and there would be no sales of young horses and hunters. The "horse industry" would die and the dealers would be required no more. Grooms would have to seek work in other and already overstocked labour markets. Why? Because a few hot-headed and half-crazy idealists had swayed the cabinet. The nation had not been asked to give its verdict on the question. Hunting was to be killed by the back-door method.

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The meet that morning had been at "The Fox and Geese" on Garsingham Hill. The Master, still more purple in the face than usual, was in a particularly bad temper and rated both men and hounds for offences not committed. The field, both those mounted on horses and those on "Shank's-mare," concealed their anger for the time being and were prepared to enjoy what was to be their last day's sport. Even the horses and the hounds were listless and apathetic.

The dog-pack moved off punctually at 11 a.m. to draw Queen's Copse and Milton Brake, but both these proved blank, much to everybody's disappointment. After some delay in smaller coverts, a fox was found in Escot Spinney. Hounds were soon away across Langley Brook to Halcomb Beeches. Here Reynard turned left-handed, skirting Cholgrove Village and then running to Spears Bottom. Hounds hunted their fox well, the pace being very fast. After a check near the Bottom, a line was taken through Shinwell Park and the valley of the River Mill to Scold Copse. The fox had outdistanced hounds however, and he finally went to ground on Onetree Hill after a hunt of twelve miles, the point being eight miles.

The hunt had been excellent and it certainly appeared that the fox, an old one, had enjoyed himself. He had used his brain to evade and outrun his pursuers, making use of such tricks as doubling back on his tracks, crossing and recrossing the brook, and running along a stone wall. In the excitement of the hunt, we followers had forgotten the political threat overhanging us and many were the congratulations at the conclusion of the run. When we began to dribble home in our twos and threes and with the thrill of the hunt behind us, the gross iniquity of the bill now before Parliament was remembered. To add insult to injury, "The Evening Wails" posters outside the village newsagents were particularly prominent this evening—"Anti-Hunting Bill to be Passed To-night." Fortunately for me at least, the jog home was not long and soon my mare "Duchess" turned of her own accord through the gates into her stable. She had carried me splendidly to-day. Her speed, sure-footedness and "lepping" had been wonderful and for a part of the time at least, I had been foremost in "the first

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flight." For many seasons she had been a constant friend to me, having carried me with a minimum of falls, but to-day, knowing perhaps that this might be her last hunt, she had excelled herself. Before I left her to the tender care of my groom, I whispered in her ear: "To-day has probably been your last appearance in the hunting field, old girl. Hunting will soon be dead. Anyhow, you will have a peaceful life." The mare seemed to understand and hung her head in dejection, rubbing her muzzle against my shoulder.

Refreshed in body by a bath, I was soon ready for an early dinner, which, eaten in solitude, and supplemented by a bottle of Pol Roger helped to clear my mind of its overhanging load of sadness. When the last dregs of the bottle were finished, I settled myself down comfortably in my usual armchair in front of the fire and switching on the wireless, listened to some light operatic music. My mind, however, insisted on returning to the tragedy about to be enacted in London. If hunting was forbidden, shooting would be the next to be banned. If shooting—why not fishing? Yes, all sports would be killed in time and England would settle down to sloppy sentimentalism. Producing my hunting map, I now began to reconstruct the day's hunt from the meet to the return home, before entering it up in my diary.

The meet had been at "The Fox and Geese." Dog-pack out. Seventeen couples. Whole field and villagers terribly depressed. Master in towering rage. Even the hounds were spiritless. Drew Queen's Copse blank, then to Milford Brake. Blank. Thence to Escot Spinney having drawn smaller copses unsuccessfully en route. . . . The broadcasting is very clear to-night—now the wireless orchestra is playing Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." . . . Yes—hounds were put in at the old broken gate. The Master and field were halted on the near side. Coffee-housing began . . . "The flowers that bloom in the spring—Tra-la, having nothing to do with the case." . . .

* * * * * * *

Suddenly I find myself on the further side of the spinney. There is no sign of the Master, Whips or of the rest of the

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field. What has happened to them? Hark! Hounds have found. Round and round the spinney the pack goes. My eyes are glued to the boundary fence to see where the fox will steal away. A man, dressed in a lounge suit, wearing a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella, dashes out of the spinney and runs across the field to disappear for a moment through, and behind, a blackthorn fence. Who is he? Why such clothes? Why is he running? Is he a poacher? Is he a London tripper brought from the metropolis by motor-bus? But who would want to trespass into such a mass of dripping undergrowth. It is inexplicable. There he goes again. He jumps the Langley Brook with ease, and runs speedily up the slope on the far side. Suddenly hounds break cover just in front of me, and race across the field. I have not viewed the fox, but then, my attention was on the stranger. "Gone away, Gone away"—the Master and the field gallop past me. The whole pack, "Going like beans—'eads up and sterns down," disappear behind the blackthorn fence: then across the brook and up the hill towards Halcomb Beeches. Two fields of plough cause the pace to slacken, but scent is good. Into the Beeches hounds run, where they check for a while, then break through the thick undergrowth and double back left-handed to Cholgrove Village. Here on the outskirts by a stone wall scent fails. Fred, our huntsman, knowledgeable in the cunning of an old fox, realizes that the quarry has made use of the wall and soon puts hounds on to the line again. A clever but unsuccessful trick on Reynard's part. Hounds race on well ahead, and cross the main road towards Codwell Covert. "There be no fox gone by here, sir," shouts the local hedger, who stands aghast. Neither Fred nor Master pay any heed to this gratuitous remark. Hounds are hunting well, in spite of the fact that the line seems to double back intricately at times.

"Duchess," having got rid of her stiffness, is now well in her stride. She clears the fences by yards and without any urging from me, pushes forward with doubled eagerness. I begin to feel in a mist. The rest of the field seem to be retiring. I am gradually overtaking hounds, which loom larger and larger and in my fancy take fantastic shapes. Now I am on

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their flank and just behind. The thrill of the hunt has overpowered me. I put "Duchess" at a five-barred gate. She clears it in her stride. I am now alone. There is no sign of the Huntsman nor of the Master nor indeed of any horsemen. Round Codwell Covert I gallop just in time to see hounds emerging. A woodcutter, hat in hand, cheers hounds on. The pace is prodigious. Surely it cannot last. Down the slope to Spears Bottom, across the track and up the other side we race. At the top, where a wonderful all-round view is obtainable, I pause. There are hounds led by a small advanced party. Ahead of them no movement, but stay: who is the man sitting on a gate three fields ahead, waving his hat? He has evidently viewed the fox. Suddenly he jumps down and runs ahead. He then doubles back on his former track, completes a circle, and then branches off towards Shinwell Park at lightning pace. He must be wearing the seven-league boots of fairydom. I watch the leading hounds reach the gate and then urge "Duchess" forward. As I arrive at the gate, I see the whole pack are up and casting round on their own accord. They are obviously in doubt and require a lead. Shall I, a novice, try a larger cast on my own? Will hounds follow me? Whilst I am trying to make up my mind what to do, one of the hounds hits off the line and the whole pack follows. Evidently the scent is fresh and strong, and hounds, speaking loudly, run on apace. It now dawns on me that perhaps hounds are on the line taken by the man, whom I saw sitting on the gate a few minutes ago. Can it be true? Have hounds been hunting him instead of the fox? Is it a trick of the Master to lay a drag or am I dreaming? I hit my knee with my hunting crop. No! I am awake all right. "Duchess" needs no encouragement from me, but bounds forward and resumes her galloping pace. Hounds are now running through the Park—the leaders are across the Cuxham Road, where a few seconds afterwards, I catch a glimpse of halted motor cars and a group of followers on foot. My mare clears the five foot six fence like a stag. What a lepp! No wonder the onlookers are cheering. But alas! I espy on my left Fred, followed by the Master and some of the field. I am no longer alone in my glory. Evidently they have

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heard hounds and cutting off the corner and taking advantage of a line of gates, have saved themselves two miles and now mean to be up with hounds. The Master riding hell for leather catches me up. He turns his purple face towards me. I expect to receive his congratulations. But no! Tactlessly I shout: "It's a drag." His look in answer withers me.

Hounds are still running hard, but are obviously tired. The pace has been too great. Here's Firton Rushes. Ahead lies the 25-foot millstream. The bridge lies lower down, whither the huntsmen and the Master on their wearied horses ride. Am I mad? I ride straight for the stream. "Duchess" pauses, but gathering her limbs under her, prepares to jump. We sail into the air, seem to hover there for seconds and then land gracefully on the far bank. No horse has ever been known to jump the brook before. Evidently we are now making for Scold Copse, where there is plentiful undergrowth. The pack is now greatly strung out—one or two of the leading hounds are still hunting, but the rest are footsore and weary, and are but following the leaders. The few mounted followers that are in sight lag more and more behind. Even "Duchess," now going over open and hard pasture land is forced to check her pace. The scattered pack now reaches Scold Copse, which stands out as a prominent landmark overlooking the surrounding country. After a brief check hounds are clear of the Copse and on the far side have hit off the line again. I look ahead over the intervening valley towards Onetree Hill—half a mile away—which I from past experience know to be covered with earths. In the distance I again view my stranger. He reaches the foot of the hill and running steadily and, apparently without effort, ascends the hill. He reaches the top and then turns about and waving his hat shouts and urges us on. Hounds in their dispersed and elongated formations gradually cover the intervening ground and slowly clamber up the slopes of the hill. In the wake of the hounds comes the Master on his exhausted horse, behind him a few more of the field, who slowly take the line of least resistance—a line of gates. Some of the hounds are baying around our bowler-hatted friend, who, with a smile on his face, takes it as a compliment to himself. I am right after all. It has not

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been a fox hunt. My stranger is the runner. It has been a drag.

The Master and a few followers, their heaving horses covered with sweat, reach the summit of the hill and all gaze at 'The Man,' who, after a brief pause takes off his hat and in a perfectly composed voice, says: "Ladies and gentlemen. First let me introduce myself to you. I am Ebenezer Cole, the author and prime mover of the 'Anti-Hunting Bill." You have no doubt heard of me. You may ask why I am here. Well, I wished to have first-hand information on hunting. I have obtained it. I have to-day, as you now see, taken the place of a hunted fox. I thank you and your hounds for a most entertaining hunt. I have run at least twelve miles. I trust I have not overtired you, your horses or your hounds. I am confident that you all agree that I have won. I have outdistanced your hounds, and have, I confess, played tricks on them. It is obvious to me that yours is not a cruel sport and I now realize that hunting is responsible for the employment of a large number of persons, whose daily bread is thereby won. I congratulate you on your sport—Anyhow, gentlemen, the Anti-Hunting Bill is dead."

A curious scene is now before me. The Master, Hunt Staff and members of the Hunt all shake hands with Mr. Cole. Horses neigh and paw the ground. Hounds bark and on many of them I detect a smile. "Duchess" lies down and in spite of my new saddle rolls with delight. I sit down. My mind is in a blur. I burst into laughter. So it is not a drag after all. . . .

* * * * * * *

Faint sounds of music filter through my brain. Then—Bang, Bang, Bang. . . . I awake with a start. It is Big Ben striking ten. So after all it is a dream. The wireless continues: "This is the Regional programme from London. Weather forecast. . A low-pressure system is situated near Iceland, and a shallow trough of low pressure over Ireland will move eastward. Occasional slight rain or drizzle will fall in the south. Further outlook, rather unsettled. . . . Last news

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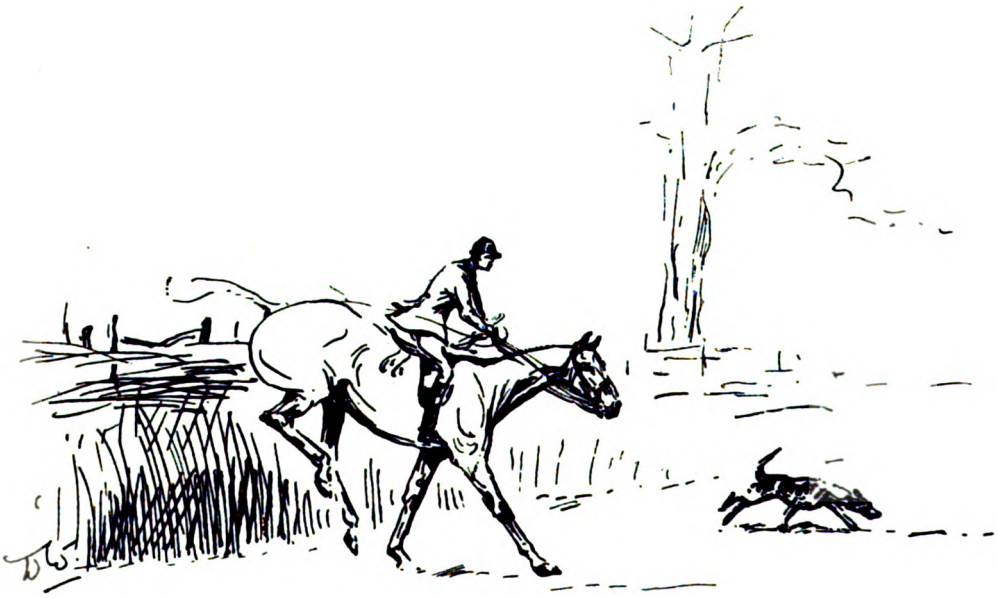
bulletin, copyright by Reuter, Press Association and Central News. At 9.30 p.m. to-night, the Right Honourable Mr. Ebenezer Cole, the Home Secretary, announced in the House of Commons that the situation as regards hunting had been reconsidered. In view of the large amount of employment which that pastime provided for the community and also owing to the encouragement which it gave to the horse breeding and the agricultural industries, the Government had decided not to proceed further with the Anti-Hunting Bill."

Well! I am blowed!!! And so to bed with many happy thoughts for the future of hunting.



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AN EYE FOR A HORSE

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney Goldschmidt.

Part II.

THE FACTORS THAT GOVERN TEMPERAMENT.

One of the major problems with which we are faced when we go to try a horse is that we have to form a reliable estimate of the animal's temperament: by no means an easy task in the fleeting moments we have at our disposal, and a difficult point on which to give instruction. We can, however, lay down certain general principles.

Conformation, education and stable management are so intimately connected with a horse's so-called temperament that it is difficult to separate them. It is therefore necessary to study which undesirable traits are attributable to faulty conformation, which to bad stable management, and which to unscientific methods of breaking and schooling, and then, assuming all the above conditions to be favourable, how far the ideal temperament is affected by a horse even momentarily, getting the better of an unskilled rider.

A horse, even the most willing and docile, is always prepared to resist domination if he is given a chance. He has an intense desire to please himself. For this reason he will welcome cessation from work and hanker after those places associated with ease and food. This, however, is counteracted by his love of the chase, so that the making and subsequent riding of a hunter is something different from the schooling and playing of a pony. But we cannot *force* a horse to do anything. If he does not want to obey, his strength and weight, coupled with the disadvantageous position of the rider, make control by physical force impossible. We have therefore to pit our intelligence against his instinct to avoid domination. The most desirable attribute of the horse is impetuosity, the instinct for free forward movement; and the highest accomplishment of the

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rider is to control this impetuosity without destroying it, and to bend it to his will.

THE HUNTER.

The perfect hunter temperament embodies many virtues and allows of no vices. A good hunter must stand quietly at covert-side, he must not kick at hounds or at other horses even when crushed in crowded gateways. He must negotiate every fence according to its requirements, and he must never turn his head from one which his rider wishes him to leap. He must have his wits about him and tread warily on uneven ground however exciting and fast the run may be. All these requirements are over and above the qualifications that go to make a horse a pleasant and mannerly ride, both on the road and on grass—the result of expert training.

THE POLO PONY.

The phrase "polo temperament" has a looser significance purporting to describe some magic quality possessed by the best polo ponies. Its consequences as painted in the imagination are far-reaching. The possession of it is supposed to enable a pony to take almost naturally to his schooling for polo, which he learns to play in the shortest possible time; his rider can pull him up on his hocks and make him spring into his stride over and over again, without upsetting his equanimity. He will face ponies galloping towards him, he will not flinch from waving sticks and he will push and ride off even when at a disadvantage. When a pony will do all these things and continue to do them willingly and loyally, he is said to have polo temperament. So anxious is the breeder to find this quality that he will use for the stud mares that have proved themselves brilliant players, in the hope that they will transmit to their offspring their knowledge of the requirements of polo. Success has often attended this mating, but it must not be imagined that the dam's knowledge of polo has been transmitted to her offspring. Acquired characteristics are never inherited. The mare's make and shape, however, can be (and often are) reproduced in the foal, and it is this inherited *make and shape* that have enabled them both to learn and play polo without undue discomfort and fatigue.

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It is not possible to decide whether and to what extent temperament is hereditary. There are not enough data available. To determine this point it would require the accumulative experience of thousands of breeders and they would have personally not only to break and school the ponies they had bred, but play them also, and for comparison they would also have to break and play ponies bred from dams that had been polo failures. Then for these experiences to give reliable information, the exercise, stable management and diet would have to be supervised personally by the breeder and not left to his groom.

THE HACK.

The temperament of the ideal hack must, like that of every other saddle horse, vary to a certain extent with the temperament of the rider, but it is a more important consideration than with either the hunter or the polo pony. Men and women often take to riding for reasons of health, and many do so comparatively late in life. A hack, therefore, must have exceptional manners and a placid disposition, content to keep to any particular pace without trying either to accelerate to a faster one or to drop back lazily into a slower one. It is not too much to ask of a hack that he should both alone and in company walk, trot or canter at five miles an hour with a slack rein or conversely, to suit some riders, with a good feel on the bit.

TEMPERAMENT AND STABLE MANAGEMENT.

The difficulty of estimating the degree of influence on temperament resulting from treatment in or out of the stable is accentuated by the fact that one man alone can seldom account for all that has befallen a horse, both groom and owner being reluctant to admit mismanagement, failure or loss of temper.

In every instance, feeding beyond the point necessary to get a horse fit and to keep him so, affects his mind and reacts on his manners and disposition, so that even a horse of exceptional conformation, breeding, and parentage, trained on the most scientific lines, has only to be over-fed to become a pulling, excitable, irresponsible fool.

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The regulation of food and exercise must be considered the principal secret of stable management, and it is point, assuming suitable conformation, that affects temperament to a greater extent than any other factor. I call it a secret because few owners study feeding and its bearing on health and manners. The groom who is a "good feeder" must not only be a close observer, but in addition he must be a highly experienced practitioner with an orderly, appraising mind. Unfortunately he has seldom the opportunity of explaining his methods, because his employer is usually too uninterested to welcome the information. There will, no doubt, be complaints if a horse is too fresh or if he fails to stay out a hunt of reasonable length or his two chukkers of polo, and it will be obvious if he is getting too thin or too gross, but the *groom* has to devise the means of correction. If a polo pony is sent on to the ground over-fed and under-exercised, the pulling about that will be necessary to keep him playing will destroy for the time being his polo temperament, while if this pulling about fails to get him under control, the impairment of his temperament will be still more marked. There are only too many instances of injury to the bars of a pony's mouth, resulting from a too severe use of the bit, and the result is a permanent loss of sensitiveness.

With a hunter the evil is perhaps not so marked. If a man can keep an over-fresh horse out of mischief at the meet and at covert-side, it may be possible to bring him to his senses in the first field or two of a run with hounds. There is, however, a distinct risk of an accident until a horse has "got the top off him."

In this connection there is another problem, one that puzzled me for many years, and while I have solved it to my own satisfaction, I am not always able to convince others. It must be within the experience of all horsemen that a horse grows fat and begins to take kindly to his schooling at one and the same time. Now which is dependent on the other? Which is cause and which is effect? With one horse it would appear that because he is becoming more amenable, he is therefore improving in condition. With another the groom will say: "This horse has begun 'to do' the last few days," and if the rider will cast

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his mind back he will realise that there has been a lessened resistance during the same period. I am certain that improved condition signifies that state of eupepsia on which peace of mind, content and general health so largely depend, and consequently a horse becomes less irritable. Therefore if a horse is difficult, that is, if the desirable temperament appears in abeyance and if at the same time his condition is poor and there is no tendency to thrive, I would advise that he be thrown out of work until he is again big and well. If the weather permits, a run at grass will be the cheaper and quicker way, otherwise a large loose box must suffice.

Under this heading there are also such delicate points of horsemanship as the selection and adjustment of bit and curb chain to suit both pony and rider, and the length of martingale to give the best results.

TEMPERAMENT AND SOUNDNESS.

The temperament of a horse that is unwell or suffering from some injury is adversely affected. It will be necessary only to cite one instance for my readers to realize the significance of this. A horse feeling the effects of a hard season on hard ground will show a certain amount of discomfort as his feet—especially the forefeet—come to the ground. It may shorten his stride or make him unwilling to pull up or to jump because of the pain on landing. Temperament is similarly adversely affected by a sore place, and no work should be attempted until it has completely healed. The most usual places for sores are the corners of the lips, the bars of the mouth, the withers, behind the elbows, the back under the cantle, and where the martingale touches the breast. But a sore of this sort must be considered under the head of unsoundness.

TEMPERAMENT AND EDUCATION.

We can do no harm if we start out with the idea in our minds that there are no inherently bad horses but that some are made refractory by unskilled handling and the unsuitable treatment born of the misunderstanding of a horse's mentality. If we prefer to be sentimental we can describe this as "unsympathetic" treatment. What, for instance, becomes of a horse's

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hunting or polo temperament if the rider has failed in tact and provoked a struggle from which he does not emerge victorious? His horse will have gained a knowledge of power which will never be wholly eradicated, and temperament suffers a corresponding impairment. We cannot compare the horse in this connection with the human subject. The temptations which cause the anti-social actions of the bad man induced by envy, acquisitiveness and sex are absent in the life of the working horse, so the only bad qualities that remain to be combated are dullness (stupidity) as apart from poor condition and ill-health, an irritable disposition, a fiery temper, and excessive fear.

Excessive fear, the risk of which is always present, should be an avoidable state of mind, although all good horses should be afraid of man up to a point. They must fly from a threat rather than resist or resent it, but if they are made *unreasonably* afraid, they become as unmanageable as the animal whose temper is roused.

The effect of alcohol is also a point to consider in judging many human misdeeds and irresponsibilities, and the analogy with the horse, is an excess of oats, which has exactly the same effect on his mental reactions. I maintain we may as well look for seemly temperament in an over-fed horse as for reason in a drunken man.

Inherent dullness is a difficulty and I doubt if it can be combated, but irritability can be overcome by diet, skill, tact and determination.

TEMPERAMENT AND CONFORMATION.

With conformation and its effect on temperament we are embarking on the widest consideration of all. If a horse's make, shape and breeding are unsuited to the task demanded, he will never take kindly to his work. He will always be under compulsion or coercion, which will discourage him and, in time, make him resentful and sour. The old-fashioned saying that horses play polo and hunt in all shapes is misleading, and is responsible for men schooling and persevering with animals which will never hunt satisfactorily or make good polo ponies. There are certain points which militate definitely against an

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animal reaching the highest class although there are undoubtedly many *apparently* odd-shaped ones acquitting themselves quite creditably. I use the word "apparently" advisedly, as faulty conformation is often only detected (except by a few of the finest judges) when the horse is put to work and the weakness declares itself by the appearance of some unsoundness, by the inability to go the pace, stay and jump throughout a hunt, or stop and turn smoothly at polo.

It will not be out of place here again to emphasize the importance of "quality." Failing a Thoroughbred the nearer we can approach to an authentic stud book pedigree the better, not only in our hunters and ponies, but in all our saddle horses. We cannot nowadays go the shortest way across country because of wire and tarmac, and polo is played at such a pace that any horse or pony that cannot gallop at racing pace is out of it, however well he may jump out at hunting and however well he may be schooled for polo. What is the result? When other horses are galloping well within themselves, the under-bred animal is going at top pace. His rider will be letting him out all the time, even if he is not actually urging him with whip and spur. Under these conditions an honest, willing horse will soon lose any docile temperament he may have possessed.

TEMPERAMENT AND SEX.

My later experience has taught me that mares are on the whole more amenable than geldings, and if there has been undue delay in castrating the latter this difference is accentuated. Due allowance must, however, be made for the vagaries of mares at certain seasons.

Finally, we must assume that any animal coming before us for trial or to be judged in the show ring is presented under the most favourable conditions possible for such trial and the only safe way is to proceed on this assumption. The bit will have been found to be the most suitable after exhaustive experiment; the shoes will be just right and exercise will have been timed to a minute. We have therefore to decide whether we can reproduce those conditions at home; in other words: is the animal suitable for our riding and stable management? It

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will be seen from this that our horsemanship and horse-mastership come into question on the one hand, and on the other the animal's so-called temperament in relation to our own.

I should like to finish this chapter with something constructive and helpful, to draw a moral as it were. This can best be done by means of examples as typical as human and equine natures allow.

There is an example in "The Fellowship of the Horse" and I cannot do better than quote it *in extenso*:

> "A bay mare, 15 hands, six years, broken to ride and drive. This was a typical case of mismanagement, although her schooling for polo seemed to proceed on quite normal lines. She carried herself perfectly, was balanced, and took to stick and ball without any trouble. But she was apt to become unmanageable at the end of a lesson. I was anxious to give her a rest and start afresh, and if I could have got a ride out of her without a battle I should have done so. Even on the road she was nappy and would try to turn up every lane towards home. A friend to whom I described her asked me to lend her for the winter, because she felt sure she could cure her. The following spring she wrote to me that she had had a good offer for her, which I accepted. I was curious to know how she had effected a cure, and it proved to be nothing more complicated than a complete rest, during which her mouth regained its freshness and an insignificant sore on her side got well."

One winter I broke a Thoroughbred weight-carrying pony. He was only 4/5 years old and we did not want him for hunting, so his work had to be done in the riding school and hacking about the countryside, interspersed with stick and ball practice to vary monotony. Early in the spring there was a local show with a class for ladies' hacks, and one of my daughters decided to enter him. He was so well schooled by this time that one or two dress rehearsals in a ring of suitable size were all that was necessary. Alas! the pony never reached the show ground, and exactly what happened will never be known, but some mismanagement is clearly indicated. The groom reported that as soon as he got beyond the confines of the home district, the pony had

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reared, wheeled round, jibbed and when struck had "turned it up" altogether. Thereafter he proved to be a rogue of the deepest dye, almost unridable except in company. What had become of his polo temperament after this momentary mismanagement? Luckily a season's hunting cured him, and from his first appearance in a game of polo he played well.

I once sold a brilliant easy pony to a man who explained that he was a weak rider. A fortnight later I heard that the pony was a failure. He could not be stopped under six or seven lengths, and half-way through a chukker he took complete charge. I discovered on enquiry that the pony had been given oats in quantity far in excess of what he had been accustomed to; as soon as his diet was regulated again he gave no further trouble, in fact he was a great success. I should add that this pony had not the best of forelegs, so that exercise had to be somewhat restricted.

So it will be seen that soundness, skilful breaking and riding, judicious feeding, and stable management all play their part, and the smallest lapse in any of them will adversely affect the horse's temperament no matter how suitable may be his conformation. One must therefore give rein to one's imagination to answer the question "How will *that* particular horse react to *my* riding and to *my* groom's stable management?"

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QUALITY OF MATERIAL.

As this article does not purport to be a study of anatomy we will merely deal with the materials of which a horse's body is constructed in so far as they affect his utility to an owner and his general appearance to a judge.

Of all the component materials that go to the construction of a horse, the only ones that come directly under our eye are skin and hair. What lies below this outer covering has to be judged by a subtle combination of hand and eye helped, modified and confirmed by a horse's *general* appearance and by his way of carrying a man.

BREEDING.

Breeding influences all a horse's activities, mental and physical, and on this also depend the strength, durability and effectiveness of every part of his anatomy, and these all reach the highest point of perfection in the Thoroughbred. If, therefore, we are judging quality of material, the most important consideration is "How well bred is the animal?" Any admixture of coarse blood, however remote, tends to deterioration in some degree. The Thoroughbred is the best for all saddle purposes, flat racing (as a matter of course), steeplechasing, hunting, polo, hacking and, if not too big, for a charger also.

Many horsemen will maintain that the Thoroughbred is more difficult to break than a horse half or three-quarter bred. This is an erroneous contention, and the error has arisen in a confusion of premises. There are undoubtedly points in most Thoroughbreds that militate against docility, but these are not due to the animal being Thoroughbred, but because the treatment to which ninety-nine out of a hundred are subjected in their youth unfits them for the utilitarian controlled life of the ordinary saddle horse. In order that there may be no misapprehension, an enumeration of these points is useful:

(1) Thoroughbred young stock are corn-fed from the time they are weaned.

(2) They are stabled, backed and put to work as soon as they are two years old or even earlier.

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REGIONS OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE HORSE.

1. Nape of the neck, or poll.
2. Forelock.
3. Ears.
4. Forehead.
5. Face.
6. Nostril.
7. Upper lip.
8. Under lip.
9. Place for the curb-chain (chin groove).
10. Lower jaw.
11. Zygomatic ridge.
12. Hollow above the eye.
13. Maxillary joint.
14. Mane, or crest.
15. Lower part of the neck or throat.
16. Withers.
17. Back.
18. Loins.
19. Side of the chest.
20. Breast.
21. Floor of the chest.
22. Abdomen, or belly.
23. Flanks.
24. Sheath, or prepuce.
25. Shoulder.
26. Point of the shoulder.
27. Arm.
28. Elbow.
29. Forearm.
30. Knee.
31. Shank, or cannon-bone.
32. Fetlock-joint.
33. Pastern.
34. Coronet.
35. Hoof.
36. Chestnut.
37. Haunch.
38. Croup.
39. Hip-joint.
40. Thigh, or quarter.
41. Stifle.
42. Gaskin.
43. Hock.
44. Root of the tail, or dock.
45. The hair of the tail.

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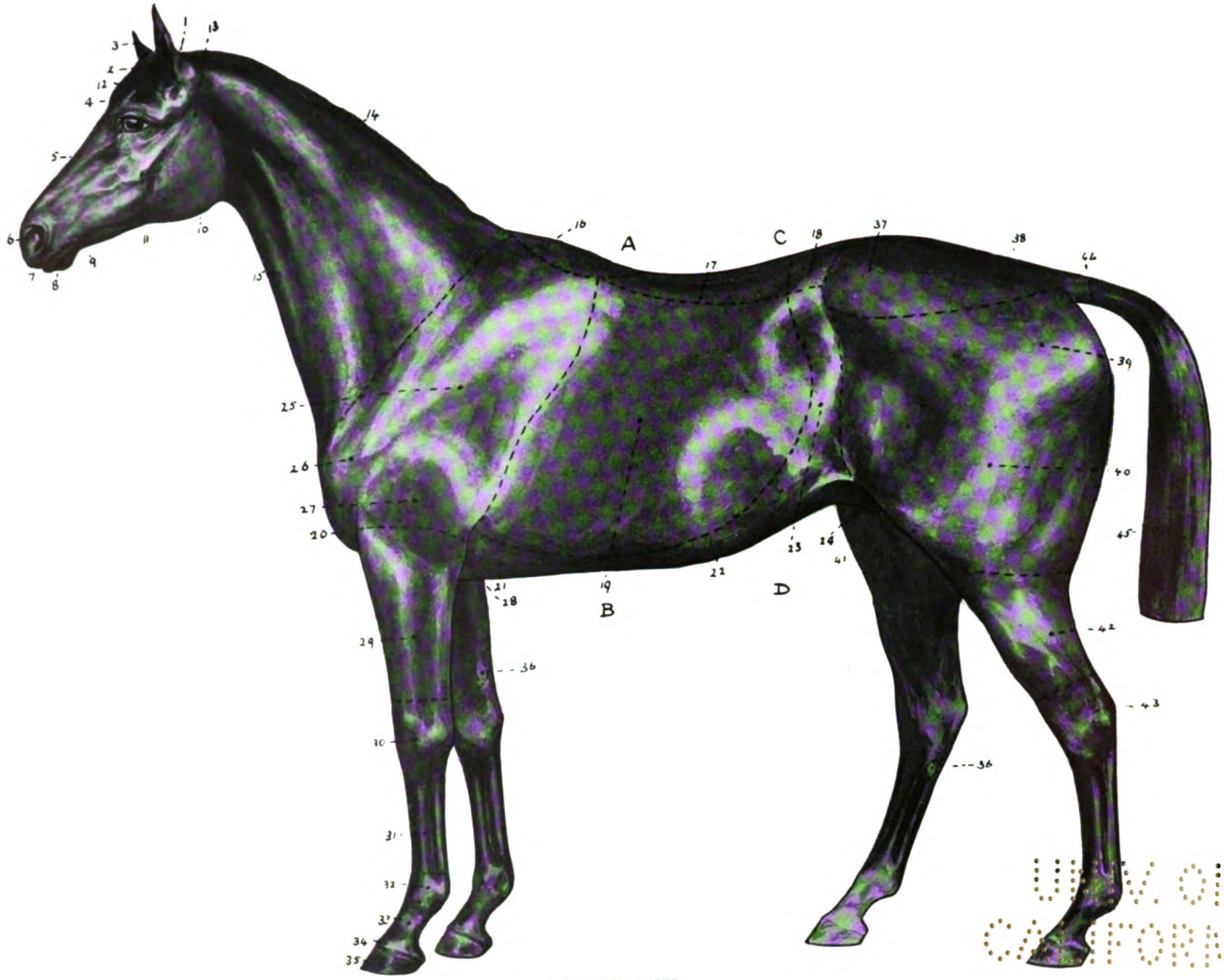

PLATE XIII

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(3) They are galloped and tried for speed during their two-year-old year.
(4) They are trained and raced as two-year-olds.
(5) If they are successful they finish their racing career and go to the stud before they even reach maturity.
(6) Only if they are failures at racing will the hunting and polo man get a chance of acquiring them at reasonable prices.

A horse that has spent his youth in the way described above has little chance of becoming a handy polo pony or a confidential hunter; a child made precocious by corresponding treatment could not be expected to reach maturity with a *mens sana in corpore sano*.

The *corpus sanum* aspect is one of further-reaching importance than is generally realized. Mr. W. P. Pycraft, the noted osteologist of the British Museum (Natural History), writes very clearly on the subject:

"My attention was drawn to this matter of the spine of the racehorse when it became necessary for me to study, with some care, the skeleton of Persimmon. I found that the neural spines—the upstanding vertical bars of bone surmounting the neural canal through which the spinal cord runs—had all suffered more or less severely from undue strains which had been thrust upon an immature back. The conditions I found here led me to examine the spines of other famous horses—Ayrshire, St. Frusquin, and Isinglass [Plate XIV, Figs. (*a*) and (*b*), and Plate XV. Fig. (*a*)], and I found the same condition obtained in them all in varying degrees.

"That is to say, by the excessive curvature of the spine, due to having been loaded with a greater weight than it could sustain in the early days of training, the free ends of the neural spines have been forced one against the other, and owing to the irritation set up, the edges of the areas of contact have thrown out bony exostoses; they have, so to speak, become 'splayed out.'

"Let me now turn to the skeleton of Eclipse [Plate XV, Fig. (*b*)], wherein will be found a complete vindication of my contention that the custom of racing two-year-olds is a most

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deplorable mistake. Eclipse, I believe, never had a saddle on his back till he was four years old. Now look at that back as shown in the accompanying photograph. Every single spine stands well away from its neighbour."

Mr. Pycraft then discusses the desirability of subjecting successful racehorses to an X-ray examination to decide whether this injury is universal, and whether it varies in extent according to the capabilities and early training of the particular horses under examination. He further suggests that there should be "one picture taken with the jockey mounted, the other minus even the saddle."

"There should be no fear," he adds in conclusion, "of possible 'disclosures' as a consequence of this test; for there is not the slightest particle of evidence to show that a defect of this kind would, or could, be transmitted to his offspring. For if there is one thing more than another that we are able to say about heredity, it is that 'acquired characters are *not* inherited.'

"There can surely be no one who will contend that backbones such as I have described are not defective, for the friction caused by the juxtaposition of the surfaces of the 'neural spines' must react upon the running. And if this is conceded, then two-year-old racing must cease. By way of a preliminary experiment, let the standard be raised to three years. If this concession is refused, then the claim that racing is primarily pursued for the sake of keeping up and improving the stamina of the Thoroughbred must be regarded as insincere."*

And yet to attain real excellence in the saddle horse we must have a Thoroughbred. James Fillis, "the greatest exponent of the *haute école* of all time," leaves us with no doubt on the point:

> "I break only thoroughbreds," he writes. "I unhesitatingly put thoroughbreds above all others. They are pre-eminently the best for all kinds of work. Besides, a

* The contention that racing is pursued for the purpose of improving the speed and stamina of the thoroughbred is sophisticated. It is the other way about, the untiring efforts of breeders being to produce a horse speedy enough to win races. Moreover, if betting in all its forms were to be abolished, horse and greyhound racing would cease at once.

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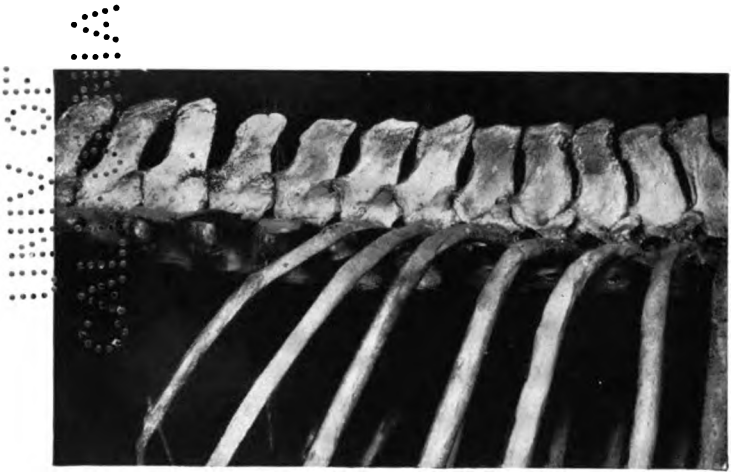
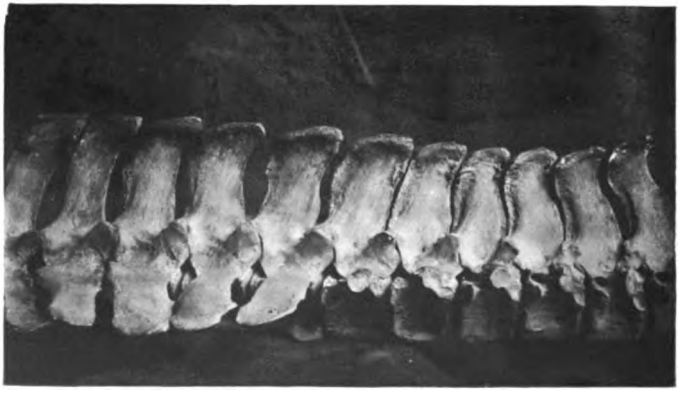


(*a*) AYRSHIRE



(*b*) ST. FRUSQUIN

PLATE XIV.

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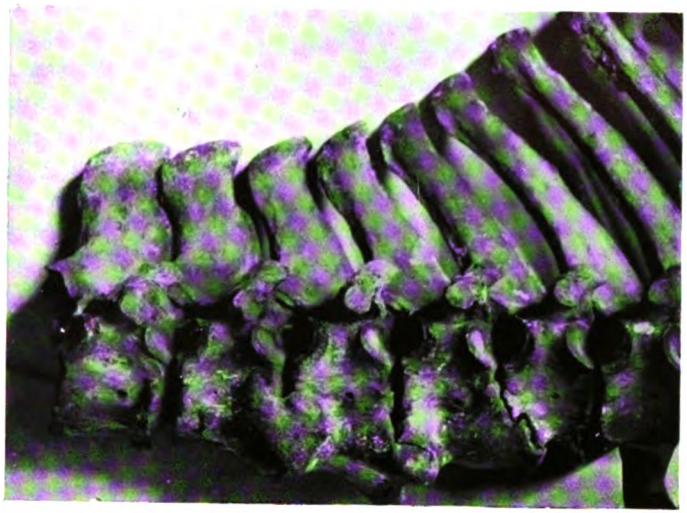
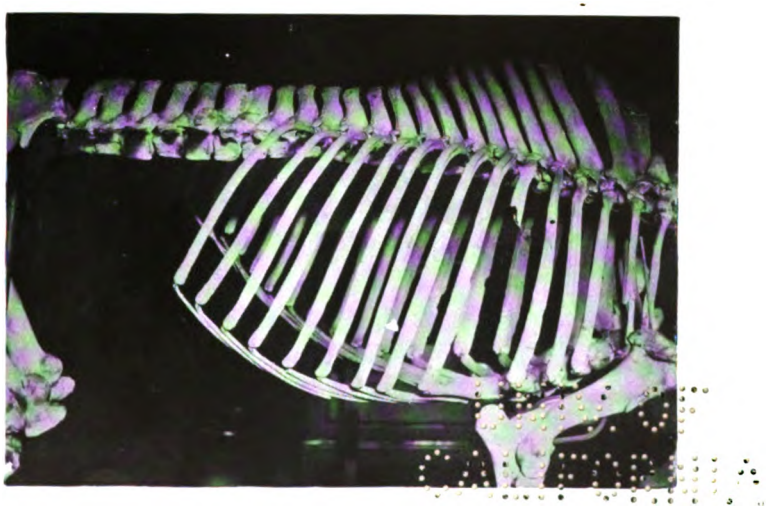


(*a*) ISINGLASS



(*b*) ECLIPSE

PLATE XV.

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man who has got into the habit of riding thoroughbreds, will not care to ride any other horse. For me the ruling qualities of the thoroughbred are the lightness, the elasticity of the fine steel spring which puts them in action, and the suppleness which will be developed by breaking. If we listen from afar off, for the sound of his foot-falls, we shall hardly hear them on account of the lightness with which he puts his feet on the ground. He skims the ground, which he treads with a delicacy full of energy. The feet of other horses, compared to his, clatter and hammer the ground, and their paces are much heavier."

And he emphasizes his judgment with the following pertinent anecdote:

"I carried the breaking of the half-bred Markir as far as with any other horse, no matter what his breed might be. The truth is that I bought Markir, not only on account of his good points, but also for his strength and activity, which I greatly admired. While breaking him, I often asked myself if he would do all I expected, and I frequently feared that his abilities would not come up to my requirements, which he amply fulfilled to my great surprise, and to such an extent that I determined to find out if the pedigree he had been given was correct. I therefore wrote to my friend, Lenoble du Theil, at the Haras du Pin, and told him that Markir has been sold to me as being out of the thoroughbred mare Thérésine by the Norfolk half-bred Weighton Merrylegs, and I begged him to see if this was right. Imagine my surprise and joy on receiving the following answer: 'The thoroughbred mare Thérésine was put to Merrylegs, but did not hold, and was covered two months later by Cyrus, which is a thoroughbred Anglo-Arab and the sire of Markir.' Markir is therefore thoroughbred. The curious thing about this matter is that it was proved by practical experiment before any investigations had been made."

Although *haute école* is the most complete training through which we can put a saddle horse, we must not forget that slow paces and the confinement of the manège or circus is a correc-

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FIG. 1
HAUTE ÉCOLE.

tive to the impetuosity engendered by early over-feeding and racing; out in the open and at speed, this impetuosity is apt to reappear and to persist, and is difficult, often impossible, to overcome entirely.

The characteristics of the Thoroughbred are these:

A small, lean head.
Large wide-open eyes with gaze directed to the front.
Small mobile ears.
Large sensitive nostrils, free from coarse hair.
Neck often rather long (which unfortunately predisposes the Thoroughbred to whistling and roaring).
Mane scanty, silky and hanging limply, *i.e.*, without curl.
Hide thin.
Hair short and fine.
Tail like the mane, silky and without curl.
The muscles of the shoulder and of the legs above the knee and hock long rather than lumpy.
Legs below the knee and hock free from connective tissue, *i.e.*, with the bone, tendons and ligaments standing out clear and defined.
Hoofs neither large nor flat.
The hair on the fetlock-joint (which is the fetlock proper) scant and silky.

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THE SKELETON.

1. The skull.
2--8. The vertebral column. The vertebrae are divided into five groups: cervical, thoracic, lumbar, sacral and coccygeal. The cervical vertebrae, seven in number, form the skeleton of the neck and, like the vertebrae of other regions of the column, are named numerically. The first and second, however, have features which clearly distinguish them from all the rest, and are known by special names. The first is the atlas, 2; the second, the epistropheus or axis, 3.
4. Third, fourth, fifth, six and seventh cervical vertebrae.
5. The thoracic vertebrae, eighteen in number, to which the ribs are attached. These vertebrae help to form the skeleton of the thorax or chest.
6. The six lumbar vertebrae which form the skeleton of the loins.
7. The sacrum, composed of five vertebrae fused together, so as to provide a firm foundation for the limb.
8. Coccygeal vertebrae (about eighteen or twenty in number), forming the bony skeleton of the tail.
9. Scapula.
10. Humerus.
11. Ulna.
12. The bony segment of a rib.
13. The cartilaginous segment of a rib. The cartilages of the first eight ribs on each side of the body reach the sternum: the rest do not. The ribs, therefore, are divided into sternal and asternal.
14. Radius.
15. Carpus, composed of seven or eight bones arranged in two rows.
16. Metacarpus, in which there are three bones. The middle bone is large and long, the others are rudimentary.
17, 18 and 19. The first, second, and third phalanges of the single digit possessed by the modern horse.
20. Ilium.
21. Ischium.
22. Femur.
23. Patella.
24. Fibula.
25. Tibia.
26. Metatarsus.
27, 28 and 29. First, second, and third phalanges Between the tibia and the metatarsus is a collection of six bones forming the tarsus.

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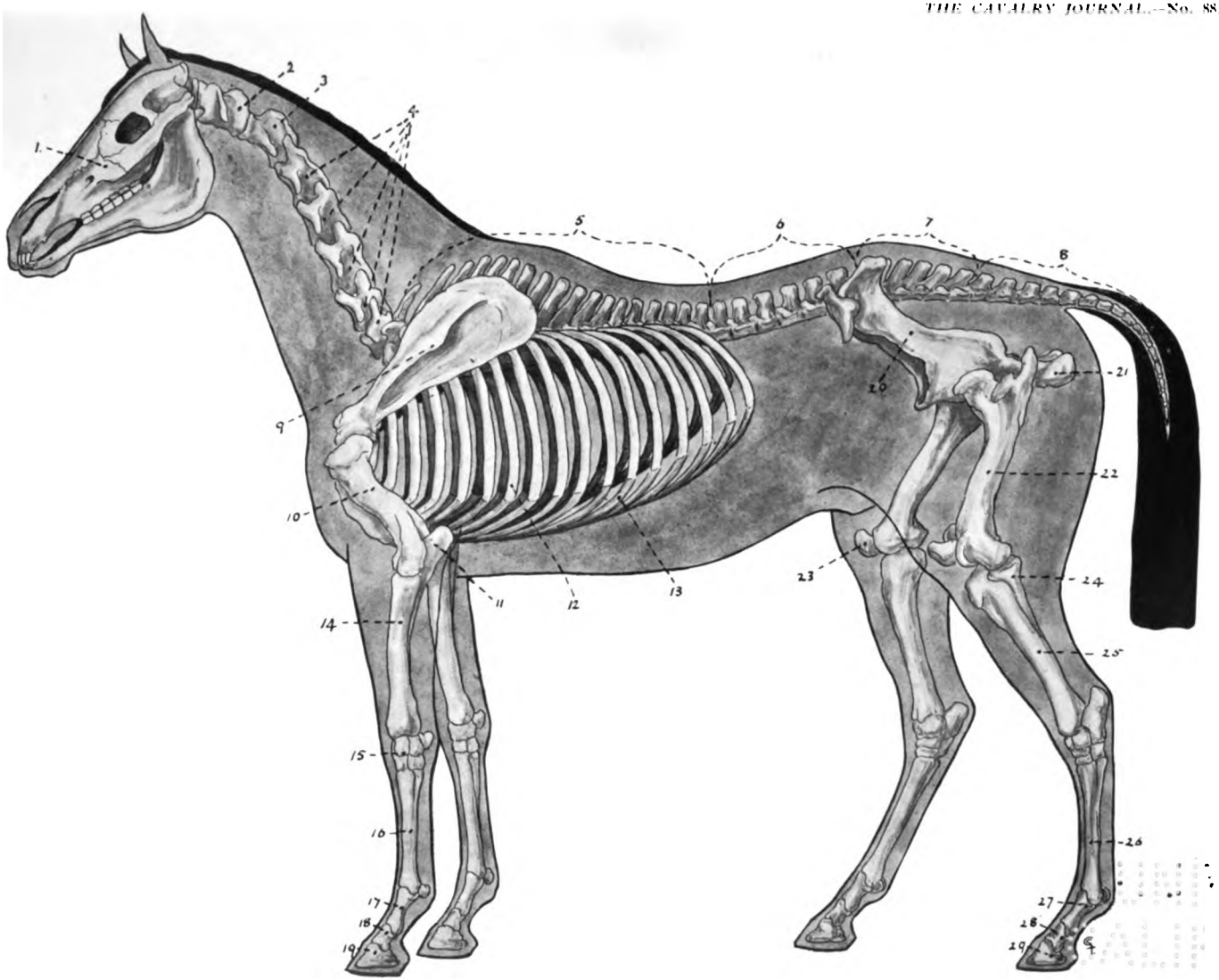

PLATE XVI

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The animal as a whole impresses one with the appearance of steely, wiry strength. All the desirable attributes of a horse (speed, stamina, power to carry weight) are combined in the Thoroughbred as well as tractability, the result of suitable conformation.

BONE.

The texture of bone, as revealed by *post-mortem* examination, varies from an ivory-like density to a consistency more of the nature of pumice-stone. The former is found in the highest degree of perfection in the high caste Arab under 15 hands, bred and reared in the desert and fed on hard, dry food. The latter is typified by the huge Shire horse bred and reared in the marshy fens and fed on grass. Taking 15.3 as the average height of the modern Thoroughbred horse reared under civilized conditions, the bigger we breed him above this standard the more porous will be the texture of the bones and the more liable to exostoses, such as splints, spavins, ringbone, the ossification of the lateral cartilages known as sidebone, and kindred diseases. Although the capacity for standing hard work largely depends on the *size* of the bone, texture is of still greater importance. Broadly speaking, therefore, a horse with 8 in. of Thoroughbred bone is a more durable and efficient piece of mechanism than the descendant of an animal with even remote admixture of coarse blood having 9 in. of bone.

MUSCLES, TENDONS AND LIGAMENTS.

As the muscles, ligaments and tendons of the horse have more or less the same functions as those of the human body, there is no need to describe their duties here. A reference to Plate XVII will enable the student to make the comparison.

Most of the muscles of locomotion are attached to bone by tendons, and while the muscles have the power of contraction with perfect elasticity (by which is meant the power of resuming completely their original form) the tendinous attachments are inelastic. The muscle fibres merge into the tendons, which in some situations are in the form of cords, but wherever they meet the bones they open out fan-like, so that the actual attachment is spread over a considerable area.

Tendons must not be confused with ligaments. Ligaments

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reach from bone to bone, have not muscular portions or attachments, and contribute nothing to movement, their function being to *check* movement in some situations, and generally to maintain and support the bony frame. Those which hold together the joints allow a certain amount of free play, but the suspensory ligaments of the legs are inelastic. The most important of the latter are those of the forelegs, the column of bones that constitute these limbs being supported by the suspensory ligaments, which are tense when the foot is on the ground, either when standing still or in motion. A greater strain is experienced here than in the hind leg, where the angles of the hock and the joints above constitute an efficient spring. Where the hind legs are concerned a continuous muscular effort is required even when standing. Further, the foreleg has the preponderance of the burden whether the horse is stationary or moving. A horse can stand and even sleep supported by the suspensory ligaments of his foreleg. If we watch a sound horse at rest we notice that he stands with his two forelegs firmly planted while resting the muscles of each of his hind legs alternately (Fig. 2).

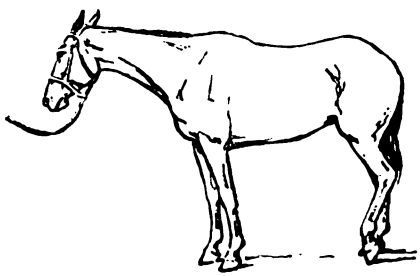

FIG. 2
HORSE RESTING.

THE NERVES.

The intensity of the impulse that the nerves convey to the muscles varies not only in every horse but also in the same horse according to his condition. It is a quality that cannot be appraised except by trial, and this trial must be made when the horse is fit, suitably bitted and expertly ridden. Even the anatomical miscroscopic difference between nerves that react energetically and those of a dull, "fainted-hearted" horse is invisible to the human eye. In judging a horse this is a point of great importance, for however perfect the conformation may appear, unless there is a nervous system of high conductivity the muscular effort in response to the nervous stimulus will be proportionately slow. Thus speed is diminished or increased by the degree of nervous energy at a horse's disposal. This nervous

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THE MUSCLES.

1. Circular muscle of the lips.
2. Elevator of the upper lip and wing of the nostril (*M. levator naso-labialis*).
3. Zygomaticus.
4. Proper elevator of the upper lip (*M. levator labii superioris proprius*).
5. Transverse muscle of the nose.
6. Pyramidal muscle of the nose.
7. Depressor muscle of the under lip (*M. buccinatorius*).
8. Masticator muscle (*M. masseter*).
9. Circular muscle of the eyelids (*M. orbicularis oculi*).
10. Temporalis muscle.
11. Cervical and thoracic parts of the trapezius (*M. trapezius*).
12. Cervical portion of the serratus magnus, the chest division being behind the shoulder.
13. Splenius.
14. Mastoido-humeralis, or *M. levator humeri*.
15. Sterno-maxillaris.
16. Scapulo-hyoides.
17. Supra spinatus.
18. Antea spinatus.
19. Postea spinatus.
20. Teres externus, or long abductor of the arm.
21. Triceps extensor brachii.
22. Coraco-brachialis.
23. Extensor metacarpi magnus.
24. Humeralis obliquus.
25. External flexor of the metacarpus.
26. Anterior extensor of the phalanges.
27. Extensor suffraginis.
28. Flexor perforans and its tendon.
29. Flexor perforatus and its tendon.
30. Suspensory ligament of the fetlock.
31. Oblique flexor of the metacarpus.
32. Internal flexor of the metacarpus.
33. Latissimus dorsi.
34. Intercostal muscles.
35. Obliquus abdominis externus.
36. Rectus abdominis.
37. Muscle of the fascia lata.
38. Gluteus maximus.
39. The upper part of the gluteus externus or superficialis.
40. Biceps abductor femoris.
41. Semitendinosus.
42. Semimembranosus, only a small portion of which is visible.
43. Gastrocnemius.
44. Soleus.
45. The tendo Achillis, which comes from the gastrocnemius muscle, but is also partly formed by the—
46. Superficial flexor of the phalanges or perforatus.
47. Deep flexor of the phalanges or perforatus; 47a, its lateral, 47b, its middle, and 47c, its larger heads.
48. Anterior extensor of the phalanges.
49. Lateral extensor of the phalanges.
50. Oblique flexor of the phalanges.
51. Flexor of the metatarsus.
52. Muscles which elevate the tail.
53. Muscles which curve or draw the tail to one side.
54. Muscles which curve or draw the tail downwards.

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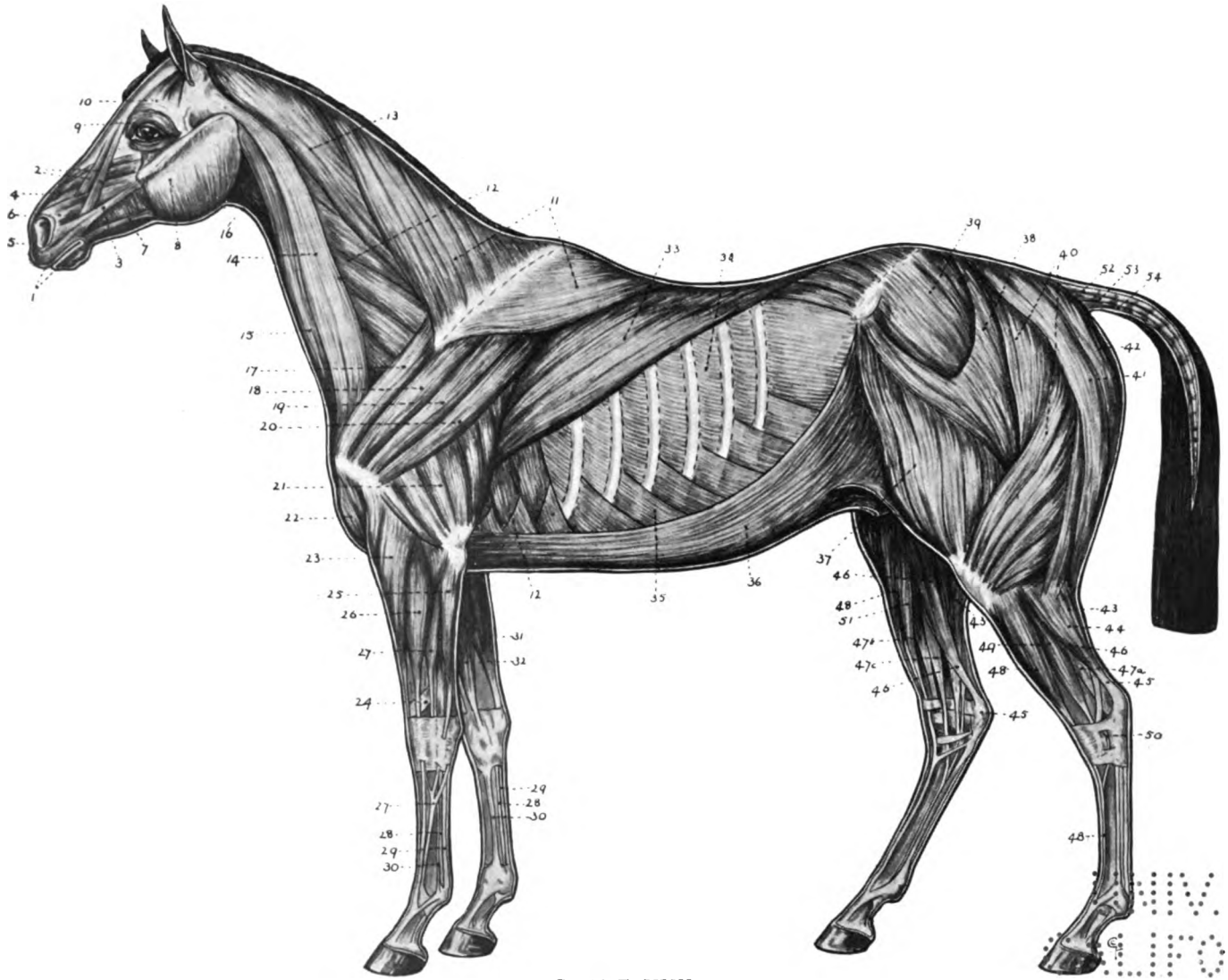

PLATE XVII

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energy must, however, not be misunderstood. The highly strung, fussy or nervous horse is *not* the type referred to, but the more outwardly placid animal capable of prompt, energetic and vigorous muscular effort. Then again, as the nervous system of an unfit horse is sluggish, due allowance must be made for lack of condition.

The actual distance the message from the brain has to travel along a nerve appreciably affects the time taken for a muscle to respond. Experiments on whales and other very big animals have proved this. It is therefore found that small ponies appear to have a more ready response than big horses because of this quicker transmission and consequent quicker translation of thought into action. The activity and quick response required from a polo pony are seldom found in animals above 15 hands.

A nice point for consideration, and one where there is nothing that can take the place of a wide experience, is that some horses remain sluggish and faint-hearted in spite of good feeding and improved condition, whereas others change from a state of fat contentment and become creatures so highly strung as to be almost unridable. I must, however, add that the up-bringing and breaking of such animals have a greater influence upon the ultimate temperament than is generally supposed, and a step-by-step system of education, proceeding by slow or fast stages according to circumstances, is of the greatest importance.

This variation in the power of the nervous system is well exemplified in the human subject, and one can find analogy in the boxer, cricketer, racquets player, in fact it is seen in every athletic exercise and in every game where movement has to conform to "eye" with no appreciable delay.

FIG. 3

SKIN AND HAIR.

The hair of the mane and tail after foalhood is permanent. It is always growing, however slightly, and it is never shed like the hair on a horse's body. Every spring a horse casts its winter coat to grow a finer, shorter summer coat, and every autumn the process is reversed. The skin of a healthy stabled horse should be soft and pliable.

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Its chief function is to assist the excretory organs by removing impurities from the blood through the pores. Although the skin of the Thoroughbred horse is thin and the hair fine and short, it is nevertheless better able to stand the pressure and friction of saddlery than that of the coarser bred horse. Fine silky hair is characteristic of the Thoroughbred and is an important point to be taken into consideration when judging of a horse's quality.

TEETH (*See Appendix B*).

Although I always advise the protection of a veterinary examination, it may not always be convenient to arrange for one. It is therefore important to be able to form a reliable estimate of a horse's age. It is an annoying experience inadverently to buy a horse so old that he is past his work, and almost equally annoying to make a mistake in the other direction, although as regards the latter, as an Irish dealer once said when he was trying to sell me an unbroken three-year-old, "It is the only fault that gets better every day."

Of the first set of molars with which a horse is born three are permanent and three temporary, but the incisors are all shed and replaced by permanent teeth by the fourth to the fifth year. These teeth continue to grow until the seventh year is passed, when dentition is complete and the horse is adult. The age of the horse then corresponds to that of a man of twenty-one. One can always compare a horse with a man by multiplying the age of the former by three. Up to eight years, when a horse is said to be "aged," the age can be ascertained with certainty, but as the teeth still continue to grow a fairly accurate estimate can be made until his death. The way to learn to judge a horse's age is to practise on living animals. An hour or two spent in a stable of horses of varying and known ages will give one information and practice, especially if one has for reference the diagram in Appendix B of the various stages of dentition.

I have reason to advise a study of this question of age. I once selected a pony from a small Thoroughbred stud that had been seized for debt. Her mouth showed apparently rising

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five years old, and I bought her subject to her being delivered to my stable. The bailiff who had charge of the transaction got a stable lad to ride her over and he followed in his gig (it was before the days of motor-cars) to receive payment and drive the lad back.

He was having a drink while I was writing out the cheque when my groom sent in an urgent message that he wanted to see me.

It seemed that my new purchase had just shed her two middle incisors, and was in fact a two-year-old with a full mouth of sucking teeth and not a five-year-old with her permanent teeth.

It was a narrow escape and I proceeded to break the news gently to the seller, thinking he might have been deceived also; but when he, without further ado, ordered his lad to ride the mare back again and gathered up his hat and driving gloves with the sole remark "Fair cop!" I realized that there had been no need for my tactful consideration for his feelings.

COLOUR.

There are many aphorisms about the colour of horses, but in common with all aphorisms they aim at generalities and therefore contain fallacies, and so are valueless in a book purporting to give exact information.

There are good and bad colours, and experience teaches us to associate certain qualities, mental and physical, with certain colours.

One rarely sees Thoroughbreds other than bay, chestnut, brown, black and grey. The colour that has been found to be the "hardest," and at the same time unassociated with a difficult disposition, is a deep bay shading to black at the extremities and with black mane and tail. Many Thoroughbreds are thus coloured.

Chestnuts are also common amongst Thoroughbreds, but this colour, although hardy, is rightly associated with an impetuous disposition. The greatest difficulty I have had in breaking has been with chestnut mares, and I would not embark on the education of one now without an exhaustive trial before purchase.

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Brown horses with no white anywhere are prone to swellings from saddle and girth pressure.

Black, often hardly distinguishable from brown except by the muzzle, is a beautiful colour and is seldom associated with want of breeding.

Dun, especially when accompanied by a black stripe down the back and black tail and extremities, is a hard colour.

I have come to associate dappled grey horses with an equable disposition, but there are few Thoroughbreds of this colour. A flea-bitten grey is apt to be bolder and keener. There used to be a certain prejudice against greys; as they get older they tend to become white, thus advertising their advancing years. Also they demand more work in the stable owing to their liability to stain.

Iron grey with black limbs, tail and mane is a colour indicative of durability, but roan is often evidence of under-breeding.

Odd-coloured horses such as piebald and skewbald as well as grey are not objectionable from a practical point of view, but one ought to be exacting about their conformation and performance as they are conspicuous. If they are good performers it is true they soon make a name for themselves, but if not their shortcomings are broadcast twice as quickly as those of less conspicuous animals.

Colours to be avoided are such as are pale of their kind ("mealy" or "washy" is the stable term applied to such bays and chestnuts), and if they shade off to a still lighter hue towards their bellies, inside their legs and towards the extremities, this is additionally objectionable as it points to a feeble constitution. Pure white stockings and white fetlocks are only objectionable because grooms must wash them and then, unless they are carefully dried, cracked heels may result.

Broadly speaking, a dark rich colour is indicative of a vigorous constitution and lighter colours the reverse.

Abroad there is a wider terminology for the colours of horses than we know, for which reason we have nearly always to qualify the standard colours with an adjective such as light, dark, red, golden, strawberry, liver, iron, dappled, rich, mealy,

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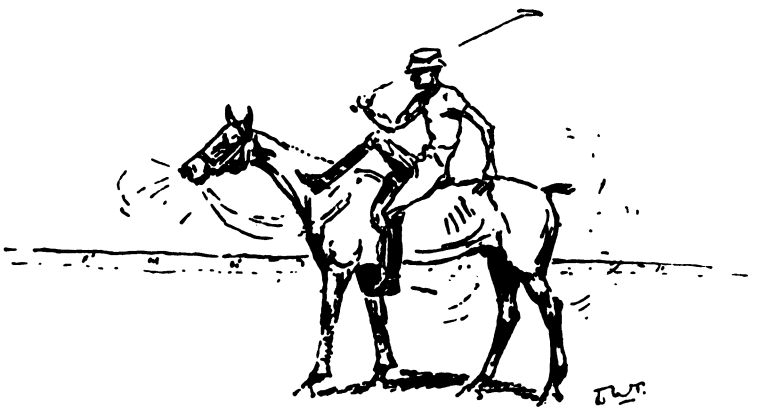
flea-bitten, etc. Often it is not easy to decide whether a horse is a bay or brown, or black or brown, etc. The deciding factor *in instances of doubt* is the colour of the muzzle.

The interesting question of colour and its relation to heredity can be studied in the works of Mendel.

MARKINGS.

It is useful to know the correct terminology in describing the markings of a horse. A small patch of white hair on the forehead is called a "star," and incidentally it is not called a "white" star, the adjective being assumed. A larger white patch would be called a "blaze," and if spread over the face the horse would be described as having a "white face." A thin, narrow mark running down the face is a "stripe" and a small white patch on the lip or nostril is a "snip." One also omits the word "white" in describing the markings of a coronet or fetlock, unless one speaks of white socks or stockings, the meaning of which is obvious. There are also other white body markings; some of these are congenital, others the result of an injury over which the hair has grown white.

It is well to take some trouble to learn the correct nomenclature to describe a horse and so avoid the somewhat inauspicious introduction to a "deal" by a young friend I had sent to a local dealer to try a flea-bitten grey: "I have come," she said, "to look at the moth-eaten horse I was told you had out hunting yesterday!"



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APPENDIX B.

THE AGE OF A HORSE INDICATED BY HIS TEETH.

I do not claim that after merely reading this chapter and studying these uncoloured diagrams, the uninitiated will be able to tell the age of a horse. Practice on living animals is essential. A brief explanation of the theory should, however, simplify the beginner's task.

DIAGRAM A

FIG. 1
Mouth at six months.

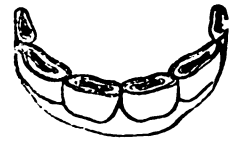

FIG. 2
Mouth at one year. The temporary corner incisors are through the gum but do not yet meet.

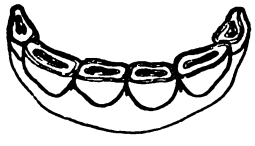

FIG. 3
Mouth at two years.

FIG. 4
Mouth at three years: a mouth of temporary incisors, except the middle two which are now permanent.

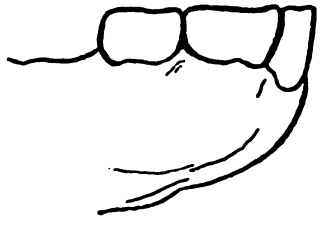

FIG. 5

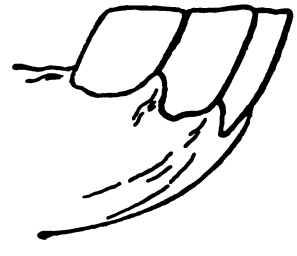

FIG. 6

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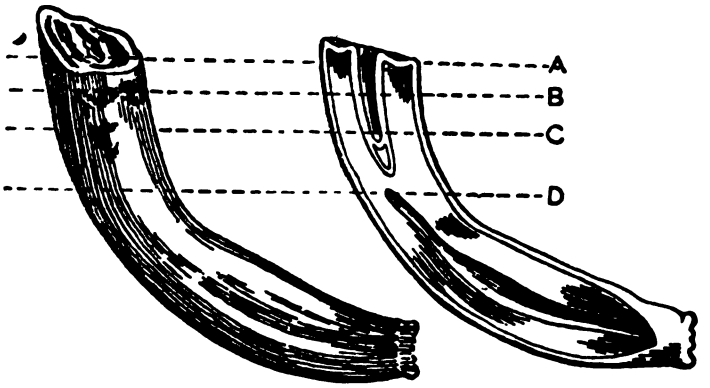
DIAGRAM B



FIGS. 1 AND 2

A complete incisor and a vertical section; the shape and "mark" at the various horizontal sections, A, B, C and D are shown respectively in Fig. 3.

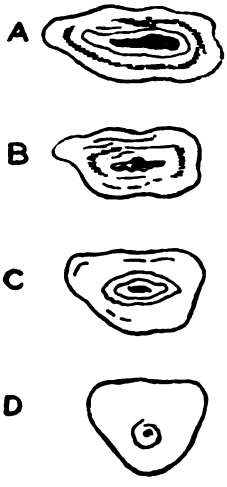


DIAGRAM B
FIG. 3

I do not describe or illustrate abnormal mouths as this is the province of the veterinary books.

Diagram A shows the incisors or front teeth of the young horse from a few weeks after birth to three years old. These are temporary and are gradually displaced by permanent teeth, beginning with the middle pair at two and a half years, followed by the next two, the corners being the last to shed. These are forced out by the permanent teeth between the ages of four and five. It is important to note the shape of the sucking teeth and also the angle at which they meet, so that a full two-year-old mouth may not be mistaken for one of four or five years old.

In Diagram B, Fig. 1, we have the full formation of a tooth and in Fig. 2 a vertical section. We must note firstly the unworn

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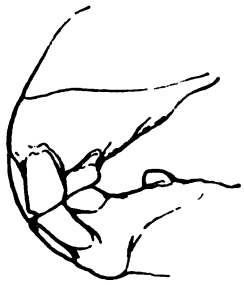

FIG. 1

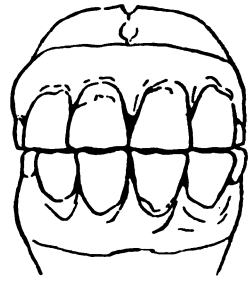

FIG. 2

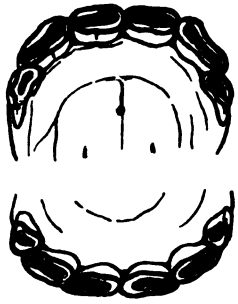

FIG. 3

DIAGRAM C

Mouth at four to five years. All the temporary teeth have been gradually replaced by permanent, except the corner incisors. The table or "mark," as well as the section of the new permanent teeth, should be compared with those of the worn temporary ones. The tusk, or "tush," except in a mare,* will have made its appearance; in exceptional instances mares also have rudimentary tusks.

tooth and the appearance of the table or grinding surface: not only the outline, but also the design or pattern on this surface, the "mark." We must next imagine the surface after a year's wear and consider the change that must come, not only in the outline, but also in the pattern of the "mark." It will be seen that sections of the tooth at the various points A, B, C and D

* I have owned three mares with tusks and their general appearance was more masculine than feminine. Two were tried at the stud and were both barren.

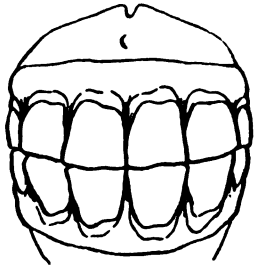

FIG. 1

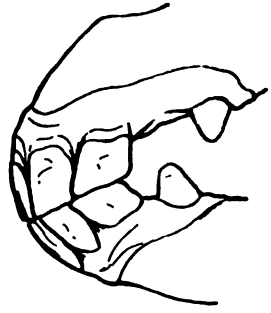

FIG. 2

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DIAGRAM D

Mouth at five years. The corner incisors are up and in contact, but not yet fully developed.

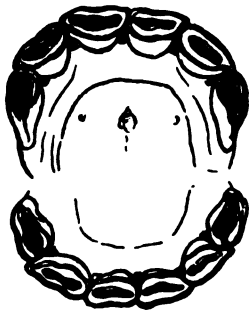

FIG. 3

will each present a different appearance because the shape and constitution of the tooth are different at each of these points (Diagram B, Fig. 3). Besides these changes the angle made by the meeting of the teeth of the bottom and top jaws becomes more acute with age. Compare Diagram A, Fig. 5 (a two-year-old mouth), with Diagram A, Fig. 6 (a mouth of a six-year-old).

It is the appreciation of these changes that enables one to judge the age of a horse. Other signs of advancing years

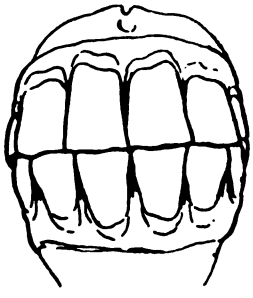

FIG. 1

FIG. 2

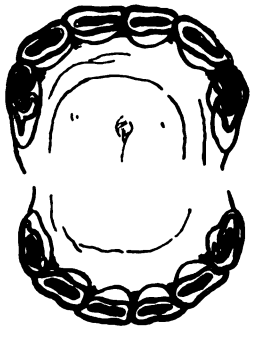

FIG. 3

DIAGRAM E

Mouth at six years. The mouth now contains six complete incisors in each jaw. The corner teeth are fully developed.

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should, however, not be neglected. The head of an old horse tends to fall in above the nostrils and the hollow above the eyes to deepen. A grey horse becomes whiter and grey hairs appear in the coats of most as they grow older.

In the Thoroughbred racehorse the age is assumed to date from the 1st January of the year in which he has been foaled. Thus, as an extreme instance, if a Thoroughbred horse were born on 31st December, he would be a year old the next day, which would, of course, nullify his chances in all his youthful

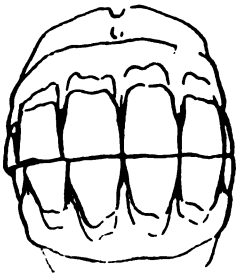

FIG. 1

FIG. 2

DIAGRAM F

The mouth at seven years. The changes that have now taken place are in the tables and there is a slight increase in the obliquity of the angles. The mark is disappearing from the middle incisors and their shape is becoming broader. The horse is now adult and corresponds to a man of twenty-one.

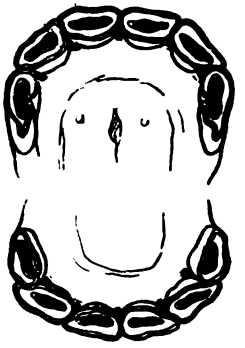

FIG. 3

races where age is a condition.* It is therefore an advantage for a racehorse to be born early in the year so that he may actually be as old as possible by the time his racing career is due to start.

With the horse intended for ordinary purposes, that is purposes other than racing, one would describe his exact age either by giving the month of his birth or by saying he was a late or an early foal.

* There have been instances of this catastrophe.

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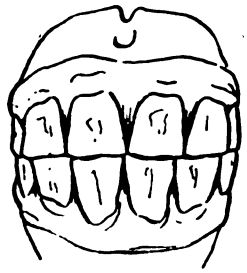

FIG. 1

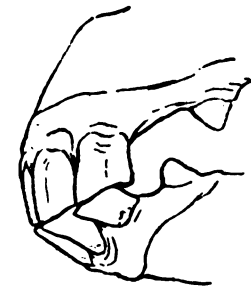

FIG. 2

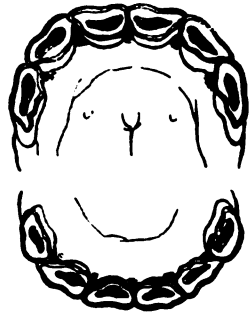

FIG. 3.

DIAGRAM G

The mouth at eight; the change noted in Diagram F is accentuated in the middle incisors and is extending to the next at either side. The horse is now said to be "aged" or "past mark of age." The "hook" of the corner incisors has become pronounced.

To call a horse "three off" means that he has turned three but is nearer three than four. If he were nearer four he would be called "rising four." Another expression in current use is "three this time" or "three next time," which means the same as "rising three," *i.e.*, three next 1st January or next spring. Up to six years old a dealer would use phraseology that would make his horse as old as possible and after six as young as possible, with the idea of making them as saleable as possible.

DIAGRAM H

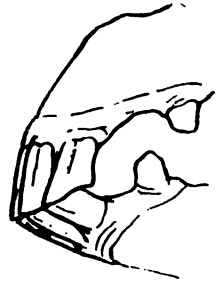

FIG. 1

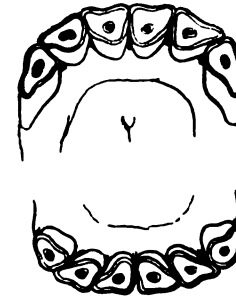

FIG. 2

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DIAGRAM J

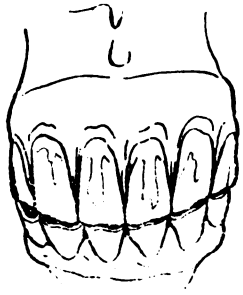

FIG. 1

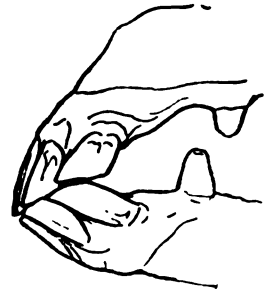

FIG. 2

Further changes take place year by year till the section of the incisors and the angle at which they meet gradually approach that shown in Diagram H (a mouth at fifteen) and later that in Diagram J (a mouth at eighteen).

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A BIG GAME SHOOT IN BURMA

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"When the wind is in the palm trees
The pagoda bells they say,
Come you back you British soldier,
Come you back to Mandalay."

—*Kipling.*

It was in the hot weather of 1908 when I was working in the "A" Staff office at Mandalay, and getting very tired of the heat and monotony that I was told by an old Cantonment overseer, Karim Khan—half Burman and half Pathan—that at a certain place of which he knew someway down the river Irawaddy, elephants had been causing much damage to the crops. He suggested that I should come with him to this happy hunting ground and try my luck at elephant shooting. As I had been with him on other shooting trips, and know him to be reliable, and having never shot an elephant I was nothing loth. I took ten days' leave and, with his assistance, made the necessary arrangements for a shoot. He assured me that a soft bullet was of no use for elephant shooting, so I took with me the Mess rifle—a .450 high velocity double barrel, and my own .350 Rigby magazine, and some solid metal-coated bullets, and so one fine evening we were sailing down the mighty Irawaddy, at that time of year a broad shining flood with the far away mountains, the Mindoon and Arakan Yomas, those haunts of big game, such as rhino, elephant and bison, standing out, a wonderful amethyst blue against the sky of primrose. We passed by flowering jungles, where monkeys in their legions swung yammering from the branches and green parrots flew like streaks of green fire along the honey-coloured shore and over the broad steel blue waters. Our vessel was a side wheeler, broad and flat bottomed, on each side of which was lashed a

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large flat, two decked and roofed with canvas, laden with Burmese and Chinese passengers, vegetables, poultry, and ngapee or dried fish which has been allowed to go rotten, and which to the Burmans is a much cherished delicacy. Even in cool weather, it has a most overpowering odour! The native passengers were laughing, happy good-natured people, fond of a good joke and with the Irishman's love of a bargain. I often thought of them as the Irish of the East! We passed little villages with their gold-topped white pagodas, and wooden houses and palm trees, between which we could see small men and women clad in headdresses and bright lungyies of dainty

". . . A whacking white cheroot. . ."

silk of colours which were in complete harmony. Rice fields shining like emeralds and over all the glow of the evening sunlight, the tinkle of the cowbells coming clear and soft across the gleaming river, mingled with the ringing of the temple bells.

Those who know Kipling's famous song "Mandalay" will readily imagine the beauty and picturesqueness of the Burmese villages. It is all there, including the little lady smoking her whacking white cheeroot, slender and pretty, with her shiny black hair swathed in a neat strip of silk and standing in a high column on her head. Burmah and these cheery, irresponsible people grow upon one, and when the time comes one is sorry to leave it all.

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"Land of ricefields and raceweeks,
Country of silks and shikar,
Land of pagodas and whiskies and sodas,
We worship you just as you are.
Land of Hypongyes and dainty silk lungyies
We worship you now from afar."

After a few hours the vessel turned her nose toward the bank, a gangway was thrown out, and she was made fast.

We only went a short way that night to a village where we put up in a wooden rest house or Ziarat, near a Hypongyi

". . . Enough Gin Cocktails. . .!"

Chaung or monastery—the monks who lived there being called Hypongyes. To describe the hospitality of these Burmese villages to British officers and sportsmen like myself would take too long. Let is suffice to say that the head man appeared with a large following, bringing with them chickens, eggs, water for baths and anything else they thought I might want. Their hospitality is, to a great extent genuine; but also, it must be added, they love meat, and hope you may slay anything up to an elephant, the flesh of which they divide up evenly, dry in the

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sun, and keep for food during the winter months. An elephant's flesh will provide enough dried meat, like the "Biltong" of the Boers in South Africa, for a village for many months. Furthermore, the head man is by no means impartial to a tot of whiskey, or "visky" as he calls it. He drinks it neat so that it may more readily warm the cockles of his heart.

The head man of this village supported what Karim Khan had told me, and showed no little concern lest the herd of elephants might come his way and leave his rice fields a useless morass! He offered to send a reliable man with us, who had been present at former elephant shoots when great men like the

"... Pushed down the Headman's Hut..."

Commissioner and General had been those concerned. He told me that this man could shoot well with a rifle, so I handed my .350 magazine to him. He selected as a target a thin bamboo sapling some 50 yards away, and with the first shot split it in two. I classed him as a marksman and let him off the rest of the examination.

Next morning we marched off at the crack of dawn. We reached another village, after covering 25 miles, that evening, and were met by the headman, full of news of a herd of elephants which only the previous night had played "Old Harry" with the rice fields round the neighbouring village,

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some five miles on, and had, to add insult to injury, pushed down the headman's hut, an erection built on stout bamboo poles to keep it out of the water in the rainy season. He expressed much gratitude that I had come to help them in their hour of need. It was arranged that I should go on early next morning before daylight to the above-mentioned village, and try to get up to the herd whilst they were still in the vicinity, by means of tracking them. We arrived at daybreak at the scene of the raid. They had been there again that night, and never have I seen such wanton damage. The rice fields, and any green thing worth having had been trampled down and destroyed, huts had been knocked down and desolation reigned supreme. It was very evident that, when elephants do damage, they do it thoroughly and wantonly; seeing that what they had not consumed they had ruthlessly destroyed.

I left Karim Khan to look after the baggage and camp arrangements, and took the shikari and two local Burmans with me. I got quickly on to the tracks of the herd, which had not long left the scene of the nights raid. This was very evident by the tracks leading into the bamboo jungle and the still warm droppings that were to be seen everywhere. I handed my heavy rifle to the shikari and led the way along a very narrow path on each side of which was impenetrable kine grass, which reminded me of the Pampas one sees in a garden at home, but very much denser and higher and coarser. As we went on, the tracks became hotter and hotter, smoking in the cold morning air; the herd could not be very far ahead! It struck me that even if one of them turned in his tracks and came towards me, unless I stopped him with a bullet in the right spot, it would be a poor lookout for me. There was no way through the kine grass to right or left, and to turn and run would be of little avail. The tracks were hotter and hotter, the ground was stamped smooth and level by hundreds of enormous feet of elephants moving in single file. My excitement was so intense that I forgot all else, still more so when I heard ahead of me a noise like the booming of guns intermingled with bangs and pops. This I learnt afterwards was the noise made by the breaking of the bamboos, large and small, which

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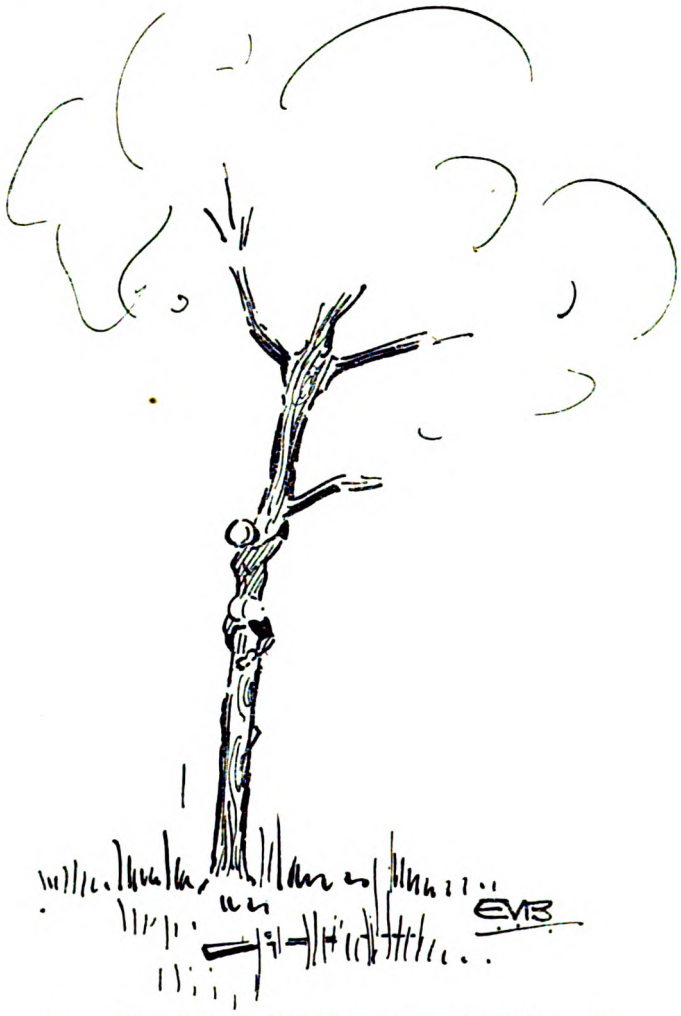
breaks up a vacuum, causing a loud report in each case. The herd were lunching off the succulent bamboo shoots, and breaking the larger canes just for fun. I thought it was almost time to take my big rifle and exchange it with the shikari for



". . . They had reached the margin of safety. . ."

the Rigby Mauser. I turned round intending to do so when I was surprised to find that my shikari and two coolies had completely disappeared with my big rifle. I was alone! I found out afterwards that the sound of the breaking of bamboos was

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too much for them. They had reached the margin of safety and swarmed, like monkeys, up some convenient trees some distance back, having thrown my rifle on the ground. Moral: Put not your trust in the Burman shikari, not even in those who have shot with Commissioners and Generals. I was now very close to the herd, and there was nothing more to do but to creep up as close as possible and look for a tusker. These are generally separate from the main herd of younger males, cows and calves. I had hoped that I should get the chance of using my .350 Rigby Mauser, and that it would prove adequate for the job. The magazine was fully charged with five solid bullet cartridges. To shoot an elephant is no easy matter. He must be hit through the brain, which is very small in proportion to the size of his head, and there are only a few places where a bullet will penetrate and so reach his brain. These places had been shown to me with much care by Karim Khan before I started. I was now clear of the narrow path, and, though the jungle was more open, it was thick enough to make it very difficult to spot the movements of even an elephant. I was entirely dependent on sound to locate the elephants of the herd. However, fortune favoured me, for, after gooming round for about fifteen minutes, I saw what I was looking for, a quite good tusker. He was within 25 yards of me. I stood for some time watching him swinging his trunk, and flapping his ears to and fro. I hated to think of shooting him, but then I had never shot a tusker! I must have hit him in the right spot. He was standing broadside on to me, and I aimed just in front of his ear. He sank silently on to his knees, with his head between them, and fell over on his side. He never moved again! It was a clean job, and he knew nothing about it I am glad to say. Then the fun began in real earnest. There was a noise like many traction engines let loose in the jungle; the whole herd was stampeding. I was standing by a clump of bamboo looking at my dead tusker, when suddenly I saw a cow elephant with calf heading straight towards me from a flank. You don't shoot cow elephants, and even if I could have done so there was no time. I threw myself down by the bamboo clump, and over me she went, and away, followed by her child. Luckily for me I

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was very thin in those days. Her footprint was within 12 inches of my spine!

I had not long to wait alone. In an incredibly short time, Burmans, including my three companions in the chase, appeared from every direction. They wanted to commence cutting him

". . . Followed by her child. . ."

up, but I made them remove the tusks, and one foot, and his tail, as my own trophies of the chase. I heard afterwards that this herd did not return to this district for many moons.

On approaching camp I was met by Karim Khan who told me that he had news of a man eating tiger which had been doing

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great damage near a village called K——, a few hours journey down the river. He thought that we had time to catch the mail steamer the following evening. We moved off on our return journey to the river and in due course boarded the mail steamer at P——.

I was delighted to find that my friend Captain D——, of the Irawaddy Flotilla Company, was in command. He was one of the best and cheeriest of companions, and famous for his gin cocktails which he always made himself for passengers. On this particular occasion there happened to be several of us on board. He looked round and exclaimed, "Well, I'm blowed! Where shall I get anything large enough to mix the cocktail in?" It was not long before he got a brain wave, and disappearing into one of the cabins, reappeared shortly carrying a large china jug from the washhandstand, in which he proceeded to brew enough gin cocktails for the party. Next day I reached K——, on the left bank of the river, the village where the tiger was said to have done much damage. In addition to cattle he had lately killed an old woman and a small boy. I was shown a large carcass of a once white cow near the village, and there could be no doubt that it had been killed by a tiger. I ordered them to build a machan in a tree close to the kill. The villagers were delighted to see someone who had come to deliver them from the marauding tiger. They showed me the remains of other carcasses for which Mr. Stripes was held responsible. I could only infer that I would do my best to deliver them from this terrible scourge. I waited until it was growing dark before going into the machan—a platform made of branches, ropes and a native bed or charpoy. I took the local shikari into the machan with me, and settled myself as comfortably as it was possible with the view to being able to shoot at a moment's notice and get a good aim—not an easy thing to do. To make it easier to do so, I had a small piece of white paper stuck on the foresight of my rifle. The moon came out full and strong, and, being behind my back, showed up the white cow like a magic lantern sheet. The carcase of the cow was not more than thirty yards away, but, being much swollen, was a screen between me and anything creeping up behind it, which made visability difficult.

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The shikari, or he who called himself one, was soon fast asleep. I was nearly going off myself at what must have been 10 p.m., but I pulled myself together and kept my eyes on the kill. I was soon rewarded by seeing a large tiger coming up in

The Machan.

a crouching position behind the cow, and begin gnawing at it. I waited to get a clear shot at him, and lifting my heavy rifle, I touched the edge of the machan with it, making a slight noise, but enough to make the tiger cease eating and stand up on the

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alert. Now was my chance! A careful aim and he was mine, as dead as mutton! I could not have missed such a clear target. Unfortunately the slight noise had also been sufficient to wake my sleeping shikari, who, seeing the tiger, caught hold of my arm and shook it violently to attract my attention, thinking that I had not seen it. "Tekin, tekin," said he. It was too much for the tiger, who gave one huge bound and was off into the night. I fired a quick shot at him as he went, and heard a roar in the distance. My disgust with the shikari knew no bounds. I dropped him quietly out of the machan and sent him home. It seemed hopeless to stay on, but I was young and not easily discouraged, so again settled down, hoping against hope that another tiger might come along. I must have dozed off until about 2 a.m., when I was awakened by a crunching, gnawing noise, and, looking towards the kill, I saw a large red body about the same place in which I had seen the tiger. "Yes! It must be the tiger! That is his head moving up and down as it eats into the vitals of the dead cow" I had another chance after all. This time I would be quick and run no risks. I took careful aim and fired. A red body rolled over, and a dreadful howl rent the night! I was waiting with my second barrel, but there was no need for it; the object lay quite still. Success at last, and all's well that ends well! I was over anxious to get down, but I knew that I should wait about twenty minutes to let him get cold, and so I did. At last time was up and I could go down. I went over to the kill and—yes! there, beside it, was only a large red wild dog!

I spent the morning of the next day trying to track the tiger, which I thought I had hit. The ground was as hard and dry as it could be, and I did no good. There was no signs of blood marks after the first mile or two. It was found a week later near a water hole—dead, and so eaten by maggots as to be quite useless for anything. So much for the tale of a tiger and a dog. I heard from a forest officer when I went back that no further damage was done to this village's inhabitants or cattle, so after all my time had not been altogether wasted. I had also shot a good specimen of the dhole or jungle wild dog, which were rare beasts in those parts. These animals hunt in packs and stick

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relentlessly to their prey until they run it down. They will hunt anything, tigers included, and no game will stay long in the same jungle with them.

After lunch when there was some excitement among the villagers I asked the cause of it, and was told that that morning a panther had killed a barking deer, that its remains were in the nullah some three miles away. Karim Khan advised me to wait until evening. I went with him at 4.30 p.m., and by 5.30 we arrived at the place. It was, as they had said. The remains of the deer were there in the nullah, at the foot of a small hill. The only place I could get any cover was behind a few isolated rocks commanding the nullah and the opposite slope of the hill. We improved it with branches and leaves, and lay down behind it. We had not long to wait. In about twenty minutes I saw the panther stealing slowly down the opposite slope towards the kill. I fired and must have missed her. She gave one roar, and sprang towards where we were, and then, evidently, not being able to locate us she changed her mind and, turning round, went off through the bushes. I fired as she disappeared, and hit her between the shoulder blades—a very lucky shot, and in the right place! She didn't move, and when I went up to her she was lying with one foot in her mouth; as she died she must have bitten it. She was a female panther and measured 7 ft. long from nose to tip of tail. They lashed her to a pole and home we went, well pleased with the day! The headman of the village came round for his glass of "Visky" and to enquire after my needs. I told him that I had everything I wanted. He looked at me as much as to say "Is that really so?" I attempted to reassure him, and in due course he respectfully withdrew. Towards bath time I went to my tent and was amazed to find numerous offerings from my friend, presumably to show his pleasure at the days shikar; fruit, vegetables, chickens, and lastly a little Burmese maiden, seated on the ground smoking a white cheroot. She laughingly explained that she had been sent with the other offerings. With a merry twinkle in her almond eyes she asked for a bottle of ginger beer which she drank at some length producing much gurgling and laughter. The bottle of sticky liquid being at last emptied and she, apparently

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loath to depart, was returned to the headman with a suitable present and the major portion of the offerings. She was a cheery little lady, as most of them are.

The remainder of my leave was spent in the pursuit of the "Thamin," or Brow Antler deer, a very fine specimen of stag, and as big as a red deer. I shot six, all with very fair heads, one of which was of outstanding good measurement. A jungle cat, a grey jackal and a hog deer also fell to my rifle. On returning to camp on the last evening I was met by Karim Khan with an urgent message from Mandalay as follows:—"Cholera broken out here, return at once."

So ended a ten days' shoot in Burma.

"On the road to Mandalay
Where the old flotilla lay,
You can hear their paddles a'chunkin'
From Rangoon to Mandalay.
On the road to Mandalay
Where the flyin' fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out of China cros't the bay!

—*Kipling.*

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

Part VII.

The Seven Years' War.*

31*st July*, 1760, "*Warburg.*"

The brilliant exploit of Emsdorff was some compensation to the Allies for their previous misfortunes, particularly at Corbach; but Broglie, the French Commander, was determined that the disgrace to one of his Corps of being caught napping with calamitous results, should be wiped out by a victory of more consequence. His plan was that of completely enveloping Ferdinand's force by dividing his own army into three corps, sending one round each flank while he advanced on the centre.

As soon as de Broglie moved forward Ferdinand withdrew N.W. towards Kalle, continually harrassed by the French. Broglie now conceived the idea of cutting the Allies' communications with Westphalia, and for this purpose despatched his reserve corps under the Chevalier de Muy to cross the River Diemel (Dymel) by Warburg whilst he himself pressed Ferdinand more closely. It soon became evident to Ferdinand that either Cassel or Westphalia must be abandoned and he decided to strengthen the garrison of Cassel with a detachment and protect Westphalia by attacking de Muy. Accordingly on 29th July, 1760, two of his corps passed the Diemel at Liebenau and took up a position with their right resting near Corbeke and their left at Liebenau, facing west. De Muy with about 20,000 men was in position ten miles away, with his right resting on the Diemel at Warburg and his left at Ossendorp (Ochsendorf). About 11.0 p.m. on the 30th, Ferdinand slipped away from Kalle and by 6.0 a.m. the next morning his force was getting into position on the line occupied by his advanced corps. Had de Muy struck

* The works consulted are the same as on page 125 of the previous number.

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the advanced corps on the 30th his prospects of a victory would have been great, but he wasted the day and then had to meet the whole of Ferdinand's force.

Ferdinand decided to attack de Muy at once; the two advanced Corps under the command of the hereditary Prince and General Sporcke were to move westward in two columns from Corbeke and form up on de Muy's left flank with their left resting on Poppenheim, whilst he made a frontal attack with the remainder of his force. The two columns, which had a start of some hours on the frontal attack, were led by British troops, the Northern by Conway's Dragoons (1st Royal Dragoons) and the Southern by Cope's (7th Dragoons—now Hussars). The allies were fortunate in that a dense fog hid their approach. De Muy had dispatched the Marquis de Castries with all the Grenadier Companies and the hunters belonging to the foot, two regiments of Dragoons and Fischer's Corps, to observe Ferdinand's movements, but nothing could be seen until 9.30 a.m. when the fog lifted. (French account.) By advancing along a valley Ferdinand secured a good deal of concealment until about 11.0 a.m.

At 1.30 p.m. the hereditary Prince opened the battle with his artillery from Ossendorp and Poppenheim. The British Grenadiers then advanced against du Muy's infantry protecting his left flank, upon which they promptly retired. One battalion, however, turned about and retraced its steps and was followed by others. This brought on an action "which continued upwards of four hours" (French account), but ended successfully for the Allies by a brilliant charge by the Royals and 7th Dragoons.

The great heat of the day and the difficult nature of the ground (it being very swampy) made it practically impossible for the infantry of Ferdinand's frontal attack to take part in the operations. Although the British battalions struggled manfully, the men dropped insensible from fatigue and overstrain. Ferdinand therefore ordered Lord Granby to advance with the British Cavalry* and the British Artillery. Away they went at

* Elliott's was not present at Warburg having been sent into cantonments to refit after Emsdorff. (Wylly).

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a smart trot, the guns accompanying them at a speed which amazed all beholders. After trotting for five miles they came within sight of the enemy. The pace was checked, while they formed into two lines as follows:

1ST LINE

Lt.-General Mostyn Maj.-General Honeywood			Lord Granby Maj.-General Webb		
Dejean's (6th D.G.) 2 Sqd.	Honey- wood's (7th D.G.) 2 Sqd.	The Blues 3 Sqd.	Walde- grave's (Bays) 2 Sqd.	Howard's (3rd D.G.) 2 Sqd.	Bland's (1st K.D.G.) 3 Sqd.

2ND LINE

Earl of Pembroke		General Elliot	
Mordaunt's (11th Hus.) 2 Sqd.	Inniskillings 2 Sqd.	Ancram's (10th Hus.) 2 Sqd.	Scotch Greys 2 Sqd.

Whilst this was proceeding de Muy brought up the Royal Piedmont and Bourbon brigades of Horse to protect his right flank.

As soon as our squadrons were in position the advance was resumed at which the enemy began to waver. Granby placed himself at the head of The Blues, his own regiment, and well in front of all. His hat blew off* revealing a bald head which shone conspicuously in the sun as the trot grew into a gallop and the lines came thundering on. The French cavalry on de Muy's right wing gave them one look, wavered, then fled (all but three squadrons of the Bourbon brigade under M. de Lugear), without waiting for the shock. The British crashed through

* It was in this attack that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, had his hat blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded; stormed still on, bare bald head among the helmets and sabres; and made it very evident that had he instead of Sackville led at Minden there had been a different story to tell. The English by their valour, and he, greatly distinguished themselves." Manners, quoting De Mauvillon, in "Marquis of Granby." p. 139.

An ode "On the Marquis of Granby's losing his Hat and charging the French lines bare-headed" appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1760, p. 433.

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the French infantry and then wheeled and took them in flank and rear. De Lugear's three French squadrons then gallantly charged Bland's (1st K.D.G.) and overthrew them but Lieut.-Colonel Johnston of The Blues rescued Bland's, and what was left of the three French squadrons joined their comrades in flight. The French infantry soon broke and fled under successive charges of the British Cavalry, the routed fugitives making for the Diemel where many threw down their arms and scrambled for the fords. British batteries under the command of Captain Phillips played upon them and numbers were drowned.

It was a great day for the British cavalry: the heat, dust and exertion soon produced sweat-grimed troopers, but they had very effectively wiped out the reproach of inaction which undeservedly had been levelled at them after Minden.

De Muy collected the remnants of his force as it crossed the Diemel and retired to Volksmarsen.

The casualties were estimated at 6-8,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, of the French, who also lost twelve guns: the Allies lost just over 1,200 men of whom no less than 240 belonged to Maxwell's Grenadiers. (Fortescue.)

The victory opened the way for Ferdinand into Westphalia.

Besides the Ode to Granby, already mentioned above, a ballad on Warburg appears in the "Madden Collection at Cambridge—Slip Songs" (Vol. 1, No. 102). It has eleven verses in which the details of the battle are given fairly well. Verses 6, 7 and 8 refer particularly to the Cavalry action and are as follows:—

"The ground was covered with wounded and with slain,
Ten thousand of the finest troops lay bleeding on the plain;
The rest of them they ran away, as fast as they could hie,
But soon they were pursued by the British cavalry."
"Near the plains of Warburg, the truth to you I tell,
Our Cavalry catched them near the river Mell:*
And with their glittering swords they cut and slashed awa
Lord Sackville don't command us, the cavalry did say."
"At Warburg on the plain, my boys, the battle it begun,
And about the hour of four o'clock, the battle it was done:
So here's a health to the Grenadiers, that was not afraid to stand,
The French to fight was our delight, when Granby gave command."

* i.e., Dymel.

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The reference to Lord Sackville shows how much feeling there was still lingering about his conduct at Minden.

REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "WARBURG."

Granted under the authority of Army Order 180, of 1909.

Present Title	*Title at date of Battle* *	*Title when honour was granted*
†Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)	The Blues	Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)
1st King's Dragoon Guards	Bland's	1st (King's) Dragoon Guards
The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)	Waldegrave's	2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays)
3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards)	Howard's	‡3rd Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's)
	Dejean's	‡The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards)
4th/7th Dragoon Guards ..	Honeywood's	§7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's)
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards	Inniskillings	‖6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons
1st The Royal Dragoons ..	Conway's	1st (Royal) Dragoons.
The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)	Scots Greys	2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys)
7th Queen's Own Hussars..	Cope's	7th (Queen's Own) Hussars
10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own)	Ancram's ..	10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars
11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own)	Mordaunt's ..	11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars

* All of these regiments had a distinctive official title at this time which was laid down in the Royal Warrant for Clothing dated 1st July, 1751, but the practice of referring to them by the Colonel's name had not died out and they are so referred to in the Gazettes of the period. See Granby's letter to the Earl of Holderness, describing the battle.

† This honour, spelt "Warbourg," was on the Guidon which William IV presented to the Royal Horse Guards on 13th August, 1832.

‡ Amalgamated under Army Order 133 of 1922, as the 3rd/6th Dragoon Guards; title changed to "3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards)" under Army Order 238/1928.

§ Only this regiment of the amalgamated regiment was present at Warburg. The 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards were amalgamated under Army Order 133 of 1922.

‖ Only this regiment of the amalgamated regiment was present at Warburg. The 5th Dragoon Guards and The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons) were amalgamated under Army Order 133 of 1922, with the title "5th/6th Dragoons," which was altered to "5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards," Army Order 179/1927.

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Warburg was a long way from the end of the war and the British Cavalry under Lord Granby had still more work to do and in at least one instance one regiment, by a spirited charge, saved a whole Corps of the Allies from defeat.

Both sides manœuvred to secure the most favourable position from a commissariat point of view before going into winter quarters. The French, however, were having rather the better of matters and were making inroads into Hanover and Brunswick. Ferdinand therefore determined, in order to draw his opponent away from those places, to raid his communications with Frankfort. This operation did not achieve its object so he decided upon a diversion to the West—an attack on Wesel on the Rhine over a hundred miles from Warburg. Wesel was the base of the French Army of the Rhine so that a threat to it could not be ignored. Ferdinand made secret preparations to dispatch a Corps under the command of the Hereditary Prince, and on 23rd September, 1760, a powerful train of siege-artillery was sent off, followed three days later by about 10,000 Hanoverians and Hessians. Broglie soon got news of the move and immediately sent a strong corps under the Marquis de Castries to follow them on a parallel Southern route to Cologne. Ferdinand then sent ten British and one Hanoverian battalion, together with three British and one Hessian Cavalry regiment.* The Prince laid siege to Wesel on 30th September, but owing to stormy weather progress was slow; meanwhile, de Castries was advancing with all speed. On arrival at Wesel he took up a position behind the Eugenian Canal, facing N.W. with his right on Rheinberg, and with the abbey of Kloster-Kampen (on the northern side of the canal) before his left front. De Castries had a force twice as strong as the Prince's, who now had to choose between withdrawing or fighting—and he chose the latter.

On de Castries' left flank was the village of Kampenbrock, consisting of several scattered houses with gardens, hedges and ditches. The only entry into his position was by a bridge across the canal on the Western side of the village, and here he placed 2,000 irregulars to guard it.

* British: 11th, 20th, 23rd, 33rd, 51st Foot; 2 bns. of grenadiers, 2 of Highlanders; 1st, 6th and 10th Dragoons. Fortescue ii, 514.

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To compensate for his inferiority in numbers the Prince resolved to make the most of the element of surprise. Therefore at 11.0 p.m. on the night of 15th October, having concentrated his force, he moved off in dead silence making for the bridge. The *advance guard* was composed of the Royal Dragoons, Inniskillings, 15th Light Dragoons, and Prussian Hussars, *supported* by two battalions of Highlanders and two battalions of British Grenadiers; then came the *main body* comprising the 20th, 25th Foot (British) and eight Hanoverian Battalions, followed by the *reserve*—11th, 23rd, 33rd, and 51st Foot and three German battalions under General Howard: the *rear-guard* was composed of the 10th Dragoons and ten German squadrons. About 3.0 a.m. the next morning the advanced troops made contact with the French irregulars on outpost about a mile and a half beyond Kloster Kampen. Some shots were exchanged but the allies reached the bridge without molestation, having cut off the irregulars guarding it who were in the abbey. The firing about the abbey alarmed the French camp and some officers turned out to ascertain the cause. Meanwhile, the Prince stole on silently into Kampenbrock with some British grenadiers where he met one of the French officers, Chevalier d'Assas, on his way to visit his picquets. He "suddenly found himself among the British grenadiers, "but" writes Fortescue, "distinguishing no one but the Prince in the darkness advanced towards him with the words, 'Sir, you are my prisoner.' 'On the contrary!' answered the Prince, 'you are mine, for these are my grenadiers,' and as he spoke the men closed round d'Assas with bayonets fixed. 'Auvergne, Auvergne, the enemy is on us, shouted d'Assas to his regiment without a moment's hesitation at the top of his voice; and before the words were out of his mouth a dozen bayonets pierced through his body and laid him dead on the ground. None the less the devotion of the gallant man sufficed to save the French army." De Castries hurried some regiments to the threatened point and the battle swayed furiously until daybreak when he brought up further reinforcements. The Prince sent for his reserve but for some reason it could not be found. Presently the Prince fell wounded from his horse, then the ammunition gave out and the allies broke

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before the weight of superior numbers. The French cheered loudly and prepared for a pursuit, but in the nick of time the 15th Light Dragoons swooped down upon them, "charging home as their custom is," (Fortescue) broke up two battalions and drove back the rest. The French cavalry now advanced but the charge of the 15th had been sufficient to give time for our infantry to recover itself and the retreat was carried out in good order.

Had it not been for the timely charge of the 15th Light Dragoons the whole of the Prince's Corps might have been lost which would have had a serious effect upon Ferdinand's further operations.

The Commanders of the two French armies operating against Ferdinand (Soubise and Broglie) decided to join forces and smash their opponent in one big battle; jointly they could muster 100,000 men against Ferdinand's 50,000, so they brought him to battle at Vellinghausen on 15th and 16th July, 1761, and were defeated. The brunt of the fighting fell on Granby's troops, which held a commanding position.

For the 1762 Campaign, Broglie was replaced by the Marshal d'Estrees, but Soubise retained his command. Jointly they were still numerically superior to Ferdinand but their generalship was not to be compared with his. After several moves, which historians have found difficult to understand, they moved to the area about Wilhelmsthal, where, says de Mauvillon, "they wished simply to amuse themselves at the castle of Wilhelmsthal." Ferdinand was lying on the Diemel and here received intelligence that the French had stationed a corps under de Castries in an isolated position towards their right front; he therefore resolved to take advantage of this opportunity and strike it quickly. He worked out a time-table for various bodies to move against de Castries from the centre and both flanks. Granby was to move out from Warburg and make a detour round his left flank on Zierenberg, S.W. of Wilhelmsthal. Ferdinand was in command of the main force which was to attack in the centre.

Early on the morning of 24th June, the various bodies moved off, but did not act punctually in combination: the main body was slow, those operating against de Castries right took the

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wrong direction and actually fired into each other, a fortunate circumstance for the French, who were again surprised, for it gave them time and opportunity to withdraw in good order. They would in fact have escaped with but very little loss had not Granby appeared with dramatic suddenness on their left flank and rear. De Stainville, the French Commander here, rapidly threw some regiments composing the very flower of the French infantry, Les Grenadiers de France, Les Grenadiers Royaux and some other battalions, across Granby's path. A fierce conflict took place but eventually Granby got the upper hand and completely cut off the rear-guard. Castries corps was almost annihilated, nearly 3,000 surrendered to the 5th Foot (now The Northumberland Fusiliers) alone.* The Blues and 15th Light Dragoons were the only two British Cavalry regiments engaged in the battle and appear to have been well forward in the pursuit.

Further fighting took place in September but preliminaries for peace were arranged in November and were concluded in Paris in February, 1763.

It should be realised that whilst the war was in progress on the Continent we were making acquisitions in Canada, the West Indies and India, with which the names of Wolfe and Clive are inseparably connected. Under the Treaty Canada was ceded to England but France received back several of the West Indies islands which she had lost to Britain.

* The honour "Wilhelmsthal" is borne solely by The Northumberland Fusiliers, granted under *London Gazette*, 20th May, 1836. The surrender of the regiments of French Grenadiers to the 5th Foot was commemorated by their being permitted to wear Grenadier Caps, which were similar to those worn by Fusilier regiments. The 5th were not made a Fusilier regiment until 1836 (*London Gazette*, 13th May, 1836).

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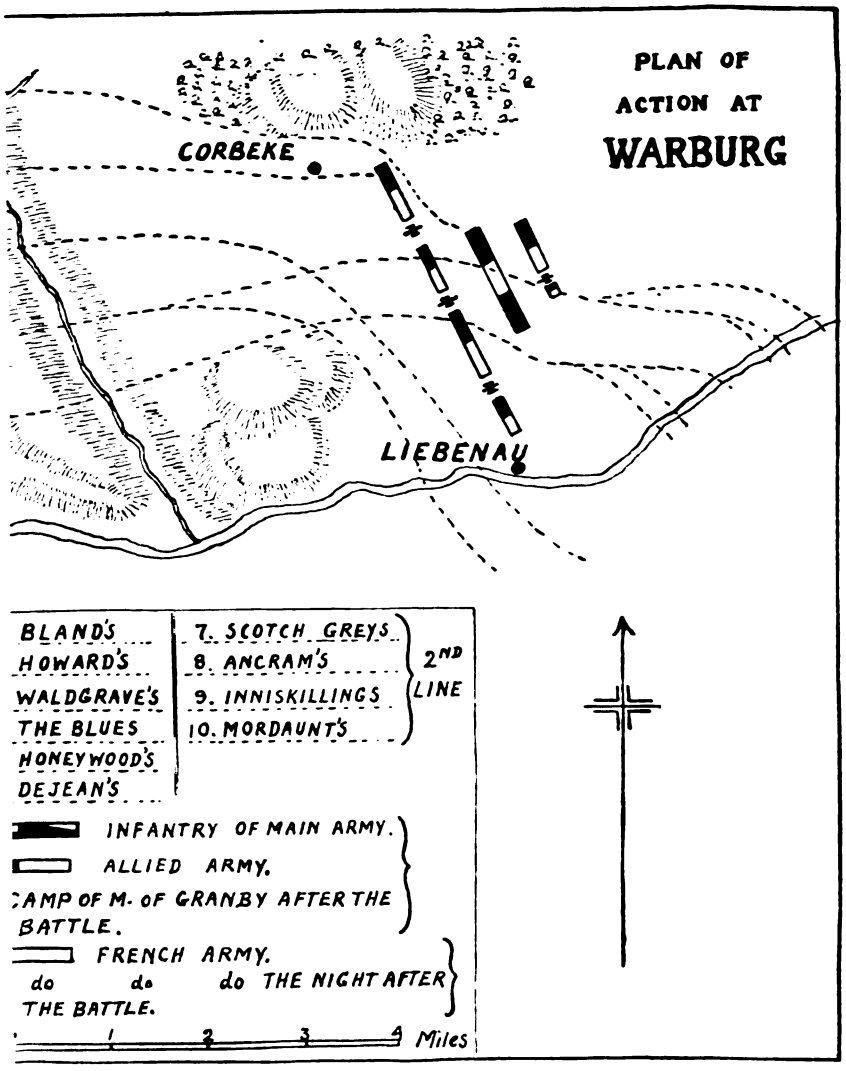

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THE "RANGRUT" AND HIS RECOLLECIONS*

By Captain Mohammed Akhbar Khan, M.B.E.,

Probyn's Horse—(5th King Edward's Own Lancers)—formerly 12th Bengal Cavalry.

Before I describe my experiences as a "Rangrut," I must preface my remarks with a short description of the conditions that prevailed in an Indian Cavalry regiment before the Great War.

The Indian Cavalry, before the War, was run on what was called the "Silladar" system. This meant that every one who joined an Indian Cavalry regiment had to pay a lump sum of Rs. 500—called "Assami"—to cover certain expenses, which included the price of his mount, his arms and equipment, his saddlery, and the transport of his kit when called out on service. The transport consisted of a mule for every two Sowars, and one mule for each Indian officer. Every Cavalry regiment, with a few exceptions, had a horse-breeding farm of its own, which met most of its demands for the supply of horses. The balance were purchased in the open market.

In the month of May, 1914, on my return from school at about 1 p.m., I was told by my father that I had to go and pay my respects to the Colonel Sahib of his regiment, who had arrived on inspection duty. My father† was then a Risaldar in the 12th Bengal Cavalry (now Probyn's Horse—5th King Edward's Own Lancers), and was in charge of the Regimental Stud Farm at Goughabad, near Lyallpur, in the Punjab. I was 16 years old and was studying at the Government High School, Lyallpur, which was about five miles from the Stud Farm. My small brother and I used to walk to school every morning and come

* Recruit.
† Khan Bahadur Fazal Dadkhan—(Risaldar Major 'Bahadur').

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back home by mule tonga in the afternoon. To walk five miles in the scorching heat and parching wind of the middle of the summer in one of the hottest parts of India was none too pleasant, and we were always very weary when we got back home. Consequently, we did not receive the news that we were to join the Colonel Sahib at tea at 4.30 with any great enthusiasm. However, what we wanted was of no matter. We were told to go and we went.

We enjoyed our tea very much indeed and, after all, were not sorry to have been told to come. We helped ourselves liberally and the Colonel Sahib insisted on us having more, so that we did not stop until we were really full. Our father did not accompany us, so we were free. We never had to look out of the corner of our eyes to make sure that all was well. When the tea was over, the Colonel Sahib asked me about the games I played and seemed to be very pleased that I was nearly mad on games and outdoor life. He also asked me about my future programme when my studies were over and I probably shocked him very much when I told him that I was earmarked for a civilian and that, though I wanted to be a soldier, my relations and my father's friends thought that there was not much scope in the Army and that I should go into the Civil Service or become a "Zamindar" (farmer).

I told the Colonel Sahib that my father had asked Colonel Douglas—Deputy Commissioner, Lyallpur—to find a job for me and that I had been put on the waiting list.

On hearing all this—I remember it as if it was to-day—Colonel MacMullen (a brother of General Sir C. N. MacMullen) was very angry and advised me to be a soldier. There was, he said, no other better profession in the world. Moreover, I belonged to a fighting class, had great family traditions, was fond of outdoor life and liked the idea of soldiering. The way in which he expressed himself and his advice affected me greatly, but I dare not go against my father's wishes.

I had very nearly forgotten all about the tea party when, in the first week of August, I was summoned by my father. I could see from his looks that he was very angry and I trembled. He told me off badly and, showing

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me a letter from the Colonel Sahib, said that I had gone behind his back in telling the Colonel that I wanted to be a soldier, when, even against my personal wishes, I was going to be a civilian. My experience warned me not to speak at such a critical moment. I decided, for personal safety, which must always come first, not to say a word, and remained quiet. My father then ordered me to go and pack up as I must leave by train, as the regiment wanted me at once. My farewells were very brief and I left my home alone to join my regiment, which was stationed at Fyzabad, 700 miles away. The next morning I arrived at Fyzabad, not knowing where to go. I hired an "ekka," the discomfort of which only those who have ever been in one can judge. I had never seen an "ekka" before, but I hired it to carry my kit and to serve me as a guide. I am quite sure that I should have been more comfortable on my flat feet.

On my arrival at the regiment, I was taken before Colonel Wintle, who was commanding the regiment, and whom I had met before at the farm. Having been approved by the Commanding Officer, I was sent to the Medical Officer, who passed me fit. I was then brought back to the office to be "enrolled." I did not see Colonel MacMullen, as he had gone on active service. I was enlisted in Right, "D," Squadron on August 12th, 1914, and taken to the senior Risaldar of my squadron, and also I saw the Kot Daffadar whom I found to be a very delightful person with a charming personality.

I was then shown the quarter which I was to share with four others, who took me into partnership with mixed feelings. The reason was obvious. There was hardy sufficient room for those already present and they did not like an Indian officer's son coming in, as he might prove a nuisance. Their doubts did not last long, as we soon became very great pals.

In those days the barracks for an Indian Cavalry regiment were built in half-squadron lines. The men's barracks and the horse stables were next to one another in alternate sequence. According to the latest ideas of sanitation, the lines were perhaps not ideal, but, as the horse lines were close to the barracks, the system was very popular among the men.

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I remember well that when we were transferred to the new lines at Meerut, which were built on the latest ideas, the men could not get over the fact of being separated from their steeds. The barracks at Fyzabad were all very "kachcha." The walls were made of sun-dried bricks plastered with mud and the roof was constructed of a very poor type of tile (called "kapreli"), which rested on a mesh made of bamboos. A strong gale was good enough to blow off at least twenty-five per cent. of these tiles. It was always a very busy day for every one, if, during the monsoon—more often the case than not—wind preceded rain. Spare tiles were dumped all in readiness over the lines and, during the rainy weather, every time clouds appeared on the horizon there used to be a rush for them. This entailed a lot of work for the Kot Daffadar, as he had to fit in everybody.

A room contained from two to eight men. As every room had a small courtyard behind, going in and out of the room was restricted to one door. During the hot weather it used to be great fun. No one could sleep inside the room. As soon as the rain, which is so frequent in the United Provinces, came, the man who was quickest on his feet and was able to roll up his bedding and carry it under one arm, with his bed under the other, could remain dry by getting inside the room first. The others had to wait for their turn to get in, had a free bath and a wet bed to sleep on. Monkeys, also, were a source of great trouble. There were many in the neighbouring temples and their visits to the lines were frequent. No one dared shoot them or do them any serious damage, as it meant injuring the religious feelings of the Hindus. After their raids, it was found essential to attend to the roof.

There was no mess or kitchen for the men. As everyone was responsible for the cost of his food, he was similarly responsible for getting it cooked. Five or six men used to join and make a "Chumari." Each man cooked for all in his turn. This came as a great shock to me, as I knew nothing about cooking food. The threat of being pushed out of the "Chumari" soon put me on to it, and the heavy fine, *e.g.*, the cost of all spoilt material, soon made me an efficient cook.

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The pay of a Sowar in those days used to be Rs. 32 per month. This sounds good, but, out of this, the food of the horse and mule, a share of the expense of the grass cutter, the wages of all kinds of menials—bheesties, dhobies, sweepers, and the like—and the upkeep of clothing, uniform, and equipment had all to be met. After all this, if one got a nett income of Rs. 16 per month, one was lucky. Furthermore, the "bunia" who provided foodstuffs and other daily needs was so "acute" in his accounts, that one always found one's self in debt and from month's end to month's end seldom saw any cash balance from one's pay.

Of course, the "bunia" was always only too pleased to advance money at a very high rate of interest—generally one anna a rupee a month. Everyone paid this rate and it was impossible to keep out of the clutches of this accursed man.

The system of accounts was very complicated and there were very few who really knew anything about it.

The Pay Daffadar of "the old days" was a very important man and his job was considered a very prize for anyone. In fact, the majority of the men and of the Indian officers were at the mercy of the Pay Daffadar, as in those days an educated man was not considered a desirable type as a soldier. The few "babus" that used to be in regiments were therefore all put in the same category as the "bunia." All the rank and file hated the "babu" and the "bunia."

The War was in full swing and everyone hoped that it would not be long before his turn came to take an active part in it. Training became intensive and the demand for drafts for France made it imperative that the period of a recruit's course should be shortened. I knew riding before I joined and was fairly good at every form of sport. This, coupled with the demand for drafts, helped me to finish my Recruits' Course in December, 1914. It was a great joy to me to find myself a trained soldier. There were about 25 of us who were passed out, and we were all marched on to the square by the Woodri Major, where the whole regiment was formed up in "mass."

First of all, the "Grantthi" read out the oath, and all the Sikhs repeated it and kissed the "Gutka" Sahib (the holy book of the Sikhs).

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Our turn was next and the "Moulvi" Sahib swore us on the "Quran Majid" (the holy book of the Muslims).

The "Pandit" came next and he swore the Dogras.

This being done, we marched to our respective squadrons and the parade was dismissed.

In the evening the whole lot were paraded again and taken to the Mess by the "Woordi Major," who showed us the banners taken by various British and Indian officers from the Mutineers in 1857. All this over, we were trained men!

A few days later the regiment was transferred to Meerut Cantonment. The move was done by railway and we arrived at Meerut in time to take part in the New Year's Proclamation Parade.

I was soon promoted to the rank of Acting Lance-Daffadar! This, indeed was an appointment, and I consider it the most difficult step in promotion to attain. How proud I felt! Even to this day I can see it. Luckily, I have got a copy of the photograph taken of myself just after the New Year's Parade of 1915 and this reminds me to this day of many events which gave me great feelings of joy and pride and, perhaps, a feeling also of relief that I was lucky to get what I had. My striped right arm shows the stripe very prominently. This stripe was a sign of my wonderful achievement. There I was in the full dress of the 12th Bengal Cavalry. The honour and pleasure will ever remain with me. Indeed, it has, luckily, become a tradition with my family, and will remain so. The photograph decorates my drawing-room and is my most valued souvenir.

Before long I was told off for duty as an N.C.O. in charge of a flank guard. It was to be the first time that I was to command a party of this great Indian Cavalry regiment.

The guard fell in. The Regimental Kot Daffadar came and inspected us. A few minutes later, the Woodri Major came and inspected everyone and both the Indian officer and British officer of the Day did the same. The guards were marched off, and I gave out the orders to my men and dismissed them, as the sentry was not to be posted till 7 p.m. It was then 4.30 p.m. The men then came to me and asked when they were going to get their "sweets." As I had been advised by my

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friends, I had arranged with the "bunia" to make the necessary arrangements, and I told them that they would get the "sweets" very shortly.

The custom was that, on promotion, everyone, the first time he came on guard after his promotion, gave "sweets" to all those on duty as a form of entertainment. The scale was fixed and was as follows:—

To the Risaldar Major	...	...	2 seers
To the Woodri Major	...	...	2 seers
To the Kot Daffadar	...	...	1½ seers
To the Indian Officer of the Day		...	2 seers
To the Troop Commander	...	...	2 seers
To the N.C.O. on duty	...	...	1 seer
To the men on duty	...	...	½ seer

So the bill piled up. But no one I knew ever grumbled about it. Even to-day the custom is observed, though not on the same scale, and perhaps, not as rigidly among N.C.Os. as among Indian officers.

The mule, an invaluable beast of burden, quite rightly described as an indispensable animal for transport in India even in the present mechanized world, was, in those days, the only means of transport. It carried anything and everything, lived on anything and thrived under any climatic conditions. It was in February, 1915, that the regiment took part in inter-cavalry brigade manœuvres. We left the Meerut lines in the evening and bivouacked out in a mango grove, while our kit proceeded direct to Gaziabad, where we were to carry out our training that year. A transport mule had to carry the kit of four "Sowars" and a "Sais," with the "Sais" riding on top of all. He did the journey in great form, although, as the rain came on soon after we left our lines, all the loads were completely drenched and quite twice their weight, while the bad going made matters none too easy.

The War started at about 9 p.m. At the beginning it was drizzling and, as the scheme went on, it rained very hard. The actual brigade attack came off at dawn and nearly everyone was covered in mud and completely drenched.

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Having watered and unsaddled the horses, the next thing was to try and get some food. It was still drizzling and the camping ground was under water, owing to the heavy rain and the fact that the ground itself was low lying. The water did not drain off, but the tents were put up and a reconnaissance was made to find a place under the trees where "Choolas" could be made. It was a hopeless affair to cook food and, after "Stables," men went in driblets to the City, bought food for the day and even brought some for the night. On shows like these such an arrangement as a "Chumari" is obviously liable to break down and so it did. It was in 1930 when the regiment was giving a worthy send-off to our Colonel, Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, on the eve of his retirement, that I had the pleasure of meeting again some of my dear old friends now on pension and it was amusing to hear their remarks on the present system. From their point of view, to put the matter in a nut-shell, the soldier is spoon-fed, and kept wrapped up in cotton wool. They agree that he is comfortable, but they do not think that the present-day soldier ever knows "how to rough it" and expects too much to be done for him. In spite of the fact that the pre-war soldier often went without his meals, he apparently liked soldiering. I have never yet come across anyone who would not like to see the old system revived, perhaps because he was conservative, perhaps because he really loved "roughing it."

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SOME LITTLE KNOWN BRITISH COMMANDERS OF THE PAST

By Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

II.—*The Marquess of Hastings*, 1754-1826.

Introduction.

It may safely be asserted that the subject of the present sketch is something less even than a name to the majority of British officers of the present day. Even the hint, by way of identification, that he played a most important part in the history of British India will, it is to be feared, lead merely to his being confused with an earlier and admittedly greater namesake, that Warren Hastings whose centenary is being celebrated as these words are penned, and who, as "Waren Hosten," is still a prominent figure of native legend in that country. Yet the career of our present hero, Francis Rawdon, Lord Moira, and subsequently Marquess of Hastings, was from the purely military point of view not without distinction, even before his appointment as Governor-General of India in 1813 enabled him to play a part on a larger stage; and his name ranks, or should rank, among the highest of those select few who made India the brightest jewel in the British Crown. Surely nothing less can be the right of the man who subdued the warlike Gurkhas of Nepal, and who broke once for all the formidable Mahratta power and brought order out of anarchy throughout Central India. But in this respect the memory of posterity has treated him but scurvily; so much so that one historian of his early life can write at the end of a description of his creditable but subordinate share in the American War of Independence: "It must be confessed that his subsequent career as a soldier was far from fulfilling the brilliant promise of his youth."

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If the present author may be forgiven from quoting from one of his own published works, "It is one of the ironies of fate that Moira's operations of 1817-1819, which are perhaps, from the lessons which may be learned from them, and their applicability to the present day, better worth study than anything in our Indian military annals prior to the Mutiny, should by reason of the very completeness of their success, and the absence of any dramatic achievement in battle, be an unknown chapter even to well-informed students and soldiers." The reader will perhaps agree that the life and work of such a commander is worth briefly re-telling.

I.—*The American Scene*, 1754-1781.

Francis Rawdon, or as he was called by courtesy title, Lord Rawdon, was born on December 9th, 1754, the eldest son of John Lord Rawdon by his third wife Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. On both his father's and his mother's side he could trace his ancestry back to the Conquest; the Rawdons had long held lands in Yorkshire and in Ireland, and his father had some years before his birth been raised to the Irish peerage; his mother's family name of Hastings is to be found over and over again prominent in English history, particularly in the time of the Wars of the Roses and under the Tudors. She herself in 1789 succeeded to all the family estates and many of its honours, and passed them on to her son, who coupled her surname with his own, and on her death in 1808 assumed the title as well.

From his very earliest days Lord Rawdon had set his mind on a military career, and in 1771, after the termination of his school days at Harrow, he was gazetted ensign in the 15th Foot at the tender age of sixteen. Instead of joining up, however, he went to University College, Oxford, where he passed two years, but his promotion to lieutenant in the 5th Foot and the outbreak of war in America put a premature end to his university career, and a few months later he went overseas with his new regiment. July, 1774 saw him at Boston, in the heart of exciting events, and on the threshold of active service, before he had even attained the age of majority.

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From now on he was present at, and prominent in, practically all the fighting in the American War of Independence. He missed Lexington, but had his baptism of fire at Bunker's Hill, as a subaltern in the company commanded by Harris, the subsequent captor of Seringapatam—and a rough baptism it was, for his captain was hit and he had to take over command, and lead his men to the storm of the hostile entrenchments, which he did with conspicuous gallantry, getting two bullets through his hat, but escaping injury. "He has stamped his fame for life," wrote no less a person than General Burgoyne, who saw his conduct. It brought him immediate rewards, in the shape of a captaincy in the 63rd Foot and the appointment of A.D.C. to his divisional commander Sir Henry Clinton; and on his staff, and on that of Cornwallis, Rawdon took part in the subsequent engagements at Brooklyn and White Plains, and in the operations in New Jersey and Pennsylvania to the end of 1776. Early in 1777 he took short leave to England, and while there had the experience, curious in view of the subsequent careers of the two men, of meeting the young French Marquis de Lafayette at a ball in London.

By the autumn he was back in the theatre of war at Philadelphia, where he was entrusted with the duty of raising a regiment of Irish deserters from the American army. The ranks were soon full, but the unit, though displaying in action all the traditional fighting spirit of its race, left something to be desired in the way of discipline, and many of the men, finding the strictness of the British service as little to their taste as the privations of the opposite camp, displayed a regrettable tendency to desert back again. Rawdon took an original but effective means of putting a stop to this, by handing over one of the earliest offenders to the trial and judgment of his comrades, who condemned and executed him out of hand.

In June, 1778, Rawdon received another step in promotion, this time to Lieut.-Colonel and Adjutant-General; but after the action of Monmouth and the retreat from Pennsylvania, he saw no more service that year or the next, or indeed until the spring of 1780, when he was summoned from New York to join Clinton, who was besieging Charleston in South Carolina, with

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a brigade of 3,000 men. He was placed in charge of the eastern section of the siege works, and succeeded in driving the enemy from their defences in that area; and the capitulation of the city took place on May 12th, some three weeks after his arrival. Cornwallis was now left in charge of the southern operations, and determined to occupy all South Carolina; and three columns, of which Rawdon commanded the eastern one, were pushed forward to Camden, Augusta, and Ninety-six, the main body remaining in reserve at Charleston.

By mid August, Gates, the victor of Saratoga, newly appointed to the command of the American forces in the South, had collected a force, 7,000 strong, a day's march north of Camden, where he hoped to surprise Rawdon. But the latter was fully aware of his presence and Cornwallis had on his information brought up reinforcements from Charleston, which gave him in all some 2,500 well trained and disciplined troops, with whom he determined to take the offensive. Gates' force, on paper 7,000 strong, numbered only some 3,000 fit for duty, and on the eve of the battle an ill-judged issue of a ration of corn meal, meat and molasses caused a severe outbreak of colic in his camp, which incapacitated many of his effectives. Rawdon, whose previous operations had skilfully delayed the American advance, was now put in charge of the left wing of the army for the action, and was opposed by the American regular regiments; these put up a stern fight until the rout of the militia on the other wing exposed their flank and rear and involved them in the general defeat. Gates lost two-thirds of his force, and all his guns and baggage, and the road was left free for a British advance into North Carolina. After penetrating unopposed as far as Charlotte, however, the army returned at the end of the autumn to Winnsborough, whence, in January, 1781, it set forth again for a new advance. Rawdon, who had accompanied it in the previous offensive, was now left with some 8,000 men to hold South Carolina; the able Greene, appointed to command in place of Gates, outmanœuvred and checked Cornwallis, and compelled him after a barren victory at Guildford to fall back down the Cape Fear river to Wilmington, thus exposing South Carolina to a counter offensive.

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In April of 1781 Rawdon, who was quite out of touch with his chief in the north, found his situation suddenly become perilous. He had less than 1,000 men under his own hand at Camden available for operations in the field, the rest being dispersed among small posts at Augusta, Ninety-Six, Fort Granby, Fort Motte, Orangeburg, Fort Watson, and Georgetown, or in garrison at Charleston. Greene, with a twofold superior force, now presented himself in front of Camden, in the midst of his scattered array. Rawdon decided to gain time to concentrate by an immediate attack; fetching a compass through thick woods, he appeared in front of Greene's position at Hobkirk's Hill from the south-east, where he was not expected. As his first line advanced, the American wing battalions, overlapping it on either side, wheeled inwards to take him in flank, but he threw in his reserves on either side, caught them in their turn in flank, and dispersed them in disorder; Greene ordered a retreat and fell back, leaving Rawdon the honours of the field. Nevertheless the latter's strategic position was still perilous; on his flanks and rear American partisan corps were actively engaged in assailing and mopping up his scattered posts; Forts Granby and Motte, and Orangeburg had fallen by the middle of May, and he had no choice but to effect a hurried retreat to avoid being enveloped and surrounded. By May 24th he was in safety at Monk's Corner, and a few days later reinforcements arriving at Charleston enabled him to resume the offensive and rescue the garrison of Ninety-Six, the only one of his posts still holding out. Greene, not daring to risk a second battle, at once raised the siege and fell back rapidly before him across the Broad River; Rawdon followed him up and came face to face with him, but neither side felt strong enough to attack, and the British commander, whose only desire had been to gain time for the evacuation of the post, returned to Ninety-Six and thence by way of Fort Granby to Orangeburg. Here he received yet further reinforcements, and disposed his forces to hold the area between the Santee and Edisto rivers, while Greene betook himself to the Santee Hills for a rest and refitment. The heat had now become so great as to put a term to operations; in Rawdon's command there had been numerous deaths from sunstroke, and food shortage had

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become acute. Rawdon's own health indeed had given way under the strain, and on July 20th he handed over command to Stewart, returned to Charleston, and sailed for England. No doubt he had intended his absence to be only a temporary one, but he was unfortunate enough to be captured en route by a French privateer and taken a prisoner of war to Brest, where he remained until exchanged next year, and by that time hostilities in America were at an end.

His achievements in the war had brought him promotion to Colonel and the appointment of A.D.C. to the King by way of tangible reward, and in addition a considerable and well-merited reputation. "Fortunate it was," says Sir John Fortescue, "that a commander of such talent, constancy and resource as Rawdon had been at hand to take charge of the scattered posts in Carolina after Cornwallis' reckless abandonment of them, and to bring at any rate a great part of them into Charleston." It was indeed no small feather in the cap of a young and inexperienced officer of twenty-six to have stood up to and worsted in battle the able Greene, the most competent of all the American leaders after Washington, and caused him to pay so dearly in time and casualties for his ultimate strategic success in the South.

III.—*Flanders and Home Affairs*, 1782-1813.

Soon after the conclusion of the American War Lord Rawdon, who had been returned in his absence to the House of Commons, threw himself into politics on the side of the Opposition, and to this side, which was also identified at the time with the Prince of Wales, he remained faithful until the time when his departure for India put an end to this phase of his career, though it brought him nothing in the way of preferment or office. His interest in politics was in fact spasmodic—perhaps because his views were for his epoch unduly enlightened, for during the revolutionary period he was strongly against coercion, whether in England or in Ireland, and advocated Catholic emancipation, thus attracting to himself much of the obloquy that in times of crisis always falls on those who oppose the strong measures believed by the majority to be necessary for the safety of the country.

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Only for a brief space at the beginning of the war against revolutionary France did he have the opportunity of once more showing his conspicuous ability as a commander in the field. Promoted Major-General in October, 1793, a few months after he had succeeded to his father's title as Earl of Moira, he was first put in charge of an abortive expedition to assist the insurgents in La Vendee, and then given command of 10,000 men destined for a surprise attack on the French coast, as a diversion from the main Allied operations in Flanders. The defeat of the Austrians at Fleurus, however, and the retreat of the British army under the Duke of York to Antwerp, necessitated his despatch to reinforce the latter. Moira landed his command at Ostend; the French were in force at Bruges; but deceiving them as to his strength by the device of ordering 25,000 rations to be purchased for his forces, he passed across their front to Alost, beat off an enemy attack, and safely effected his junction with the Duke at Malines. Unhappily his skilful ruse had involved his Government in a liability for payment of rations for 15,000 non-existent men, which with characteristic meanness they repudiated. Moira, when applied to, did likewise, and the matter remained in suspense till his death, when his widow, having unwittingly rendered herself liable for his debts, was sued for it, and had to pay, the Government of the day refusing her assistance or redress. Altogether this was a most unsavoury episode, and closed on an unhappy note Moira's active career in the British service, for at the end of 1793 he left the seat of war never to return.

From a purely personal point of view we have only to note his promotion to Lieutenant-General in 1798 and to General in 1803, and his appointment in 1804 to command the forces in Scotland, and to the office of Constable of the Tower in 1806; his marriage in 1804 to Flora, Countess of Loudoun, by whom he eventually had six children; and his succession on the death of his mother in 1808 to the estates of the Hastings family, which were hers by right. It is also perhaps pertinent to animadvert on this curious hiatus in his active career as a soldier, covering the whole period of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars—a time when so many men of less ability,

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experience, and influence were doing great deeds and carving out for themselves great reputations, but which afforded him, it would seem, no better scope for his talents than the idleness of a home command, or the unsavoury backwaters of politics. It is impossible to believe that by thus standing or allowing himself to be pushed aside from the active employment in the field he could surely have had for the seeking, Moira acted wisely for his own or for his country's best interests.

Be this as it may, the opportunity at last offered itself of retrieving this error, when in the spring of 1813 he was offered and accepted the post of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, in succession to Lord Minto, and sailed in April. He landed in Calcutta in October to find himself the heir to a series of thorny and complicated problems, military as well as political.

IV.—*India*, 1813—1826.

Both within and without the frontiers of British India the situation was ominous. At this date our borders ran from Ludhiana in the west to Cuttack in the east, thence south-westward in a narrow strip to the Kistna, from which it embraced the whole of the peninsula. To the south-westward of this wide semi-circle lay the territory of the chiefs of the powerful Mahratta confederacy, who ten years before had been badly defeated by us and forced to reduce their armed forces. This step had let loose upon all Central India a horde of armed but masterless and lawless soldiery, who had no other livelihood save to prey upon their peaceful neighbours. Soon there sprang up a host of small predatory bands, known as Pindaris, who under their own elected leaders, ravaged far and wide over the countryside, raping, destroying, plundering, and spreading everywhere a reign of terror and anarchy. The various Mahratta chieftains, the Peshwa of Poona, Holkar of Indore, Scindia of Gwalior, and the Bhonsla of Nagpur, were secretly in league with the Pindari leaders, chafing under their recent defeat and enforced submission to dictation by our residents at their courts, and eagerly watching for every chance to discredit our authority, and ultimately take their revenge. "The great central tract of the Indian continent," writes Hastings' bio-

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grapher, General Poss of Bladensburg, "presented a truly pitiable spectacle and never before had there been such intense and general suffering. The native states were disorganized and society on the very verge of dissolution; the people were crushed by despots and ruined by exactions; the country was over-run by bandits and its resources wasted by enemies; armed forces existed only to plunder, to torture, and to mutiny. Briefly, government there was none, it had ceased to exist, there remained only misery and oppression. . . . Anarchy is always contagious, and a danger to British India had thus arisen which it was time to remove. To effect this and to settle this immense tract of country, was the great and primary problem that was to occupy Lord Hastings."

Besides this internal question, there were menaces beyond our border which demanded attention. To the north the Gurkhas of Nepal, whose power had recently been spreading steadily westwards, had extended their frontiers to the Sutlej and had adopted a provocative policy of incursions from the Himalayan foothills into parts of our territory, of which in 1813 they proceeded to take armed possession. Beyond the Sutlej in the Punjab there was forming a powerful Sikh state, by no means friendly to us, and far to the north-west beyond Afghanistan there was present the ever-growing bogey of a powerful and expanding Russia.

Moira was not long in deciding that the Nepalese aggression must first be dealt with before the more imperative and perilous internal problem, and within six months of his arrival in India he had sent to the Gurkha capital, Khatmandu, an ultimatum demanding the evacuation of the illegally occupied British territories, and on its rejection had set his armed forces in motion. As he himself did not take the field, no lengthy narrative of the operations is necessary. Our task was no easy one, for the Gurkhas were formidable foes, and the country mountainous, trackless, and unexplored; our troops were neither equipped nor trained for this sort of warfare, and were in too many cases timidly and incompetently led. It therefore took us four years of fighting to overcome the hostile resistance and enforce our terms; the opening operations in 1814 were

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attended by a series of setbacks and disasters, alike in the east, where two columns set in motion from Allahabad and Patna upon the hostile capital were each checked just within the hostile frontier, and in the west, where Gillespie, the bravest officer in the British Army, lost his life in an unsuccessful action. But in the spring of 1815 Ochterlony on the extreme left drove back the main Gurkha army in his front, and his complete victory at Malaon, together with the loss of Kumaon in the south, induced the Nepal Government to ask for terms. They did not, however, like those offered them, and it needed another campaign, in which Ochterlony pushed his offensive up from Patna to within two marches of their capital, before they could be brought to lay down their arms in March, 1816. The resulting treaty surrendered to us a valuable stretch of country in the Himalayan foothills, within which are situated the bulk of the present summer stations of the Indian Army and Government, and also cemented a lasting bond of friendship and alliance with a gallant race, which has since furnished for our service some of the best fighting material in all India.

Nor need we do more than mention a little campaign the opposite extremity of the peninsula, which in 1815 reduced to submission the native kingdom of Kandy in the heart of Ceylon, and brought the whole island under our sway—a sway which however for some three more years remained, by reason of a series of insurrections in various parts of the island, something less than absolutely effective.

By the summer of 1816, then, the way was clear for undertaking the task of enforcing order, and the rule of law in Central India; the necessity for this had been rendered all the more evident by a number of serious incursions carried out by the Pindaris against British territory in this and the previous year. Moira lost no time in tackling the problem, but he had not only to provide for dealing with the Pindari troops, but also to keep a watchful eye on the various Mahratta chieftains, whom he rightly suspected of meditating treachery at the first available opportunity. He therefore wisely resolved to take no chances, and collected for the operations the largest force ever yet put into the field in India—over 113,000 men, with 300 guns.

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Of these about a third, known as the Grand Army under his own personal command, were assembled in the north along the line of the Jumna from near Delhi to Rewari south of Allahabad; the remainder in the south, the Army of the Deccan, under General Hislop, took up position along the Nerbudda from Hoshangabad to Baroda, with reserves in rear of its left, about Sirur and Jalna, keeping a watchful eye on the Peshwa at Poona, and the Bhonsla at Nagpur. Moira's plan was for both of his armies as soon as ready, to carry out a convergent advance, his own westwards, and Hislop's northwards, into Malwa, as if to take the Pindaris there ensconced between two fires, and destroy them utterly; but several unexpected factors arose which in part threw out his calculations. The assembly of a large amount of troops was attended with serious delays, prolonged still more by the unusually inclement weather of the summer of 1817, and it was not till November that all his nine divisions were in position and ready to move. Then the ranks of the Grand Army were devastated by a sudden and fierce outbreak of cholera, which immobilized it at the very outset of its advance, while in the south the Peshwa and the Bhonsla each attempting a desperate stroke before their enemies were in complete readiness to deal with them, attacked and drove out the small Residency guards at their capitals and compelled Hislop to divert his reserve divisions to Poona and Nagpur; in fact so serious did he consider the position that he resolved to follow them up with his first line formations and temporarily abandon the combined operations in Malwa and was restrained from that course only by Moira's orders forbidding it.

None the less the British military machine, once it got fairly going, could not be resisted, and drove its way on to the fulfilment of its commander's object. The first forward move of the Grand Army took it into the territory of Scindia of Gwallor before he had expected it, and while his forces were still dispersed and helpless; he was compelled much against his will to accept the treaty of alliance proffered to him, and place himself in our hands. Holkar of Indore in the south also found himself, on Hislop's advance into his territory, faced with the choice of open alliance either with us or with our enemies; he

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elected for the latter, stood to fight at Mehidpur, and was decisively beaten in this, the only pitched battle of the campaign. The terms granted him robbed him of all his territory south of the Nerbudda and crippled him for any further mischief; so that by January, 1818, the two northernmost of the four chieftains of the Mahratta confederacy had been satisfactorily dealt with, and the operations against the Pindaris could be pushed to a victorious conclusion without fear of further interference.

Nor had the southern chiefs, the Bhonsla and the Peshwa, fared any better. The former, menaced in his capital at Nagpur by overwhelming forces, capitulated ignominiously and accepted all our terms; the latter had fled from Poona and was now being vigorously hunted through the territory between the Kistna and the Godavery. After several attempts to come up with and corner him had failed, Moira decided merely to keep him on the run with his mobile forces, and with the rest to undertake the systematic occupation of his country. His fortresses fell one by one into our hands, and though it was not till April, 1819, that the last of them, Asirgarh, was stormed, the Peshwa himself was in April, 1818, headed off in an attempt to break out eastwards and join the Bhonsla at Nagpur and his forces completely dispersed. Early in June he himself surrendered on terms and "with him," as Sir John Fortescue says, "the great Mahratta confederacy, which but for the British, would have mastered all India, passed finally away."

Some weeks before this happy consummation, the Pindari bands, also rounded up and cornered in between the two converging millstones of Moira's and Hislop's armies, had ceased to exist, save as fugitive and helpless bands of skulkers, an easy prey even to the vengeance of the villagers whose terror and scourge they had once been. In the summer of 1818 the bulk of our forces, leaving behind them only small mobile columns to complete the rounding up of these demoralized remnants, were on the march back to their peace stations. A few months only were to pass before peace and order should be at last and finally restored. "The dark age of trouble and violence, which so long spread its malign influence over the fertile regions of Central India," wrote a contemporary observer, "has thus ceased for this time,

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and a new era has commenced, we trust, with brighter prospects —an era of peace, prosperity, wealth at least, if not of political liberty and high moral improvement."

Into Moira's subsequent and more peaceful achievements during the remaining period of his tenure of office we, who are here concerned with him only as a soldier and a commander, need not enter at length. There was necessarily, after the complete overthrow of the Mahratta power, an immense task of reconstruction before the victors, now recognized throughout the length and breadth of India as the paramount power in the land. Moira's desire was, while disturbing as little as possible the internal independence of the various native states, to secure control over their foreign policy and their armed forces, and only where absolutely necessary to annex additional territory to our already extensive possessions. Some annexations however there had to be, and in the end the situation came about that two-thirds of the Continent was held under the direct management of the British Government; in the newly acquired provinces the people soon became reconciled to their new masters, to their enlightened administration, and to the civilization they introduced. In the remaining third of the country, native rulers governed, but subject to the vigilant and judicious control of the paramount power, and here, too, though more slowly, a marked change for the better in general conditions gradually manifested itself.

Of the other acts of Moira's government, it will be enough to mention, in passing, the maintenance of good relations with the Punjab and with Burma, with both of which countries we were soon afterwards to be at war; the subjugation of minor troubles in Cutch and the Doab, sundry reforms in the judicature and revenue departments; and a great increase in useful public works—in all of which the Governor-General took a personal and lively interest, so that on the conclusion of his tenure of office in 1823, he had the real satisfaction of knowing that he had left India a better place than he found it, and had deserved well both of her and of his own country.

The Marquess of Hastings, as he now was, had but three years more to live. They were years somewhat darkened by financial em-

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barrassment, caused to a great extent by his own generous and somewhat extravagant nature, and to the fact that unlike so many of his predecessors, he had scorned while in the East to use his official position to line his private pocket. Though ill-health and increasing age had also taken their toll of him, he was thus compelled by reason of his stinted finances to ask for and accept the post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, where he passed, still in harness and in the midst of public affairs, the two years prior to his death, which, following on an accident, ensued in 1826 at Naples, on board "H.M.S. Revenge," on which he was cruising in the hope of recovering his lost health and strength. His grave is on the ramparts at Malta; but at his express wish, his right hand was cut off, to be buried with his wife on her death. She lies in her family vault at Loudoun church in Ayrshire, and at her funeral there was duly clasped in her dead hand the hand of him who had been her lover and husband.

V.—*His Character and Career.*

In the prime of life the Marquess of Hastings was a fine figure of a man, tall, dark, strongly built, and vigorous. An unkind critic has also assured us that he was the ugliest man in England, and it cannot be said that his portrait entirely belies that description; his long face and prominent fleshy nose, bushy eyebrows, and rugged jaw have certainly no beautiful aggregate effect. This lack of good looks, however, was more than compensated for by his stately appearance and distinguished bearing, and could be entirely forgotten under the influence of the courtesy and generosity of his manner and conduct, and the engaging charm of his speech and address. Affable to all and sundry, an affectionate father, a devoted husband, he leaves on our minds, as on those of his contemporaries, the personal impression of a kindly man and a great gentleman.

He had of course his faults; and for the chief of these, a reckless and unbounded extravagance—no uncommon vice in those days—he had to pay dearly right up to the end of his life. It must be said in his excuse that this defect was to some extent that of one of his most engaging qualities—the unbounded

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generosity which put him at the mercy of anyone less well off than himself. His close and long-standing connection with the Prince of Wales was, as it were, a running financial sore from which his pocket never recovered. The Prince himself once laughingly said that they were like two brothers, "when one wants money he puts his hand in the other's pocket"; but his own was so often in Hastings' that the latter had to sell up all his Irish property and much of what he had in England to satisfy him, and he gave back little in return. In like mood, when the Bourbon princes of France sought shelter in England, Hastings put his mansion at Donington Park at their disposal, and offered them credit to the limit of his power, placing in each of their rooms a signed cheque-book for them to fill up and use as required. In India, too, he kept up a magnificent and lavish establishment, which completed the ruin of his already depleted private fortune. It was no doubt these monetary difficulties which forced him, after having spent his best years of middle life in idleness and in dabbling in politics, once more to seek public employment at an age when most men of his time would have been rather preparing to withdraw from it, and to continue in that service till the day of his death. They were however blessings in disguise, for otherwise he would have made no figure in history, and both England and India would have been the poorer for the loss of his services and achievements.

As regards his military qualities, Hastings showed in the earliest phase of his career that he possessed them all to an unusual degree. Placed in independent command under most difficult circumstances, he displayed a cool head, much resolution, a good grasp of realities, a nice sense of manœuvre, and a gift for making use of country, remarkable in a young and comparatively inexperienced soldier in his twenties. His must have been one of the few reputations which was made rather than lost in the War of Independence, and in his brief little campaign in Flanders he was to prove once again that it was well founded.

All this only adds to the strangeness of his subsequent long voluntary abstention from the sphere of activity in which he had made such a promising dêbut. On this we have already

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animadverted sufficiently, but what is perhaps equally remarkable is that, when at the advanced age of sixty he was once more called on to take the field, his military ability should have manifested itself in enhanced rather than diminished degree. The Pindari campaign was in its way a masterpiece both of conception and of execution. The sweeping embrace of the vast plan, the careful thoroughness of the multifarious preparations, the clear and provident manner in which the rôles of all parts of his wide-flung forces were thought out and laid down—all this could have emanated only from a military mind of the first order. Little less admirable was the way in which that great plan was pursued resolutely and relentlessly to its consummation, despite a chain of adverse circumstances which, in the case of a commander of less determination, must certainly have thrown it completely out of gear. But neither the outbreak of cholera in his ranks, nor the treachery of the Mahratta princes in his rear, nor the timidity and clumsiness of some of his chief subordinates, could divert Hastings from his chosen line of action—no doubt because in some cases they had been foreseen, and in all could be and were provided for as they arose. The whole campaign remains in fact a model solution to an extremely thorny and complicated problem—of which, simply because of the admirable way it was dealt with, the manifold difficulties may well be under-estimated.

Of Hastings' work for India it suffices to say that he brought order and security to thousands of helpless victims of violence and tyranny, and inaugurated over a wide area a new era of peace and prosperity. He would himself surely have desired no better epitaph, nor laid claim to any greater title to fame. It should have sufficed to preserve from the oblivion which has fallen over it the name, if nothing more, of a good soldier of England and a faithful servant of India.

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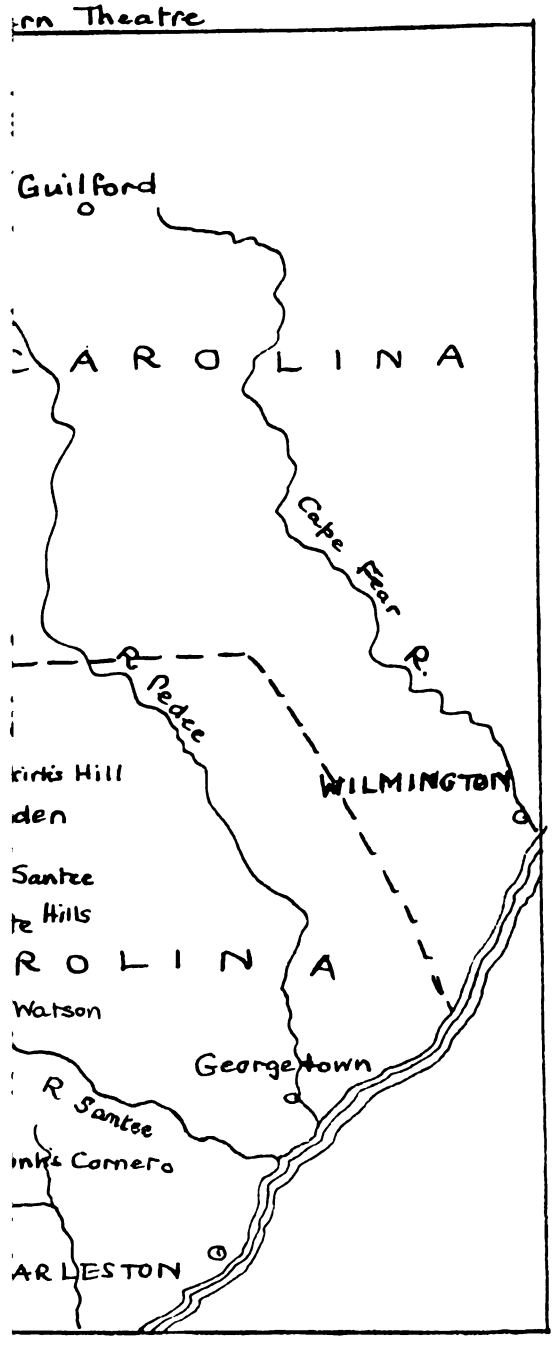

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THE YOUNG OFFICER 100 YEARS AGO

The following letter is taken from "The Diary of a Cavalry Officer, 1809-1815," published in 1894 by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. (New York, McMillan & Co.).

It was written by Major Edward Charles Cocks of the 16th Light Dragoons and gives his opinion of what a young officer should know. Not many alterations would be required to make it applicable to the present time.

Major Cocks was killed at Burgos on October 8th, 1812, when serving with the Infantry.

SPAIN, STUERO.
December 10th, 1811.

My dear Uncle,

There is no part of your letter I feel more inclined to answer than where you mention your son Philip and your intention of bringing him up as a soldier.

If you can find nothing worth attending, you can burn the Letter, if you think that it can ever be worth a second thought keep it as I will a copy, and should I hereafter find reason to change any opinion I may now express I will write you word that I have done so. An Education founded on Military views is more necessary to an Englishman than to any other Nation I know because the habits and ideas he learns at home are less assimilated to a soldier's life than in any other country. A mind free from prejudices, impressed with liberal ideas, love of his profession and emulation in it, with a certain general knowledge of men and a sufficient care of behaviour to render him at home in society which is strange to him will enable a young man to distinguish himself in the Army much sooner than having Dundas and Templehoff by heart. Philip's delicacy

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of temperament consider no objection now. Look at the weak boys who fill the ranks of our battalions, see how well most of them get on, and you will easily imagine that with the superior luxuries an officer possesses, our hardships are in general more imaginary than real. A plethoric robust habit is more liable to disease than a spare one, and for one who falls sick from want, a dozen die from the gross habits of eating and drinking. Another cause of sickness is our national stupidity which does not allow us to conform our habits to those which circumstances render necessary. I daily see men pining after home comforts and neglecting those luxuries and amusements which are within reach.

The novelty of a soldier's life renders a young man in joining his regiment, if well disposed, very anxious to learn the detail of his profession. Six months suffice to teach him right and left face. I therefore would not bother or tire him on this subject before he joins. It is throwing away precious time.

I like to see a young man on first appearing in the Army with the air of a gentleman and not that of a Sergeant Major. For this reason I dislike Marlow. Boys there either become disgusted with duty and on joining break into all manner of idleness and extravagance of behaviour, or they learn to be military pedants or to despise the advise of those, who, though they do not step just thirty inches every pace, yet can fight their enemy when they meet him in the field.

What I am saying and going to say must, however, be taken with this precaution, that the different branches of the profession require a degree of difference in education. The service of Light Cavalry, in which I have always been bred, is nowhere taught in England, and beyond a few practical rules can only be learnt on service by reflection and observation in the field. The service of the Line requires more routine, but I think this routine is better gained after a man joins than before it. For the Artillery and Engineers previous theoretical knowledge is certainly necessary, but I conclude your son is not destined to either one or the other.

A soldier to be a good one must love his profession, and should know how to amuse himself and should have that sort of

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spirit which does not like to be outdone, and yet is sufficiently restrained not to attempt distinction by any of those fashionable absurdities so much the vogue in England.

Everyone says history is useful to the soldier. Very true. But it is not a dry knowledge of chronological facts but a familiar intimacy with the great characters of ancient and modern days, and a sufficient acquaintance with modern history for the last two centuries to enable him to understand what is said by others on the military events and power of States, and sometimes to speak himself without fear of exposure. Memories of heroes and military anecdotes easily rouse boyish enthusiasm, and teach the young spirit the principles of courage, patriotism and ambition which have guided the men who have astonished the world.

With a little assistance from older and wiser heads they will thus learn not to expect fame at once, but to wait with patience and forward with industry the happy moment when glory may reward them. Most of our young Englishmen are so anxious to distinguish themselves at sixteen, that being able to excel in nothing else they mount a mail coach to astonish the natives. They drive with *eclat* to 25, thinking they have gained their point. But what the world laughs at in a boy it despises in a man. At twenty five, with habits too formed to change, they dwindle into insignificance and gradually become so many Pogy Powells. Alexander and Cæsar learnt *how* to act before they began to act.

I need not point out the necessity of modern languages. French is indispensable. I cannot speak it fluently and there is not a day I do not feel the loss. Latin so completely includes the principles of European tongues, that I think it highly useful: at the same time it is great pity that our Latin grammars are so pedantically written. This language is much more like Spanish, Portuguese and Italian than any one would suspect who had only considered it in the light in which it is taught at Eton and Westminster: and if taught in the way it ought to be taught would be much more useful in facilitating their acquirement.

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In Germany studies are regularly taught. I wish it was the same with us. By this I mean the geography, resources, population of the kingdoms of Europe, the principles on which they are governed and how their military force is produced etc. etc. There have of late been some very good travels written on the subject which it would be very well for a young soldier to be acquainted with. A general acquaintance with the Seven Years' War, to be learnt from Lloyd and the King of Prussia's works, and a tolerably correct knowledge of the late war from the year 1792, is highly desirable. It is, however, sufficient to be at home with the locality of the campaign, the numbers employed and lost, and generally the causes usually assigned for the failure or success of the respective parties.

A young man who has not served should not attempt to learn more; he cannot comprehend the grand combinations on which tactics and above all strategics are founded. To complete the education I would add geometry as far as the fifth book of euclid. The principles of fortification, as taught in the two first books of essay general de fortification. Algebra, as far as quadratic equations, Plain Trigonometry, the first principles of Natural Philosophy and the Mechanic Powers, and that sort of Arithmetic which is taught in Dally's Course of Mathematics. Perhaps you will be surprised at what I am going to say, but I most highly recommend a certain knowledge of music, dancing and drawing, at least some two of these accomplishments, and fencing too is a capital exercise. When first a soldier becomes a prey to ennui it is all over with him. He is first sorrowful and then sick. But a man will always get ennui unless he has the power of amusing himself, for we cannot think for ever, especially at nineteen. A soldier is continually changing his society and sometimes left without any. Put a man among strangers and they cannot know his sterling virtues, they can only judge of him by his manners and appearance. If he can sing and dance he makes nine out of ten his friends, he passes his evenings gaily and pleasantly, picks up perhaps some useful information, and gets up in the morning with a light heart and a clear head ready to set to work at his duty, while his unharmonious comrade avoids society, because he cannot excel in it,

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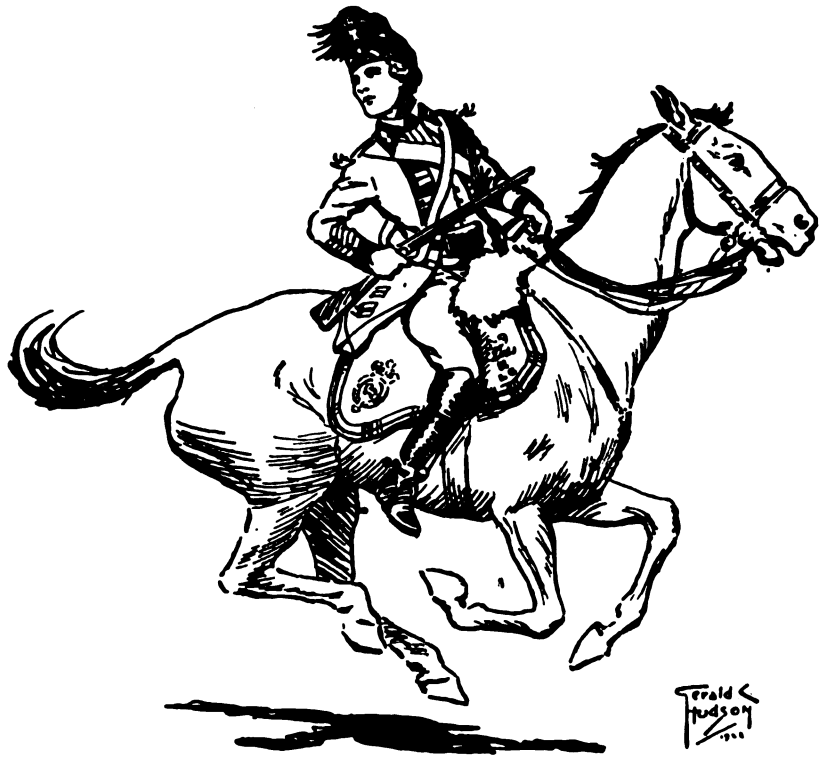
collects a quantity of black bile and turns out in the morning with a gloomy face and grumbling air sufficient to frighten the sun behind a cloud.

It is worse when a young man is left by himself without much duty as sometimes happens especially with Light Cavalry. You think we have a great deal to do, but I do assure you that there is nothing we really dread, except having nothing to do. On these occasions especially the new hands from England give the matter up, go to bed and report themselves sick, others call literature and fiddling, mathematics and dancing, in a word sense and nonsense, to their aid and get through the business pretty well.



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OLD CAVALRY STATIONS

Royal Windsor.

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R. Hist. S.

Whereas London is the political, commercial capital of the Empire, its head so to speak, from whence proceed those brain waves that are expected to regulate our ordinary, everyday existence, Royal Windsor has a different, a higher purpose. Here is the shrine of all that St. George stands for, here for generations his knights have made their spiritual home:—

"For God's Pleasaunce
And His Mother, and in Significannce
That ye been of St. George's livere,
Doth Him Service and Knightly Obeisance;
For Christ's Cause is his ———"

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Thus Chaucer wrote and in doing so helped to cleanse our language from foreign impurity. It is a pity that Chaucer did not tell us something about Windsor. However Froissart did, tracing the chivalric glories of this royal borough back into the legendary mists of King Arthur. He dates the Institution of an Order of Knighthood, the Round Table in fact, to the 6th century, and declares that ever since that time Windsor has been the scene of martial exercises called Hastiludes, Tilts, or Tourneaments. Mathieu, of Paris, agrees, and adds this lucid explanation: "Potius ludus militaris, qui mensa Rotunda dicitur." Another learned chronicler, Dr. Thomas Dawson, D.D., adds to our lore in his "Memoirs of St. George the English Patron and of the Most Noble Order of the Garter," printed for him by Henry Clements, at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1714. Dr. Dawson shows us how reasonable it is that "so Military a Nation should choose the name of such a Soldier Saint, and of one to whom the ancients so often gave the peculiar name of "Tropæophorus," or "Victorious." This was made the more obvious at the time by the deeds of English troops on the continent of Europe; about the time that the author was writing, two English Knights, Sir George Rooke and Sir Cloudesley Shovel went off and took the Rock of Gibraltar. Dr. Dawson is content to go no further back into history than Saxon times, for the first sign of Windsor's activities as heart of English chivalry. St. George he finds, was also the Saxon's patron saint, and head of an "Heroick Order," instituted here in Saxon Windeshores, Windleshora or whatever archaic form of spelling was then in use.

The Saxons according to their wont as those who arrived by water, probably began their settlement on the river's bank and worked inland, carving their fields out of the primeval forest. They surely found that Thames Street of to-day had been in use for more generations than anyone could count. Many ways converged on Windsor, green tracks leading down from the forest to the riverside and then getting lost among the trees on the further side. One or other of these tracks would be marked down by the Romans as a useful line of communication, and traces of improvements they made remain to this day.

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That Windsor was a place of importance in earliest Saxon times is beyond doubt. There was probably a moated, stockaded hall to southward of the hill on which the present castle stands. A hunting lodge at first, but later it acquired greater importance and became a Royal residence for Edward the Confessor. History also tells us that Earl Godwin, of whom the Confessor seems to have been rather afraid, died in the village of old Windsor. It is a pity that history is so vague about the place where those two famous Church Councils were held in 747 and 803 A.D. We are told that the place where these Councils met was somewhere near London at a point where Mercia, Wessex, Kent and Essex met. This description might very easily fit ancient Cloveshoe or Clivora as it is called in Domesday Book, the Clewer of our day and, after all, only a pleasant walk's distance from Windsor along the winding river's bank. Whether there was an order of Knighthood centred on Windsor at that time is still a suitable subject for research, but it may be taken for granted that the Church Councils of that time played their part in forming the character of our people towards reaching the ideals that were ever before the eyes of English chivalry, and thus began to bring up a race of Gentle Folk. Let those who had business with other nationals during and after the war remember the many indications which showed the foreigners' opinion of the British soldier, as one who could be trusted above all others to do that which was seemly, knightly, chivalrous.

What with the Castle beginning to grow up on the site chosen by William the Conqueror, leaving old Windsor rather neglected, and the unrest there was all over the realm, demanding the construction of fortresses, there must have been much martial life about this countryside. A few years after the Norman Conquest the Earl of Northumbria was brought a prisoner to Windsor. A century later the Knights Templar from their Chancelrie at Bisham, would be busy with the rights they had acquired hereabouts, and again a century later all that was bravest and best was preparing to set out on Crusade to regain the Holy Places of the East, neglecting for a while the equally holy places at home. When the importance of these latter were at last realized, thanks to the complete failure, and

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worse, of the crusaders, then ancient Windsor entered upon a period of great and romantic glory all inspired by St. George and the ideals for which he stands. England had emerged from the disastrous gloom and disorder of Edward II's reign, had won victory at Crècy, had taken Calais, and held the King of Scots a prisoner. It may seem chance or accident that the Most Noble Order of the Garter was instituted at this juncture, but it does look like a link in an ordered sequence of events. England held high place in the councils of the Great, her King had been offered the Imperial diadem and declined it, his grandson was to marry the Emperor's daughter. Clouds of glory moving across the heavens like an army with banners, soared over the embattled towers of Windsor when Edward III was King. In the early days of his grandson's reign the Knights of the Round Table assembled here from time to time, then there were great doings with joustings and elaborate tournaments. No doubt Sir Bernard Brocas, lord of the Manor of Clewer and many other places, rode over in great state to take part in the rejoicings. He was a contemporary of William of Wykeham, of Wycliff, and of Froissart in that stirring epoch of England's history, he had ridden by the side of his close friend the Black Prince, in the French Wars, he lived to see his friend's son Richard II marry Anne of Bohemia, and thus link up the interests of England with those of the Holy Roman Empire. He lived to see the decline of the later Plantagenets and was buried close to the tombs of the Kings in Westminster Abbey. He must have been well acquainted with Sir John Brancastre one of the Milites Pauperis, Knights of Windsor, whose order was instituted by Edward III. Sir John was appointed to this Order by Richard II for good service to his father the Black Prince. After many changes the Order of Military Knights still survives and the story of these Knights alone makes thrilling reading. Many of them had given all their worldly goods as well as a faithful sword in the service of the King. Among these most notable was Thomas Baskerville who "faithfully served King Charles I, of glorious memory, maintaining a Troop of Horse at his own charge." It is pleasant to find that these most worthy knights enjoyed the peace and dignified leisure of

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this their last refuge, in some instances for many years; Captain Baskerville lived on happily till 1711. As he had reached the age of 106, this takes him back to the early days of King James I, when the glamour of Elizabeth's reign still survived to call out all the best in Englishmen. He was a man of rank and standing when Charles II's troubles began, and some years before death gently took him over, he had heard of Marlborough's pencilled letter to his wife, despatched on the field of Blenheim, asking her to give his duty to the Queen, and let her know that her army had gained a glorious victory. "M. Tallard and two generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest," by which he meant that his cavalry were hard on the heels of a routed enemy. Only one other Knight, John Baynes, beat Baskerville's record for longevity by attaining the age of 112.

The golden age of Plantagenet Windsor faded away with the decline of Richard II, but they were glorious days while they lasted. It was here that the young King heard of Wat Tyler's revolt, and from here he rode out to have speech with the malcontents. That very gracious little lady, Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard's youth, brought additional glamour of chivalry to Windsor; she was the granddaughter of John, the blind King of Bohemia, considered the mirror of all knightly virtue. Both her father and grandfather had fought against her adopted country, the former having made a hurried exit from the trouble at Crècy, hustled off the scene of action by his staff. Her grandfather, as we all know, succumbed almost immediately to the damage he had received in that fray, and folk were the better able to appreciate his highly romantic quality. His going must have been a great relief to his country, for of all the bad Kings that have misruled Bohemia, and there were quite a number, he was the worst—and the best-intentioned.

In the days when Lancaster and York took turn and turn about to rule over England, Windsor served only fitfully as setting for romantic pageantry. The year after Agincourt had been won, and England had thereby become great again in the councils of the nations, Sigismund, King of the Romans, came to Windsor and here was invested as Knight of the Garter. But

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on the whole the growing town of Windsor was thrown upon its own resources for entertainment. The town had risen to the dignity of representation in Parliament as early as 1302, which must have afforded the gossips some diversion. Then there was the popular pastime of nosing about for sorcery, magic, and such like practices; the famous witch of Eye, imprisoned here, no doubt added to the attractions of the place until the last wisp of smoke lost itself in the hard, unfeeling atmosphere of the time and place. Hunting, of course, was a joy for all time, though the populace was not encouraged to join in the pastime without very special Royal permission. William the Conqueror was very strict on this point and brutally unkind to those who transgressed his game laws. But then he always went to mass at Clewer Church (before hunting), which makes not only for righteousness but also for an insistence on that quality in others.

That pleasure-loving monarch Edward IV often hunted from Windsor. On one occasion in 1472, Louis de Bruges, Governor of Holland, assisted him in "slaying half-a-dozen bucks which they coursed with greyhounds and buckhounds." The day ended (and probably the next began) with a great banquet at which the guests were regaled with such delights as "greene gynger, divers Cyryppes, Comfyttes and Ipocras."

The Tudors were great lovers of sport under the greenwood tree, and Henry VIII often visited Windsor to recreate himself, playing and exercising at the "recorder's flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making ballards." He even "did set two full masques, every one of them with five parts which were sung oftentimes in his chapels." But for all this musical enterprise he did not neglect his hunting, for we are told that "His Grace every afternoone, when the wether ys anythyng fyne, dooth ride ffurther on hawking or walkyth in the Parke, and cummyth not inne ageyne till yt be late in the evenyng." His great daughter was also devoted to the sport of kings, and entertained right royally John, the Duke of Finland, whom her suitor the King of Sweden had sent over as his ambassador. To show how we do things in Merry England, the Queen killed with her own hand a "great and fat Stagge." Ever mindful of her loyal subjects, the Queen sent the game to the Archbishop of

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Canterbury, after having had it parboiled for better preservation, the weather being warm "and the Deree somewhat chafed." Let us hope it made no long tarrying by the way. King James, also a persistent huntsman, had a specific cure for his gout, result of his own ruminations they say, he used to "bathe his feet in every buck's and stag's belly in the place where he kills them."

Windsor, where Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham swam every evening in the Thames near Eton, but "so attended with choice company and a boat or two that there could be no danger," turned from a pleasaunce in the late years of James I to a place of disappointment and unhappy memories. Windsor town took sides against the King, eventually the Castle itself fell into the hands of the rebels and became the headquarters of the Parliamentary Forces under Essex. It was at Windsor that the new Model Army came into being and was trained by Fairfax in the Great Park. From here twenty-one regiments of highly-trained troops marched to the West, leaving a strong garrison behind.

The earliest mention of a standing garrison in Windsor seems to be the information conveyed by Mr. Bagshaw, Member for the Isle of Wight, to the House of Commons in January, 1641-42. "As he went to Windsor he saw several troops of Horse, and further that there were about 400 Horse in the Town, and close about 40 officers." The King had sought refuge in Windsor Castle at the time on which Mr. Bagshawe reports, but he and his garrison had to make way for Parliamentary troops in the autumn of 1642. Colonel John Venn, later one of the regicides, was the first O.C. Troops of Windsor as a regular garrison. There was war outside, there was mutiny within the walls of Windsor Castle, and the first years of this military station as such, were probably the worst it every experienced. For all their high sounding principles and loudly stated convictions, the Parliamentary levied soldier became a very uncomfortable neighbour unless his pay was rendered to him punctually. Having once broken his faith with his King he would probably not scruple to mutiny against his new employers, he probably considered them to be no better than himself, possibly he was

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right. At any rate there was a most uncomfortable state of affairs at Windsor while Colonel Venn drew the neighbourhood for money to pay his troops. He succeeded in raising some £300; nevertheless there was further disaffection, and a contemporary declared that " the soldiers had been in great want." The officers, too, had their grievances, and in 1646 they combined with the soldiers in a petition " that a certain bronze statue be sold for £400 and the proceeds devoted to the needs of the garrison." Some think that this was a statue of St. George, set up by Henry VIII and his Knights Companion of the Garter. Two years after the disappearance of this statue the Sovereign Head of the Order was brought to Windsor Castle for burial in St. George's Chapel; it was another twelve years before Oliver Cromwell followed his royal victim to the grave. By this time the Military Knights had been selected from his following and they all attended the Protector's pompous funeral. In another two years' time the Mayor of Windsor with his Aldermen and surely the best of the populace, rejoiced over the King's return and proclaimed him Charles II at the Market House and on Windsor Bridge.

Charles II loved Windsor in the summer months and found plenty of gentle distraction here from the mazy intrigues that courtiers span about him. The King went fishing at Datchet, and there also he encouraged the races held annually on St. Bartholomew's day, by founding the Ferry Cup. No one could accuse Charles II of being "Militarist," and a deal of his popularity, the ease with which he found himself happily restored to the throne, may have been due to this fact. A standing army was intensely unwelcome to the greater part of the nation, especially those who were soon to be classified as Tories. This dislike extended down to all the ranks of the Army, and lingered on well into our time. The Great War seemed to have killed it, but our cranks have lately been trying to revive it. These are they who prate about "Militarism" without the faintest idea of what the word implies. It would be good for them to live for awhile under such a military dictatorship as supported Oliver Cromwell. Nevertheless, whatever King and people thought of a standing army it had come to stay. The

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King himself had brought a small contingent of regular Guards with him on his Restoration. Indeed there was need for them considering the possibility of rioting by such fanatics as Thomas Venner. It was shortly after this in 1660 and 1661 that first "the Blues," Lord Oxford's Regiment of Horse, came into being followed by His Majesty's own Troope of Guards, His Highness Royall the Duke of Yorke his Troope of Guards, His Grace the Duke of Albemarle his Troope of Guards." Concerning the latter, better known perhaps as General Monck, it is interesting to note that the king as reward for the help given in the Restoration presented the Manor of Clewer to His Grace, in whose family it remained until 1719. A further troop of Horse Guards was raised in Scotland, and by January, 1661, the Earl of Oxford's Regiment of Horse seems to have arrived at its full complement of troops. This regiment seems to be more intimately related to Windsor than any other. We find it taking part in the gorgeous St. George's day celebrations of 1661, when all the Guards appeared resplendent in new uniforms. It was James I in 1603 who quite contrary to his habit of spending unwisely, found the money for "Liveries for the Guards." What that uniform looked like is not recorded, but we know that the weapons carried were a sword, a carbine and two pistols. Probably the "Livery" was of red, the Royal colour, and so it remained throughout all the vicissitudes through which the British Army had to pass on the way to fame. It appears that scarlet, or blue and gold was reserved for ceremonial, whereas a buff coat was worn for lesser occasions. To this add a cuirass back and breast, buff breeches and gauntlet gloves, a sash worn round the waist by all ranks, and crown the whole colour scheme with a pistol-proof helmet or "Pott," over which waved a plume of feathers. The aiguillette still worn to-day began as a shoulder knot of ribbon worn on the right side only.

A famous cavalry man was often seen at Windsor during the reign of Charles II. This was Rupert, Prince Palatine, a very gallant blade. He was an accomplished gentleman it would seem, for not only was he Constable of Windsor Castle, but he also took a hand in administering the King's Navy from here: this shows you what cavalry can do when put to it. It is not

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recorded that he took any part in the Sham Fight, the first of its kind perhaps in our history; hitherto the fighting had been intensely real. On this joyous occasion, in 1674, an elaborate presentation of the siege of Maestrich was staged in the meadows below the Long Terrace one night. Bastions, bulwarks, ramparts, palisadoes, graffs, horn works, counter scarps, and moat twelve yards wide, completed the *mise en scène;* mines were sprung, big guns fired, in fact all the fun of a military fair was displayed for the delectation of some thousand keenly interested spectators. There were other more serious duties, that of escorting Royalty, as on the occasion of the King's nuptials with the Infanta of Portugal. Unpleasant duties too, such as assisting the Preventive Service, but newly instituted, and that of quelling disorders in various parts of the country. There were Life Guards in attendance when the King greeted Monmouth on the latter's return from crushing a rebellion at Bothwell Bridge, 1679. The Court itself had the hablt of moving about between Windsor and Newmarket, and cavalry found escorts on these occasions. This was a wise precaution considering the fact that some of the Whigs, angry and disappointed at the King's friendly feelings towards the Catholics, had plotted to waylay and murder him and his brother James, while they were travelling along the Newmarket road.

After being proclaimed King at Windsor in 1685, James II started his habit of reviewing troops. Setting out from Windsor escorted by Life Guards, the King visited seaports and carefully examined the coast defences. This unhappily for him, did not serve to avert the danger that threatened from within his realm, nor did it prevent the landing of William of Orange. The town of Windsor we find most zealously in favour of the Revolution, its garrison dispersed at tactical points, Maidenhead, Staines, Egham, Chertsey, Colnbrook, to meet the advance of the Dutch, and to cover the King in London. Three years after his proclamation there, King James II left Windsor alone, and shortly afterwards William of Orange, with Count Bentinck, entered into this regal possession. The Household Cavalry of the former King, not being *personæ gratæ* to the new regime, were exiled to the provinces from Windsor, leaving the Dutch Guards

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to carry on the duties they had so gallantly performed. Lord Feversham, commanding the 1st Troop of Life Guards, was held prisoner in Windsor Castle. After a certain amount of political unpleasantness which found expression in occasional disorders, England returned to its normal occupations, and the life of the nation flowed on in rythmic calm. It was this period that brought to perfection the peculiarly English outlook on things in general. It was rather parochial perhaps, but it was soundly patriotic and helped to strengthen the structure of a national character built up slowly during the centuries while rival dynasties contended for power. English towns took their full share in fostering the spirit that forms character, indeed, each little town seems to have had a cachet, a fragrance of its own, and who will say that it has not survived even unto these days of undue haste, in that happy air of "Cranford," and in the humour portrayed by Caldecot. The history of Windsor shows that this happy town was always to the fore in the things that matter. As a community that had long been represented in Parliament, and had been guided by the "substauncyelst and wysest men of the towne," being elected from among the Gild Brethren of the Holy Trinity, Windsor easily arrived at poise and dignity. It had an important market and even a gaol in the 13th century, the latter institution being considered a distinction. The City Fathers that carried on after the Gild of Holy Trinity had been dispersed, knew how to do things handsomely, a double gilt cup for Queen Elizabeth on her first visit, and in 1637 a gift of bugle horns and scarves to Prince Charles and his brother. To atone for the lapse from loyalty during the Civil War, the Mayor, escorted by a troop of Horse, proclaimed King Charles II "with all ioye." Ten years later Windsor and London were connected by stage coach service. This was real progress. After the Revolution peace settled down upon Windsor enabling it to develop along its own genial lines undisturbed by events passing outside. The dignity of the town was enhanced by handsome buildings, some of which you may still see in Church Street and Peascod Street, where George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had built him a house, later famous as the Duke's Head Inn. The Town Hall begun in 1687,

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dates from this period of building, it was completed by Christopher Wren who in 1715 was one of the members returned to Parliament for Windsor.

Peace settled down upon Windsor in the days of the early Georges, peace with just that dash of mild excitement caused by the echoes of stirring events abroad. Accounts of the King's gallantry at Dettingen came to Windsor, news of Plassey and the capture of Quebec, all this acted as fillip to the pleasant life in and about the Castle. Windsor was much frequented in the days of George II, and there was a constant coming and going between the castle and the summer residence of Frederic, Prince of Wales, at Cliefden, as it was then called, across the river in Bucks. A curious fact emerges from some of the Household accounts that mention a customary allowance for Riding Charges, and a suggestion that some of the Yeomen of the Guard who performed Orderly Service, were mounted men. There was not much evidence of military activity at Windsor during the reign of the Georges, and the castle had more the air of a simple English gentleman's residence. In the meantime the garrison was busy checking the exuberance of France in many distant battlefields, and when it seemed to be all over in 1814, and Household Cavalry returned to Windsor, the trumpet sounded for the Waterloo campaign. It was not till 1816 that "The Blues" returned safely to their barracks at Windsor. Those barracks seem to have been built, as were those of other old Cavalry Stations, sometime towards the end of the 18th or the beginning of the 19th century. Among those who returned to Windsor and lived in useful retirement until 1857, was "Old Sam Morton," who had been armourer to the 2nd Life Guards when that regiment was serving in the Peninsula. He passed the remainder of his days in repairing guns, fishing rods, and metal work generally, and was a well-known character in his time. For the Cavalry at Windsor there followed years of routine duty of the kind that Household troops are privileged to perform. The "Blues" escorted" the body of young Princess Charlotte from Egham to Windsor and in the following year, 1818, that of Queen Charlotte from Kew to Windsor, a duty they shared with the Life Guards and a regiment of Lancers.

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In this connection it may be noted that Windsor served as garrison not exclusively to the Household Cavalry but that others, Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars have sojourned here from time to time. Light Dragoons have camped in the Great Park at various times in early Georgian days, an old print of about 1830 shows Lancers, their pennants fluttering, riding down out of the great gate of the castle, and Dragoon Guards and Scots Greys have more recently been brought to Windsor on their lawful occasions. Nevertheless it does seem that here is the home of the "Blues." However, the spell of their long sojourn here, twenty years on end, allowing of course for sundry diversions, abroad was broken by order of King George IV in 1821.

The short reign of William IV seems to have been marked by no outstanding events in Windsor. The town just developed quietly along its pleasant lines, and was fortunate enough to find an able chronicler of its doings and its reactions to outside events in the "Windsor Express." The title of this enterprising publication varied slightly from time to time as other neighbouring towns sought connection with it, but the name "Windsor" remained, as it were to hall-mark it. The "Express," first issued in August, 1812, and still flourishing, was founded in an England that was emerging slowly, as it seemed, reluctantly, from the stage-coach age. Of course people offered a certain amount of tribute to those folk up north who invented steam engines and such like contrivances. Young bloods had been known to race their horses against a railway engine, others, quite staid elderly gentlemen, having tied their hats down tight to their respective heads, bid a fond farewell to wife and child and ventured on a run in an open railway truck. All these things and more did the "Windsor Express" note and impart with seasoned judgment thereon, to its readers in Berks, Bucks, Middlesex and West Surrey. The world was full of wonder with all sorts of inventions cropping up almost daily. There was that machine which could turn out parts of the bayonet formerly made with great labour by hand. This might not have aroused such interest at other times, but just then the Crimean War was in progress and folk liked to talk with know-

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ledge about such things as bayonets; there is something of sinister attraction in the word bayonet. The "Express" had been much concerned about the war and was fortunate in its correspondents. Their letters shed gleams of light upon an affair that reflected little credit on any one but the fighting soldier. The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborn as a "Voice from Scutari," declares that "History may, I know not that it can—tell of deeds of courage equal to those our Army has done in the Crimea; history cannot tell of any such deeds following in rapid succession, worked in the same daring spirit, on the same scene, but under daily increasing, almost appalling difficulty." The reverend gentleman goes on to say that till he had seen English soldiers in the field—and in hospital, he never till now knew what a soldier really was. This was entirely his own fault, but he does make some amends. One who did know what a soldier really is, a smart cavalry subaltern, writes in the vein which became so familiar during the Great War. Describing his costume he says: "a pair of large sailor's boots, a pair of coarse sailor's trousers, a pea-jacket with anchor buttons, and my own old forage cap." When peace came again to release the troops from their sufferings in the Crimea, there was no great celebration of the event. All that happened was that somebody let off fireworks while the churchwardens had dinner together. These worthies may have had a word or two for the returned soldier, but the only mention of practical help comes from Slough where the Taplow Troop of Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, assembled for an eight-day tour of duty, subscribed £28 to the Patriotic Fund. There were many other things to interest Windsor, there was a feeling of change in the air, change in national outlook owing to expanding Imperial responsibilities, change in matters that concerned the Army. However much the Conservative minds that guided the fortunes and sometimes caused the misfortunes of the Queen's Army, there were a number of things that called aloud for revision. One of these was the system of enlisting foreigners into a Foreign Legion. This arose out of the earlier Hanoverian connection and not only continued after the Governments of England and Hanover had separated, but was expanded to take in all and sundry. Depots were established in Spain,

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Holland, Hamburg, under the direction of British officers. Public feeling was rising against this usage, abroad at first and particularly in Prussia. There the Governor of Posen called the attention of recruiting officers to the Prussian Criminal Code under which anyone inducing a Prussian, civilian or soldier, to enlist under a foreign state was liable to suffer a term of imprisonment of three months to three years. The Foreign Legion had been giving some trouble of late, there had been a affray between German Jäger and men of the Rifle Brigade at Aldershot. Queen Victoria and other members of the Royal family frequently took that familiar road by Bagshot and Farnborough, and on July 1856, Her Majesty, in a scarlet habit, richly laced, and wearing the riband of the Garter, reviewed her troops, among whom were the 1st and 2nd Light Dragoons of the German Legion, regiments that had won great distinction in the service of this country. But the old order was passing and with it many who had taken a very active part therein. Among these was one who had seen and done about as much as any man could expect. This was Sir John Milley Doyle, K.C.B., who began as a cornet in 1794, and thereafter seldom missed a really fine occasion. He assisted at the capture of Cairo and Alexandria, went right through the Peninsular War, collected some 15 decorations, well-earned ones, and finally was laid to rest with many marks of consideration from the Queen and the Prince Consort, beside other Military Knights of Windsor. The Great War, again, called upon the Knights for military duty, also their colleagues of the College, canons, and minor canons, lay clerks and ex-choristers; of these a glorious inner brotherhood laid down their lives. The "Windsor Express" duly noted this and other matters of importance such as the meets of H.M.'s Staghounds, or Mr. Garth's. There is indeed reflected as truly as in a mirror, not only the daily life, but the atmosphere, one might almost say the soul of Royal Windsor, although the matter may be of everyday affairs small in themselves, these things assume noble proportions in a noble setting, and take high place in the general scheme of things. And what finer setting can you find than this ancient shrine of all that is meant by Chivalry—this Royal Windsor.

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THE MULLAH'S GRAVE

By Charles Trehane.

There was something distinctly eerie about it. It seemed tremendously alone. The crumbling mud pillar and the ruin of the surrounding wall gave it an air of belonging to a generation that had passed away, leaving it behind isolated. And it was not amongst its kind; for it stood in no burial ground set apart by True Believers for the resting of their dead but in the compound of a bungalow. The mound itself was about six feet long and two feet high—an untidy heap of stones and boulders —with the mud pillar at one end; and gauntly rising out of the mound, leaning this way and that, were five long bamboo poles, topped with strips of faded cloth that drooped forlornly, flapping their ragged ends in the gentle breeze. In fact the whole thing had a dejected air with a weird grotesqueness about it that impressed one.

I think it impressed Telford more than it did Strickland or myself, for he was a sensitive sort of fellow and inclined to be influenced by those occult unworldly affairs that one sometimes comes up against in the East.

"Rather a depressing thing to have in one's bungalow," he muttered, as the three of us stood gazing at it.

"But we shall have to put up with it," I told him, "because the servants probably consider it holy."

"And even if the old fellow does haunt the place," suggested Strickland, smiling, "I don't suppose he'll trouble Unbelievers."

And so we left it at that. For we had plenty of things to occupy our minds at that time; the regiment had just arrived in Garumabad—an Indian Frontier station—from Peshawar, and besides the multitudinous matters connected with the move

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that we had to see to in our squadrons, Telford, Strickland and myself had decided to share a bungalow. And as this one allotted to us had been unoccupied for a considerable time, and was in a bad state of disrepair, there was a lot to be done.

However, we were not allowed to forget the Mullah's Grave for long; it cropped up again at the end of the month. I was wading through my bearer's monthly account, and at the conclusion of a long list of bungalow expenses he read out—"Upkeep of Mullah's Grave, Rs. 10."

I remonstrated.

"*Huzoor*," said he, with the pained expression he put on for such occasions, "does not the sahib know that cloth must be purchased to replace that destroyed by the wind, and it is customary that the sahibs living in the bungalow see to these things?"

I told him the sahib didn't know and that anyhow that wouldn't cost ten rupees a month.

"And what's it all about, anyway?" I asked.

Mohommed Khan became solemn and mysterious. He assured me that at certain religious festivals—which according to him were amazingly frequent—the shade of the departed had to be propitiated, and that all the time the grave must be tended and looked after—"lest evil should befall the sahibs and their servants."

It sounded plausible enough, but I felt pretty certain that this access of religious zeal was mainly, if not entirely, due to the hope of making some extra money. (The others, when I told them, quite agreed—Strickland was very definite about it: "Ten rupees a month to buy flags for that old bird's tomb—I'm dashed if we do!")

So I was firm. I said that possibly on some special occasions, such as the Feast of Muhurram, we might give something, but that as for paying a monthly toll we definitely would not.

And so my bearer, with a protesting shrug of his shoulders and a resigned "As your Honour wills, Your Honour is my father-and-mother," retired defeated.

That, as far as I myself was concerned, was the end of the Mullah's Grave until I renewed acquaintance with it several

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years later (because a few days afterwards I was sent to Changla Gulli on a musketry course and when it was over took leave); but for Telford and Strickland it was the beginning of a series of incidents which, though not perhaps in themselves very extraordinary, were, taken together, rather disturbing.

I heard of them a couple of years later from Telford himself when we met at the Taj Mahal in Bombay, he being bound for Mesopotamia and I *en route* for France. But I will relate them here consecutively, as they occurred, filling in Telford's story with details which I myself can supply and information which I received in letters from Strickland.

II.

The first thing that happened was an unpleasant experience for Strickland.

He was sitting warbling in his tin bath one evening when suddenly a cobra reared up about six inches from his elbow. For a moment they both stared at each other, equally amazed; then, before the snake had decided whether to attack or retire, Strickland grabbed up his wet sponge, sloshed it at the brute's head, leapt out of the bath and dashed through the door, almost falling over his wolf hound "Shamus," who was lying in the doorway. Telford, coming in to see what all the commotion was about, found him, dripping wet, creeping into the bathroom with a putter!

They called the bearers and made a careful search, but, as one might expect, they didn't find the snake; it had, presumably, retired by the way it obviously came in—through the hole in the wall communicating with the open drain outside, because they discovered that the perforated zinc which should have covered it had rotted and fallen away.

When Strickland told his bearer that he ought to have noticed this, and reported it, the man murmured something about Fate and the powers of evil.

It is not, of course, an entirely unheard of thing to find snakes in bathrooms in India. Why, I don't know, but they seem to like bathrooms. (I doubt if it's the singing that attracts them; anyhow certainly not Strickland's, his ideas of

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music are so vague that once he stood up and took off his hat when a band played "Rule Britannia"!) But the particular point of this episode was that the servants suggested that it was not entirely fortuitous. Telford, talking the matter over with Strickland, couldn't decide whether they were just making use of the incident in the hope of getting the ten rupees a month or whether they really did believe there was some sort of evil influence about.

The next occurrence rather pointed to the latter.

Telford had a bad go of fever. Again, there was nothing very extraordinary in that, but he was not particularly subject to malaria and to have an attack in the cold weather was, at any rate, unusual. What made him think more about it than he would have in the ordinary way was that his orderly seemed particularly concerned. As they were walking round the ponies one evening, just after Telford had recovered, the orderly asked him if he didn't think it very strange that he should have had this fever. Telford inquired what he meant.

"It would seem that the sahib's luck is particularly unfavourable," was the reply, and Telford noticed that the man was staring across the compound to the far corner where the dim shape of the Mullah's Grave stood grimly among the shadows of the trees.

"Shades of the anopheles mosquito!" (as Strickland put it).

Of course Telford told the man that things like that didn't happen; that it was all rubbish; and that he must put the idea out of his mind. For (as he said to me afterwards) that's just the way the legends start in the East; and, if the belief once gets a hold, all kinds of picturesque details are invented, facts are exaggerated, and a mass of "evidence" grows up that is extremely difficult to combat.

In fact he was perfectly sensible about the whole thing. But the incident impressed itself on his mind, if only subconsciously, because he thought a lot of his orderly and knew that the man's ideas, though possibly misguided, were certainly sincere. Also, superstition is an insidious thing, it can creep into the mind almost without one realizing that it has found its way in. And while Telford would not allow that a dead Mullah

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could exert any influence on his life he frankly admitted that in the weeks that followed he often found himself thinking of spells, and curses, and runs of bad luck that he had heard. And one hears of many such in the East. And more than once, he told me, he had to take a pull at his thoughts and tell himself not to be stupid: "The whole thing is only coincidence," he'd say, "just a few perfectly ordinary occurrences. It isn't as if something really unusual had happened."

And then, of course, something unusual did happen. And as it was a particularly exciting experience I will describe it in detail.

III.

It was in the middle of the hot weather—about the end of June—Strickland and Telford had been playing bridge and went to bed rather late. They usually slept on the roof of the bungalow, the nights were so hot, but it had been raining that evening so their beds had been left in their rooms. Telford couldn't get to sleep for some time, the air was close and heavy, and he lay listening to the periodical "cough" of the *chowkidar** as the man wandered round and round the bungalow. But after a while he settled down and was soon sound asleep.

Suddenly he woke up. He lay absolutely still, as one does, tense and expectant, wondering what could have disturbed him. It was pitch dark and at first he could see nothing, but gradually his eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

There were three main rooms in the bungalow, the sitting-room in the middle and two bedrooms opening out of it on either side through big double doors. In the hot weather these doors were kept open and so from where he lay he could see straight through into Strickland's room.

The first thing he realized was that there was a light there; a dim light that moved about and cast uncertain shadows on the far wall. He wondered vaguely what Strickland was doing. . . . Then suddenly he became stiff and tense.

Someone was creeping very slowly across the sitting-room. Soft, stealthy footfalls. Unmistakably. He held his breath and strained his eyes. Yes, sure enough, in the open doorway

*Chowkidar—night watchman.

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leading into Strickland's room, silhouetted indistinctly against the dim far wall, was the shadowy form of a man. For a moment he stood there motionless. Then he melted into the indistinct shadows of the room.

Telford pinched his leg to see if he was really awake. He simply couldn't believe it.

Then suddenly the light moved across the room and he saw smoke; smoke that curled up very slowly into a thin blue haze. Something was burning between him and the door and there was a heavy, sickly sort of smell in the air. . . . Then the man holding the light came and stood at one side of the door and he saw more clearly.

The light was an ordinary "hurricane *batti*"—the commonest form of lamp in India—bound round with a dirty cloth so that only a little ray of light got out through a small chink. On one side of the room two men were lifting up something heavy, but what made him open his eyes wide with horror was a fourth man who was standing at the far side of the bed facing him. A bandolier round the man's shoulders and a belt round his waist bristled with cartridges. His cruel, hawk-like, coarse-skinned face with its short, grizzly beard was peering down over the unconscious Strickland. The man's elbow was pressed to his side but from his raised hand, gleaming dully in the dim light, the blade of a Pathan knife pointed down to within a few inches of Strickland's throat.

Telford was absolutely horrified. It was obviously a gang of Trans-Frontier thieves, stealing kit. If Strickland didn't wake up perhaps the poor fellow would be all right, but supposing he did wake up——!

Where was "Shamus"? What had happened to the *chowdikar*? Telford did some rapid thinking. If he could creep from the room without being heard he might slip out of the bathroom door and get hold of the orderlies or someone—send down to the police guard or call up one of the night patrols.

He turned half over on his back, very slowly and very quietly. . . . and then he froze! He lay absolutely rigid, a cold perspiration broke out all over him. For the moment he was

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literally terrified. An icy shiver crept down his spine and his heart seemed to stop beating. Then it started pounding against his side until he could feel the blood rushing through his veins.

He was not alone! He was in the same position as Strickland! There was a Pathan knife six inches above his throat too!

He didn't actually see it. He just knew it was there—up above him in the dark. He could hear the man's steady, regular breathing close beside him. He could smell the sweat of the man's body and his dirty, sandy clothes.

Something seemed to snap in his brain. He couldn't think. Then suddenly everything was crystal clear.

First, he determined to lie still whatever happened—and hope he wasn't murdered. Then he began to feel braver. After all, he thought, it was one against one. All the rest of the gang were in the other room and the guard almost certainly thought he was asleep. If he was quick he could surprise him. If he suddenly twisted round and punched the man as hard as he could in the stomach he'd double up and gasp. He'd be winded. And before he realized what was happening Telford could be out through the door into the compound.

It was now or never.

He started to clench his fist and draw up his arm. He found he couldn't! What was the matter? He couldn't move any limbs, they seemed to be pinned down. He tried to struggle but his body was like lead. His legs began to feel numb. With an awful effort he forced his eyes open. The darkness seemed to be spinning round and round. He felt giddy. . . . He felt sick . . . .

IV.

That was the third incident. Luckily Telford and Strickland woke up next morning and found themselves alive. They also found that they had no kit. Apparently a gang of raiders had got in during the night and successfully cleaned them out of everything. How the devils had managed it was amazing—but it always is amazing. Telford and Strickland had been doped, "Shamus" had been poisoned (they thought he was dying at the time but he recovered) and the *chowkidar* was

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almost certainly an accomplice—he disappeared and was never heard of again.

As for the raiders, everything went well until they arrived at the outskirts of cantonments, but there they bumped into a police patrol and a running fight ensued. The police sustained two minor casualties but the raiders lost one man killed and almost certainly had others wounded, and finding things too hot for them dropped all the loot, broke up into small parties as they always do, and for the time being got away. Whether they were subsequently rounded up I never heard, but my friends recovered practically all their kit, which was what mattered most as far as they were concerned.

Of course Telford did not pretend that the episode had any definite connection with the Mullah's Grave—in fact, any connection at all—but coming, as it did, on top of the other things that had happened he told me that it shook his scepticism. When he looked back he could not help feeling that their bad luck had been abnormal. And somewhere in his subconscious mind a persistent voice suggested that there must be a reason for it; a voice that he was ashamed to listen to but that try as he would he could not quieten. He knew Strickland would scoff at these misgivings so he kept them to himself, but of course Strickland knew all about them. One evening when they were sitting on the verandah smoking and Telford remarked something about their unlucky streak, Strickland suggested that it would be a good thing if Telford took a fortnight's leave.

Telford asked why.

"Oh, well, that old Mullah is getting on your nerves rather, isn't he?"

"But I didn't even mention the blinkin' Mullah," protested Telford.

"I know; still I think it would do you good to get away from him a bit."

And of course Strickland was right. In any case Telford was not feeling really well—the after effects of the doping had not entirely passed—so he decided to take the advice. He put in for leave.

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But he did not get it. The date was then July, 1914, and a few days later that bomb was thrown that shook the world.

Telford told me the first news he received of the war was a long list of casualties—many of them fellows he had known at Sandhurst; and he went back to the bungalow that evening feeling unusually solemn, rather overawed by the future.

In ordinary circumstances he would probably never have done what he did, but those were emotional times.

Strickland he found was in his room; the compound in darkness; all the servants had gone to bed. Something, some emotional urge I suppose, seemed to will him over to that dim shadow underneath the trees. He admitted there was no logic in his reasoning but he said he felt that in some strange way he had unwittingly disturbed that spirit's rest; and on the eve of this tremendous adventure—an adventure that might well send him to join so many of his friends—he felt he must try and make appeasement.

He went into his bedroom and took the candle from the candlestick beside the bed and with his pocket knife cut it into three roughly equal pieces; then took each piece and shaved some flakes off one end so that a little bit of the wick stood up. Then he went out into the compound again, over to the Mullah's Grave.

Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness on that hot August night. Very carefully he lit each stump and placed them, almost with reverence, in a row at the base of the crumbling pillar. The flames burnt steadily, without a flicker, and cast a pale uncertain light over the stone mound, intensifying the silence and the shadows.

For long moments he stood in front of the low mud wall that surrounded the grave, and experienced a strange calm. He said he seemed to feel he held subconscious commune with that unheeding soul beneath the ground, and felt humble, yet elated, as the heathen must who has offered sacrifice to placate an angry god. One can picture him there—a tall, upright figure in mess kit, standing solemnly before a mound of stones, making his peace, as I suppose he thought, with some strange Power; and

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then, at last, turning away to leave the Mullah to his little lights, the silence, and the shadows. . . .

Poor Telford. That was almost the last he saw of the Mullah's Grave; for he left Garumabad a few days later, and in 1917 he was killed in Mesopotamia.

V.

It remained for me to discover the sequel many years later.

The war was over and already beginning to recede into the shadows of remembrance. India was being shaken from her "pathetic contentment"; the cry for Dominion Status had been born; and Mr. Gandhi had started his non-violent non-co-operation movement.

Once more I was back in Garumabad, temporarily doing duty as Cantonment Magistrate.

I had just taken over, and a hot weather morning in July found me sitting perspiring in my shirt sleeves, under the lazily flapping office punkah, endeavouring to take an intelligent interest in the batch of correspondence in my tray. Should Cantonment Sweeper Badlu be paid at full rates or be considered extra to establishment? Could the polo club obtain an extra two hours water per week for the ground on payment? The S.M.O. considered the amount of kerosine allotted for anti-malarial measures to be inadequate—and so on.

I read through various papers, drafted replies, signed my name several times, and then told my clerk, Narien Das, that if he had nothing more for me I was going home.

"Sir," said Narien Das, "there is this."

"This" proved to be a file which he laid on the desk in front of me, a file with several paper slips sticking out of it bearing reference to Cantonment Regulations, such as the "failed B.A." who has become a Government servant delights in.

"Sir," he said, "this is interesting case for which there is no precedent in our office."

"Really," I murmured wearily, thinking that Narien Das's ideas of interest and mine were unlikely to coincide, and began to read.

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It seemed to be a typically Eastern case; apparently the Government of India had decided that the Supply and Transport Depôt at Garumabad was inadequate—in view of mechanization changes—and had sanctioned the building of new lines. The site for these included part of the compound of a disused bungalow that had been empty since the early days of the war. The scheme was approved and the work started, but, during the clearing of the ground, what was at first thought to be merely a pile of boulders was found to be an old grave. Investigations showed the remains of what had once been a mud pillar at its head, and portions of a wall that had obviously enclosed it were discovered. The A.C.R.E., ever mindful of the danger of offending religious susceptibilities, ordered the contractor to hold up the clearing of that part of the site and reported the matter.

I suddenly became interested. A grave . . . . a pillar . . . . a mud wall . . . . my memory stirred.

I read on. O.C. Station, in a pencilled marginal note, suggested that perhaps it wasn't a grave at all. The Cantonment Committee forwarded the matter to the District Commissioner asking if he had any evidence on the point, and with his reply came an attached report. As you can imagine I read it with particular interest.

The grave (so the report made out), was that of one Jawan Mohammed, a mullah of extreme holiness, who had been buried at that place more than a hundred years ago. For many years (according to the report) the shrine used to be visited by Moslems from far and near, and a great number of those who prayed there were "cured of grievous diseases." But the British Government, "ignoring the wishes and aspirations of the Indian people," took over the area and built a cantonment there, "making it impossible for the Moslems to continue their worship," and since then the grave had fallen into ruin because it was impossible to tend it properly.

"As representing the feelings of Moslems of the district (the report concluded) I say that this past wrong is deeply resented and any disturbance of the grave now will be opposed to the utmost." (Signed) Mr. Feroze Khan."

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"And who may Mr. Feroze Khan be?" I asked Narien Das who was standing at my elbow as I read.

"Sir, he is chairman of Local Congress Committee."

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir, and if I may express humble opinion it would seem that evilly-minded persons are using this matter as stick with which to beat those in authority over us." (Narien Das often talked like that!)

For the next few weeks I was kept extremely busy. First, I was interviewed by Mr. Feroze Khan who wished me to give O.C. Station all sorts of dire warnings and tried to make out that the countryside was in a ferment. Then I saw Jackson, the Senior Police Officer, who stated that the countryside was perfectly peaceful and that the whole thing was a put-up job. And later I had an amusing interview with the building contractor, who said that if only the A.C.R.E. had looked the other way the mullah would have been dug in a couple of feet and that would have been the end of the matter!

However, the A.C.R.E. had not done so and the Local Congress Committee made the most of it. By holding frequent meetings in the bazaar and sending representatives out to the various villages near, they succeeded in stirring up quite a considerable amount of feeling. So we invited a number of influential Mohammedans of the district to a conference, and a settlement was effected. A Committee was formed and a piece of Government land on the edge of cantonments handed over to it. The Mullah's body was to be exhumed and reburied on the fresh site, and the authorities undertook to build a brick wall round the new grave.

So there we were; about to dig up poor Telford's Mullah—(as I always thought of him). And as you may imagine I took more than ordinary interest in the affair.

Mr. Feroze Khan and his associates were not at all pleased at our reaching an amicable agreement, and though they had to express themselves satisfied they took good care to keep the matter well before the public eye, with a view, I felt sure, to our future discomforture. And they certainly succeeded in keeping the public interested, for, when the day of the exhumation

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arrived, we found that it was being considered a sort of general holiday. There was no *hartal* or organized closing of shops or anything of that sort, but from quite early in the morning parties of natives came trooping along the roads from outlying villages and a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the native city came into cantonments for the actual ceremony.

At ten o'clock the Deputy Commissioner, O.C. Station, Jackson and myself went along to witness the exhumation. We found a large crowd assembled. Extra police had been posted at strategic points, in case of trouble, but the crowd appeared to be in the best of humours; it squatted on the ground in groups, jabbering, and seemed to think the whole thing a unique *tamasha* affording a good excuse for a holiday.

"Quite a gala performance, in fact," commented the D.C., as various influential Mohammedan gentlemen came forward to present themselves. And then, when Mr. Feroze Khan, accompanied by some members of the Congress Committee had taken up a prominent position beside the grave, operations commenced: operations that were to end very unexpectedly.

First two men with picks came forward and began to loosen the stones and boulders; these were then pulled out and passed from hand to hand to be piled out of the way. Then two other men started digging, assisted by the encouraging murmurs of "*Shabash bhai!*"* from their brethren. This went on for some considerable time, the diggers muttering and grunting as they worked, their black skins becoming grey with the dust they raised; when they tired reliefs quickly stepped forward to take their places. The crowd now began to get interested and pressed forward in a jostling mob that was with difficulty held back by the cordon of police, while those on the outskirts climbed on the roofs of neighbouring godowns and even swarmed up trees. Jackson, who was standing beside me, gravely inquired if I thought there was any truth in the current rumour.

"What rumour?" I asked.

"That the corpse will be found to be wearing a Gandhi hat."

Now, at the end where the mound had been almost levelled, the diggers seemed to be in difficulties; much jabbering and

*"*Shabash bhai*"—"Well done, brother."

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heaving and scratching of picks went on. They began struggling with a biggish stone slab embedded at an angle in the ground—it looked like some sort of headstone that had fallen down. At last they wrenched it out and with much heaving and pushing flopped it over on its back at our feet.

"Isn't that an inscription?" asked the D.C., who was nearest, peering at it.

Jackson knelt down and began brushing away the sand and grit with his hand; then, producing a pocket knife, started to scrape.

Meanwhile the mound had disappeared and the diggers had made a definite hole. At any moment now, I felt, they might come upon something. The influential Mohammedan gentlemen, their faces betraying no emotion whatsoever, stood together in a group, dignified and grave; the D.C. and O.C. Station were talking quietly; Mr. Feroze Khan was whispering to one of his associates. Around us the crowd had become silent, as if it held its breath.

I began to feel quite excited. As I stood there, waiting for I knew not what, memories of Telford and all the talks we'd had about this old mullah came crowding into my mind. I believe I half expected some occult manifestation to occur.

At last one of the men muttered, "There's something here," and started to dig harder. And then—"It's a *bokus*, sahib!"

We crowded round the hole. It certainly was a box, a corner of it showed plainly, and when one of the men pulled at it a piece of rotted wood came away in his hand. More rapid digging and then we could see it—an old wooden case about three feet long, two feet wide, and eighteen inches high.

"Precious small mullah," commented O.C. Station.

"And they don't bury them in boxes anyway," murmured the D.C.

I was astounded. I suddenly realized that this mullah we'd known so long might be no mullah at all! I looked up. The influential Mohammedan gentlemen were obviously amazed; the face of Mr. Feroze Khan showed absolute consternation (I found out afterwards, he had claimed the deceased as one of his ancestors). I thought suddenly of buried treasure.

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Now came more digging and scraping, while various people said—"Steady," and "Be careful," and "Don't force it." And then the last little heap of sand was brushed off the top and very gingerly the rotted lid was raised. We all craned forward.

There, stretched out in the dust, was a framework of parched bones—a skeleton. But a skeleton that had a large skull and four legs!

We looked at each other blankly. For several seconds no one spoke. Then Jackson exclaimed, "That proves it," and pointed to the slab.

The inscription was just readable—

To
PUNCH.
1865—1879.

The secret lay bare. The grave was merely that of a faithful companion of some British officer of bygone days. The sacred Mullah of pious reputation was no True Believer at all, but a bulldog!

* * * * *

The rest hardly matters.

I made various inquiries to try and find out the origin of the "shrine," but without success. The picturesque knavery that, seeing an opportunity, gave it birth in order, presumably, to make money out of upkeep, was hidden, irretrievably, in the past.

And thus the spectre of the Mullah's Grave was laid for ever.

But by me, at any rate, it was not forgotten. Many a time when the punkah seemed to make no difference to the stifling air in my office, when everything was parched and dusty and a hot-weather mind felt jaded, the remembrance of how we'd all been taken in brought a smile and made life easier.

Poor Telford, he never knew to what strange God he bowed.

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THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF HORSE-BREEDING

By Major-General Sir John Moore,
K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.

It is a sad reflection on the probity of a country such as ours that it should be inappreciative of the vital necessity for gestures which conduce to the success and well-being of its oldest and basic industry of agriculture, its continued efficiency in trade and commerce from an economical aspect, its pre-eminence in sport, and in all those issues which make life worth living.

The withdrawal entirely by the Government of the grant for Light Horse Breeding, the non-acceptance of the means whereby the breeding of useful ponies may be fostered, and the dampness over the Scheme for Heavy Horse Breeding are matters which seriously affect the industrial community as a whole, be it agrarian or municipal. Without substantial financial aid and expressed encouragement by Government, horse-breeding, so vital to the country, must regrettably succumb. It is too much to expect individual breed societies, with their limited funds, to apply artificial respiration. Government must do something, and that something quickly. It is most necessary that there should be a sympathetic reconsideration of the whole aspect of horse-breeding in all its varied forms, and ways and means formulated to meet actual circumstances. Take for instance, the quota scheme for corn production and the breaking up of land from grass to arable in consequence. Where are the suitable farm horses to effect this? At present they are simply conspicuous by their absence in the desirable numbers. True it is that the intelligent farmer and breeder has somewhat anticipated events, and the number of this year's crop of foals has shown an increase, and perhaps future years will disclose

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further and maintained increases if encouragement is forthcoming.

It must be borne in mind that the average farmer cannot afford a tractor even if such mechanism were suitable for all aspects of farm work under the varying conditions of climate and the character of the land of this country. And, as the basis of all industry, agricultural or otherwise, is consonant with profit or loss, it is here opportune to review briefly the relative costings of tractor versus horse labour in agricultural undertakings.

In experiments conducted by the Department of Agricultural Economics, Oxford University, three years ago, it was calculated that the tractor will do twice as much work per hour as will two horses, and the cost of tractor work was 2s. 10d. per hour as against 1s. 8d. per hour for the same amount of work done by horses, the tractor cost being based on 740 hours per annum. In an investigation conducted recently into farming costs in the Department of Economics, South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, the cost of an hour's horse work was estimated at 4¾d., while in previous experiments the cost of tractor work averaged 3s. per hour. On the principle that a tractor will do twice as much work as a pair of horses in an hour, the cost of horse work as against tractor is therefore as 1s. 7d. to 3s. 0d. On Minnesota (U.S.A.) farms, with a mean annual hours of work at 417, the cost of 10 and 15 drawbar horse-power tractors works out at 4s. 6d. and 5s. 8d. per hour, respectively. Assuming that all farm work was to be mechanized, on costings, one tractor would be required to displace from two and a half to three and a half pairs of horses in this country, and from 10 to 15 horses in the United States—an impossible situation in our British farms of 300 acres and under.

The value of horses on farms, however, does not altogether lie with actual work done. The farmer has an eye to profit in production of the most suitable animal for general purposes, and this is where the State can be of great assistance to him in determining. The maintenance of good, sound mares and approved stallions are essential to the raising of suitable, sound young stock, which in their young ages can be broken in and

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used for farm work, and afterwards sold at a profit for commercial purposes in cities and towns. It is an aspect of farming which really does carry all-round economic advantage, and is worthy of sympathetic consideration in these depressed days of agriculture. The breeds of horses used for agricultural and commercial purposes are a national asset and should be treated accordingly; the interests of breeders respected; and encouragement rather than discountenance ordained.

So much for the horses of the farm and their production, and its bearing on the demand for animals for commercial and transport purposes. In the latter category, it must not be forgotten that the desire of the commercial firm and small trader is now more for the active type of horses that can compete with the faster, mechanized forms of transport in cities, equal to eight miles an hour at the trot, and quick off the mark at a given signal. Experience has conclusively shown that they carry economic advantage over mechanized means of transport within the short radius of common trade activity, an important factor in these days of industrial depression, reduced profits, and need for rigid economy in every walk of life.

With regard to light horses, it is estimated that there are at least 40,000 hunters over five years old in our various hunts in Great Britain. A foundation stock of approximately 5,000 mares is kept for the breeding of hunters of the best type, and 20,000 young stock under five years are coming on. This affords employment for a large number of men and women, the wage bill being estimated at £1,978,000 per annum, and the food required for these animals—estimated at exceeding £2,000,000 per annum—means a vast help to the British agriculturist. What with one thing and another it is safe to say that through hunting and riding there is a circulation of about £12,000,000 annually. The requirements of light horses for the Army, too, are considerable. The average strength of the Army in horses during the year 1931-32 was 13,327, of which 1,593 were remounts. The wastage from all causes during the year was approximately 12% (chargers 15%; others 10%), which may be taken as a guide for numbers required in replacement. The approximate cost prices of Army horses are as follows: Troop horses of Cavalry,

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R.H.A., R.F.A., R.E., R.A.S.C., etc., £50; Officers' Chargers, £70 (Infantry) and £120 (Cavalry); Household Cavalry Troop horses, £90; Chargers of Household Cavalry, £140. If an average price of a little over £50 is taken for all horses purchased, the total cost to the State for remounting the Army annually cannot be less than £80,000. So good a customer as the Army in the matter of light horses is in itself a sufficient reason for that help and encouragement which it is the duty of a State to render in the production of horses for the various purposes of an army.

Here it is apposite to recall briefly the history of the "Light Horse Breeding Scheme." This was initiated in 1911, and was administered by the Ministry of Agriculture. After the War, when economy became imperative, it was decided that the Scheme was not necessary in the interests of agriculture, and the grant (£30,000) could no longer be borne on the vote of the Ministry. It was suggested that if the Scheme was necessary for the Army, it should come against the Army Vote. The War Office accordingly took it over in 1924, and it goes without saying that the Army authorities carried it through successfully. In recent years much has been done to stimulate the Cavalry or Hunter type of horse, and the active, light draught horse with good trotting ability. Another merit of the Scheme so far as it concerned the War Office was that the producer could be brought direct into touch with the Army.

The Scheme is now a dead letter, so far as it affects the War Office. Only £8,000 was made available for the King's Premiums and Service Fees this year; the awards being given at the last Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society's Show at Islington. The grant for next year's Show has been abolished altogether. That such an impasse has arisen is greatly to be deplored, and it is hoped that ways and means will be found to re-animate the Scheme under different auspices. It is not the duty of an army to carry out comprehensive schemes of horse breeding. Clearly such are National services and administration should rest with the Ministry of Agriculture as the appropriate authority for the furtherance of its own industry in its various directions.

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In schemes, too, for horse breeding, the preservation and raising of our excellent breeds of ponies should find place. These useful animals have now almost become an essential part of our life. Properly broken and handled they are most suitable and adaptable for children. The vigorous development of the muscles through riding, the healthy respiration in the fresh air, and the confidence inspired, mean a lot in the sound, healthy, physical and mental development of the boy or girl. From the "eugenic" point of view, riding exercise is worthy of encouragement. From the point of view of work in the mines, our breeds of ponies are valuable, and their use constitutes an element of safety; the substitution of electric and other methods of hauling coal from the mine facings predisposing to explosions and disasters. For the small trader, too, the pony, inexpensive both in purchase and keep, fits in well with the profits of his business. There are many avenues of trade and pleasure where the pony becomes a necessary factor, and it should be our country's business to preserve their respective identities and to have a care for them generally.

In all schemes for horse breeding the keynote should be an industry directed towards home needs, and importations banned.

Lastly, Great Britain owes a debt to animals for the part they played in the War, and a few figures will make this clear:

The pre-War strength of the Home Army in horses was approximately 23,000. The strength in horses of the Expeditionary Force which mobilized and went to France was 53,000. During the first twelve days of the War 165,000 were requisitioned. Between August, 1914, and the middle of 1918 roughly 450,000 were bought in the United Kingdom, and over 700,000 horses and mules were bought in the United States and Canada. The estimated number purchased throughout the War amounted to 1,361,000. At one period of the War the strength of animals on all fronts totalled over 1,000,000. During the four and a half years of the War in France 750,000 animals took part, and the total wastage from death, destruction and missing amounted approximately to 250,000. From August, 1914 to March 31st, 1919, the total number of admissions to

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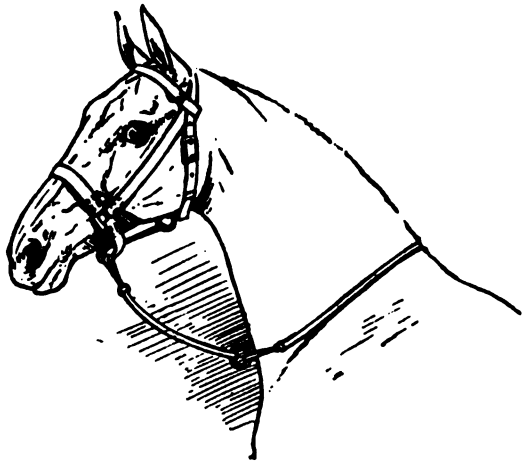
veterinary hospitals and convalescent horse depôts of the Home Command, and of the Expeditionary Forces in France, Egypt, Salonika, and Mesopotamia, amounted to 2,526,549, of which 78%, or approximately 2,000,000, were cured and returned to duty.

It is to be hoped that there will be no more wars, but it is inconceivable that any war could be conducted without horses, and it is necessary, therefore, to maintain horses as part of our Armed Forces. To be prepared for war is perhaps the best deterrent of it. And yet one can be justly proud of the achievements of animals in war. An outstanding instance, and probably without parallel in the history of all wars of a rapid and sustained movement was the advance on Jerusalem in 1917-18 of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby. By force of circumstance and military exigency some horses of the units engaged went without water for 84 hours; others for 77, 72, 68, 65 and 60 hours. It is a glorious and honourable page in the record of service of animals performing work under the most trying conditions of privation. It is quite certain that no mechanical substitute could have filled the rôle so successfully borne by animal flesh and blood.



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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM R. ROBERTSON, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.,

Colonel Royal Horse Guards.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON who died on February 12th had perhaps the most romantic career of any famous soldier of modern times.

Born on January 29th, 1860, in a Lincolnshire village, he enlisted in November, 1877, in the 16th Lancers, and, having served for 11 years in the ranks, was commissioned at the age of 28 to the 3rd Dragoon Guards then in India. He soon made a reputation by acquiring Hindustani, Persian, Punjabi and Pushtu, an unexampled achievement for a cavalry subaltern of that day. After employment in 1891 in the Black Mountain and Miranzai Expeditions, he spent three years in the Intelligence Department at Simla, adding Gurkhali to his collection of languages. In 1895 he was employed in the Chitral Expedition and awarded the D.S.O.

His next effort was to enter the Staff College and by sheer hard work he attained his end and in 1896 left India for Camberley. After Camberley he was posted as an "attached officer" to the Colonial Section of the Intelligence Department, and on the outbreak of the South African War went out on Lord Roberts' staff as Staff Captain of Intelligence. In 1902 Robertson was promoted to take charge of the new foreign section of the Intelligence branch and became a full Colonel in 1903.

In 1907 he went on half-pay, but soon became A.Q.M.G. Aldershot and in July, 1910, was given the post of Commandant the Staff College. In October, 1913, he was a Major-General and K.C.V.O. and became D.M.T.

In August, 1914, he went to France as Q.M.G. of the B.E.F. and in the autumn became C.G.S. of the B.E.F. and towards

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FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM R. ROBERTSON, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.,

Colonel Royal Horse Guards.

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the end of 1915 was appointed C.I.G.S., holding that post till 1917, when he was transferred to the Eastern Command. After the Armistice he commanded the Army of the Rhine and was promoted Field-Marshal in 1920.

The Army's feelings for the dead Field-Marshal were those of respect and affection and of the Cavalry, in particular, those of pride, while recognition of his integrity, brains and devotion was given to him in a measure vouchsafed to few other soldiers in our history.

In his private circle his simplicity and kindness of nature made him both liked and admired. Inside and outside the Army he will be mourned both as a great servant of the State and in his closing years as an ardent and effective advocate in the cause of peace.

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LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR ARTHUR LEETHAM, Knt., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., F.S.A.

WITHIN a few days of the publication of our last number, we heard of the death of one of the founders of the CAVALRY JOURNAL. Sir Arthur, who was one of the prime movers in starting the Journal, carried out the duties of Managing Editor from the start in 1906 until 1914 when publication was discontinued on account of the War. By this time the Journal had reached such a high standard that there was little difficulty in restarting it again when the War was over. Sir Arthur Leetham was still at the helm and launched the first post-war number in its old form. He always depended entirely on voluntary contributions and it was due to his untiring energy that there was never any lack of material. In 1920 he handed over the duties of Managing Editor to General Sir Neville Smyth, but continued to serve on the Committee of Management until his death.

Born in 1859, he was educated at King's College School and began his military career in the West Norfolk Militia. In 1880 he joined the 20th Hussars and served with that regiment, and later with the 13th Hussars, in the Sudan expedition of 1885-6.

During the Boer War he was private secretary to Lord Raglan, Under Secretary for War, and in 1903 was made secretary and curator of the Royal United Service Institution, a position which he held for twenty-four years. He was knighted in 1914 and created K.C.M.G. in 1924. During the Great War he was attached to the secretary, War Office, and was for some time personal assistant to Lord Kitchener.

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LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR ARTHUR LEETHAM, Knt., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., F.S.A.

By the courtesy of the Council of the Royal United Service Institution.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Botulism in Horses.

Editor, Cavalry Journal.

Sir,—I feel this subject will be of interest to Cavalry officers, as the disease is as yet little understood. In 1930 I remember several fatal cases amongst horses in the Veterinary Hospital at Aldershot, which had been grazing on the Plain near Salisbury. The symptoms seemed to me to be those of botulism. The "Live Stock Journal" published recently an account of cases in Australia caused by mice. The symptoms are varied, but usually the animal is dull and listless with irregular gait. The eyes are dull and the head hangs. Staggering becomes worse and if the horse gets down it is unable to rise, due to paralysis in the hind-quarters. The patient may eat and drink fairly well, others may become comatose and die in a few hours. Feeding on prepared fodder has been the cause generally in Australia. It is not infectious. The toxin is very virulent and is very soluble in water. The first symptoms appear in three to seven days after eating the poisoned fodder. The nests of mice and the bodies of dead mice form ideal conditions, and warmth, moisture and absence of air are necessary for the growth of the organism. The organism is carried about in the soil, dust or water. It has also been found in tufts of coarse, dead grass. Mould alone cannot produce the disease, which is directly caused by the bacillus Botulinus. It was found, in cases where the horse would take diet, that green food and bran mashes produced a cure, and the following powder was given, made up of potass. nitrate, sod. salicylate, red cinchona bark, nux vomica, ammon. carbonate, and linseed meal.

Colonel Evans, of the R.C.A.V.C., who has had considerable experience with the B. Botulinus when working with the

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Dominion Experimental Laboratories at Ottawa, states that the bacillus exists in nature. It causes no disturbance when eaten as a germ, but has fatal results if it is allowed to grow and produce the toxin. Eating canned string beans that have not been cooked has caused fatality in humans. Boiling destroyed the toxin immediately. He thinks that ensilage cannot be toxic as the fermentation therein kills the toxin.

In Australia the areas affected were those where there had been a mouse plague. Does not this give us food for important thought and study, and I feel any interest roused by this letter can but do good to the horse and any future cases that may arise.

Yours faithfully,

R. S. TIMMIS, Lt.-Col., R.C.D.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

There is once again a great dearth of cavalry topics in the January periodicals published at home and in the Dominions, though the general reader will find much to interest him.

The pick of the articles in "The Army Quarterly" would seem to be those by General Fuller on military inventions in the past, by Captain Liddell Hart on tactical training in 1932 (a first instalment), and a discussion by Captain Pemberton on the age-long rivalry of gun and small arms.

"The Fighting Forces" for December continues its series of articles by Major Burne on the Palestine campaign, the two Amman raids being here dealt with. Disarmament and the Far Eastern crisis come in for a due share of attention. The February number of the periodical contains a vigorous defence of "The Military Mind," by Colonel Baird Smith, and the continuance of Major Burne's account of the Amman raids, and yet two more disarmament articles.

"The Royal Artillery Journal" contains, besides its share of professional items, two bright little articles on regimental polo at home and on racing in Egypt, by way of lighter fare.

"The Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research" devotes the bulk of its pages to the conclusion of the narrative of the recapture of Newfoundland in 1762, extracted from Lord Amherst's papers.

In "The Journal of the United Service Institution of India" are to be found two most entertaining papers, the one entitled "Pre-War," expressing a grievance which most of the younger generation must often have felt against our beloved but often

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trying seniors, and the other "A Spasm," conveying in light form some valuable lessons on duties in aid of the civil power.

Flight-Lieutenant Walker continues, in "The Canadian Defence Quarterly," his story of the Mongol campaigns in Asia in the 13th century, and there are two interesting anonymous articles on Poland and on Disarmament.

"The Royal Engineers" and "Royal Air Force" Journals are too technical in their contents to call for extended comment, but the new "Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps" is full of good things—the best being three articles dealing respectively with the rivalry of road and rail transport, caravanning on holiday, and the history of British military organization.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

In the November-December number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" Lieut.-Colonel Pugens supplies another instalment of his study of the action of the German Cavalry in holding the gap between the Army Corps of Kluck and Bülow during the battle of the Marne (6th-9th September). He studies in detail the defence of the valley of the Petit Morin on the 8th. The story is given entirely from the German side; no nominal mention is made of the British units that took part in the actual fighting. He relies on French and German sources of information alone.

Pugens considers the German plan of defence very faulty; there was no co-ordination between the fire action of the troops left on the banks of the Petit Morin and the bulk of the cavalry brigades which remained immobile on the plateau above the river. Much more, he thinks, should have been done. He also emphasizes the gravity of Richtofen's order for retirement at midday on the 8th and the serious effect which the receipt of his W/T message announcing this retirement exercised on German G.H.Q. He states that the German retreat was saved from a rout by the hesitating manner in which the British advanced, supported by Conneau's French Cavalry Corps on their right as well as by portions of the French Fifth Army on that same flank. The British artillery seems, however, to have been most effective, particularly in its fire against the German 11th Cavalry Brigade. The next article by Colonel Toussan is short and to the point; it deals with the training of a cavalry regiment. All branches of training are considered, together with all modern methods of instruction, including sand-tables, models and cinema. Miniature target practice and

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anti-aircraft practice come into this survey. It appears that a loud-speaker is being evolved for training purposes in France. The article is profusely illustrated with good photographs of sand-tables, etc. There is a further instalment of the article on horse-breeding in Czechoslovakia and Switzerland already mentioned in our last number. Captain Rumilly then begins what may prove to be a good series of articles on the future use of cavalry for divisional or corps purposes. After reviewing the various functions of such cavalry, the author proposes the reorganization of corps cavalry on a motorized basis. He suggests, however, that the divisional cavalry should be retained as a horsed unit: one regiment to a division, but strengthened with machine-guns, anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns. The Corps cavalry he wishes to see motorized and composed of :— 2 regiments of " dragons portés," *i.e.*, motor-carried infantry armed with automatic weapons; 1 motorized reconnaissance regiment (light tanks, etc.); 1 group of tractor-borne artillery. The number closes with a description of the march and manœuvres of the 3rd Cavalry Division (8th-10th September, 1932).

The " Revue Militaire Française " does not contain anything of special cavalry interest. But it has a remarkably clear article on the Manchurian situation. The writer concludes with an agreement with the 10th clause of the Lytton Commission's Report which recommends international co-operation in the reconstruction of China.

The Spanish " Revista de Estudios Militares" is publishing a series of character sketches of the great generals of the War. The December number has a very fair appreciation of Haig, which gives much detail though nothing new.

The American " Cavalry Journal " for November-December contains a number of very short articles, mostly of only general interest. The leading article shows the very difficult terrain over which the 56th Cavalry Brigade manœuvred in 1932. This is followed by a description of an ingenious motor vehicle which carries a 4.2″ mortar for the employment of smoke or

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chemical shell. A brief summary of the Japanese strategy at Shanghai completes the matter of interest to the foreign reader.

The French "Revue des Forces Aériennes" for November contains the concluding instalment by General A.'s article on the offensive value of the combatant forces of the present. He foresees that the Air Force of the future will constitute an army of itself, so to speak, and that the bombarding air forces will form the most important portion of such "armies." He then considers the question of the command of such armies; and he decides that the national High Command must in future control sea, land and air forces jointly. This process would logically terminate in the creation of a Ministry of Defence. The entire series of these articles, four in number, merits close study. The author also very lightly waives aside the possibility of the League of Nations putting an end to aerial warfare. Indeed, he consider that Italy has already brought into being an "Air Army" and that France must follow suit. His views unquestionably represent progressive French thought in matters of defence. The remainder of the number concerns the airman alone. The December number of the same "Revue" is almost entirely made up of purely technical matter, although the article on Smoke Production by Aircraft may prove of some interest to the soldier.

The Swiss reviews do not contain much that will interest the British cavalryman. The "Monatschrift für Offiziere aller Waften" concludes its study of the Gallipoli campaign based on the British official account. Colonel Curti, in both numbers before us, continues his very technical study of automatic fire-arms. It is based on a deep knowledge of mathematics and ballistics, and should appeal to the expert. A study on enveloping tactics is purely historical.

The Austrian "Militär-Wissenschaffliche Mitteilungen" for November-December concludes its account of the American Army deployment in 1917. It also contains a brief article, entitled "Usküb," well illustrated by diagrams, on the cavalry

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operation that brought to a climax the "break through" of the Allies on the Salonika front on 15th September, 1918. The writer shows how to the west of Monastir, and on both banks of the R. Vardar, the Bulgarians were holding their own until the 2nd and 3rd Bulgarian Divisions were defeated in the centre. Franchet d'Esperey then threw in his cavalry reserve and completed the breach. The Bulgarian surrender shortly followed. The January number contains a brief but interesting article on Brusilov's failure to employ his cavalry masses successfully in June, 1916. The writer shows how Brusilov had virtually the opening to achieve a great cavalry victory yet failed to take advantage of it. He was surprised by the measure of his own success and frittered away his best cavalry divisions in side issues.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Stand to Your Horses." By Sabretache. Illustrated by P. Bellew. (Ocean Publishing Company.) 21s.

Sabretache, well known to readers of the "Tatler," and the author of the excellent volumes of "Shires and Provinces," has found many humorous sides of the "Age Long Lure of the Horse" to write about. This is not a serious minded book, but yet contains lessons, such as the advisability of cultivating "the poker face" when selling a horse. Lest it be forgotten, sailors mount on the port side! but are sufficiently knowledgeable not to refer to the sharp and blunt ends of the horse. Those who contemplate blossoming forth into hunting circles may learn a lesson from "The Strange Adventure of Sir William Orvis," whose career is epitomized as "From Clay Pipe to Corona-Corona-Corona," and who provided at the Invitation Meet not only a brass band but also "ten large troughs full of Spratts' dog biscuits, and the newly cooked mutton-chops of a whole flock of sheep!" Fortunately, the M.F.H. had a sense of humour.

"Stand to Your Horses" belongs to the Christmas literature of horse-lovers and at the appropriate moment will produce many a laugh.

"Market Harborough" (with an introduction by Bernard Darwin), and "Riding Recollections," by G. J. White-Melville. (Published by Country Life, Ltd.) 6s. each.

Although the name of Whyte-Melville must be known to every foxhunter, yet few have ever read his books and for the good reason that it is many years since an edition of his works has been published. Thanks to Mr. Darwin and "Country

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Life" the opportunity has now been given to the present generation to read and study these classical works on hunting.

Whyte-Melville, who met his death in the hunting field in 1878, has been described as "the laureate of foxhunting," but he "remained all his life the brilliant amateur rather than the professional—the foxhunter who liked writing and not the writer who hunted." His technical knowledge of hunting was profound. His first novel was "Digby Grand" and the second "Market Harborough," published in 1861. The latter recounts the sporting adventures in the Shires of Mr. Sawyer, a thorough sportsman at heart but lacking in self-confidence especially when pitted against the nonchalant dandy "The Honourable Crasher." The author's descriptions of hunting days and runs and of the local personalities, largely humorous, are particularly vivid.

"Riding Recollections" is a treatise on horsemanship and on hunting, written in a light and pleasing style. The present generation is apt to look back upon the Victorian period as one in which the methods of kindness and of progressive training of the horse were unknown. That this is incorrect is clear from a perusal of Whyte-Melville's "Recollections," which might have been written for the Christmas library of 1933. Throughout his writings the author exhibits the happy knack of investing riding and hunting with a wonderful glamour which is imparted to readers.

We congratulate Mr. Darwin and the publishers in bringing forth this new edition at a very moderate price which fills a decided hole in hunting literature.

O. J. F. F.

"Elements of Horsemanship." By W. Fawcett. (Published by the "Field.")

The fact that this book is written by the hunting and racing editor of the "Field," should, in itself, be sufficient guarantee that it is worth "reading," one might almost add "buying" but the price is not mentioned. Full of good advice, the remarks throughout the book are based entirely on experience, and most of the chapters are framed for the benefit of the inexperienced.

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Our young readers are strongly recommended to take advantage of the life-long experience of Mr. Fawcett, who, as Lord Dorchester says in the introduction, has invariably schooled his own hunters and trained his own chasers. The illustrations are an excellent example of the work of that master of the art of horse photography, Mr. W. A. Rouch.

T.T.P.

"Military History for the Staff College Entrance Examination." By Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C. (Gale & (Polden.) 6s. 6d.

An officer who contemplates working for the Staff College Examination is always faced with the problem of where to begin.

There are many subjects and they all involve a considerable amount of reading and study. Foremost amongst these subjects is military history. There is a surfeit of literature written on each campaign and the syllabus of the examination covers some twelve theatres of war.

The student who is faced with this problem will find that this book is specially designed to fulfil this need. The subject is skilfully dealt with in a small book of some hundred pages, and a plan for work ready made. This plan is the result of study and experience and it will save the student an infinite amount of time and labour.

The book deals with each campaign briefly, giving a general "bird's eye" view of it.

Under each campaign there are separate paragraphs: (*a*) "Notes for further Study," recommending certain books. It is difficult for an author to make a selection that will suit everyone, but those recommended are generally the most up to date. (b) "Notes on Some Points of Interest," emphasizing the main features of the campaign. (*c*) "Questions on the Campaign" and "Suggested Answers."

The staff college student will find that all his requirements are provided for and this valuable little book can safely be recommended as his guide, philosopher, and friend.

J.J.O'B.

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The Art of War: (1) "The Future of Infantry." Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (2) "Generalship; its Diseases and Their Cure." Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Faber & Faber.) 2s. 6d. each.

These are the first two volumes of a series of new handbooks on various phases of the art of war, and promise well for its interest and success if in future issues the standard now set can be maintained. Details as to additional publications and writers in the series are unfortunately not to hand.

In the first of the pair now under review Captain Liddell Hart, while combating the theory that infantry has ever really been the decisive arm in war, opines that if modernized so as to form a true light infantry, and trained for manœuvre and use of ground, it will still have a prominent rôle to play in the future. He sees the new model battalion entirely motor-borne and partly mechanized, and sketches an organization of three companies, one comprising skirmishers mounted in small cars, one on light tanks armed with machine guns and mortars and the reserve company carried in buses—the whole some 500 strong; and in a lengthy appendix he works out a detailed establishment for this new unit.

General Fuller finds the most deadly disease of modern generalship in its divorce from leadership, caused by the difficulty experienced by commanders in gaining and maintaining touch with their men under modern conditions of vast armies and wide flung fronts. In the magnetism of their personal command the great generals of the past found their principal secret of success; this must be refound if true generalship is to be reborn. Generals must get back among their soldiery, and share their perils and privations; but for this they must be in the prime of life and health, and perhaps the most pressing need of armies to-day is to rejuvenate their higher ranks so that generals rise to command in war at an age early enough for this to be possible.

"The Romance of Regimental Marches." By Walter Wood. (Clowes.) 6s.

There was room for a book such as this purports to be—a popular yet accurate history of the airs traditionally associated

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as marching tunes with the various units and corps of the British Army; but in this case the execution has fallen behind the conception. The author has pursued his researches thoroughly and carefully and has clearly a wide initial knowledge of his subject; but something of its interest has lost itself in his pages, which are also disfigured by a number of minor errors, not all of the proof-reading variety The reviewer cannot but feel that some increase in the already high price of the book would have been worth while to allow of the inclusion of the simple airs of the various marches transcribed for music; it is believed that there is no complete collection of the music of these historic old tunes now available for public purchases, though we remember possessing one such before the Great War, issued we believe by Messrs. Boosey, who might do well to bring out a new edition.

"Hell's Bells and Mademoiselles." By J. Maxwell. (Angus & Robertson, Sydney.) 6s.

Mr. Maxwell, a gallant Australian who during the course of the war won in turn the D.C.M., the M.C., and the V.C., does his book something less than justice by reason of its lurid title (and an even more lurid dust jacket), for it embodies a vivid if somewhat overstrained story of actual happenings on the Western Front from 1916 to 1918, in which the fighting episodes at least are faithfully and admirably portrayed. The portion dealing with the "mademoiselles" is, one suspects, somewhat idealised, though the portraits of the two principal young ladies, Marie and Germaine, are certainly prepossessingly drawn. Mr. Maxwell knows how to write, as well as how to fight, and the main lives of his story carry conviction, however much one may suspect the accuracy of some of its details.

E. W. S.

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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

LUCKNOW AUTUMN POLO TOURNAMENT, 1932

The Draw	*Friday, 11th Nov.*	*Monday, 14th Nov.*	*Wednesday, 16th Nov.*	*Friday, 18th Nov.*
Cameronians 10th R. Hrs. "C"	10th Hrs. "C"	Royal Arty.		
Bye : Royal Arty. Skinner's Hrs. "B"	Skinner's		Skinner's	
10th Hrs. (Subs.) Bye : The Cygnets	Horse "B"	Skinner's Horse "B"	Horse "B"	10th Hussars "A"
Bye : Skinner's Horse "A" Bye : 10th Hussars "B"		10th Hussars "B"	10th Hussars "A"	
Bye : Skinner's Horse "C" Bye : 10th Hussars "A"		10th Hussars "A"		

The first game between the Cameronians and the 10th Hussars " C " team produced a keen even game among somewhat inexperienced players. The issue remained in doubt until the last moment when after four chukkers the score stood at three goals all. Extra time and widened goals (according to the Eastern rules) gave the match to the Hussar team.

The Infantry at their first appearance in the field put up a very good show. George Collingwood playing well for them as did Jones (this year's Kadir Cup winner) for the winners. Both teams started level on handicap.

The second match on the first day saw the Skinner's Horse " B " team face the 10th Hussars Subalterns. The Indian Cavalry team conceded two goals on the handicaps. Play opened with Skinner's Horse showing their opponents the pace, and gaining a goal. The second chukker was held up as Wingfield fell out from the effects of a back-hander on the shin bone and Major Hutchinson sportingly taking his place in wet-jersey over a pair of flannel trousers. The substitute, however, proved his worth by scoring for the 10th Hussars in this chukker and the third. In the last, the cavalry pulled themselves together—started to gallop and scored the three goals necessary to give them the match.

Second Round

1. Skinner's Horse " B " *v.* Cygnets (The Equitation School team)—plus 1½ goals.

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Skinner's Horse squared the handicap at the start and by half time appeared to have the match in hand. Play proved to remain interesting to the last and in the final chukker six goals were scored in as many minutes. Skinner's Horse winning by 9—6½. The Equitation School Team played bright but rather unpolished polo. The cavalry team were playing a young player of only a month's experience.

2. Skinner's Horse " C " *v.* 10th Hussars " A " (plus 5½).

The Hussars team led by the redoubtable Gairdner were expected to make hay of their opponents, but what with one thing and another they only managed to secure two goals in the first two chukkers. The half-time breather appeared to steady their nerves and in the third chukker they scored five times running out winners by 9 to 6½.

3. 10th Hussars " C " *v.* R.A. equal handicap.

The Hussars' big gun, Jones, mis-fired in this game and the Artillery side led by their C.O. walked away with the match by 5 to 2.

4. 10th Hussars " B " *v.* Skinner's Horse " A " (plus 1 goal).

The 10th Hussars opened with two goals in the first chukker and were completely all over their opponents. Skinner's Horse were again weak in the second and watched their opponents score their third goal, but after half time they pulled themselves together and hitting the ball instead of the ground were really unlucky round the Hussars' goal line in not equalising. Final score, 10th Hussars 5 to 2. Morley, a newly joined, kept his head and defended well.

Semi-Final

1. Skinner's Horse " B " conceded 4½ goals to the Royal Artillery and beat them 14 to 4½.

The Cavalry team had the best of the R.A. line up in ponies and experience, and went all out to level the handicap which they did shortly after the commencement of the second chukker. The Gunners did their brave best but were unable to keep the score from mounting up.

2. The 10th Hussars " A " gave away 4½ goals to their own " B " team and defeated them without difficulty to the tune of 7 to 5½.

Previous form rather favoured the " B " team on handicap in a four chukker match, but it is seldom that the weaker team beats the stronger of the same regiment even on handicap, and this proved to be the case. The " B " team had an inferiority complex and could not produce their form. Colonel Norrie played well for the losers. Harvey shot accurately for the " A " team and walked past the opposition on a very nice string of ponies.

The Final

Saw the 10th Hussars concede Skinner's Horse " B " 2½ goals and beat them 6 to 2½.

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At the very start Holder lost a leather in front of his goal, losing that goal and another before it was changed. This altered the complexion of handicap for the Cavalry, who fought hard against a superior team but did not stop their better mounted opponents in scoring regularly. Gairdner kept his side well together, and try as they might, Skinner's Horse could not penetrate the Hussars' defence.

In the subsidiary tournament for losers in the first two rounds, the 10th Hussars " C " beat Skinner's Horse " A."

At the conclusion of play the Raja of Jahangirabad gave away the Royals Cup and the Cups presented very kindly by himself. Polo players in Lucknow are much indebted to this good sportsman for his repeated generosity.

10th Royal Hussars " A "	
(Colours : Red, White & Black)	
(1) Mr. Malet	0
(2) Capt. C. B. Harvey	4
(3) Major C. H. Gairdner	7
(back) Capt. D. Dawnay	3
	14

10th Royal Hussars Subalterns	
(Colours : Red, White & Black)	
(1) Mr. H. S. K. Mainwaring	0
(2) Mr. A. D. R. Wingfield	1
(3) Mr. M. N. E. MacMullen	1
(back) Mr. J. P. Archer Shee	3
	5

Cameronians	
(Colours : —)	
(1) Mr. J. G. Dalziel	0
(2) Mr. G. Shaw	0
(3) Mr. R. G. Collingwood	0
(back) Mr. H. Murray	0
	0

Royal Artillery, Lucknow	
(Colours: Blue)	
(1) Lord W. H. Beresford	0
(2) Mr. J. B. Walters	0
(3) Lt.-Col. L. A. Eddis	0
(back) Mr. G. C. Crimshaw	0
	0

Skinner's Horse	
(Colours : Yellow & Blue)	
(1) Mr. A. S. Armstrong	0
(2) Major G. C. G. Gray	1
(3) Lt.-Col. G. A. C. Wetherall	1
(back) Capt. A. E. Dean	3
	5

Skinner's Horse " B "	
(Colours : Yellow & Blue)	
(1) Mr. C. R. D. Gray	0
(2) Mr. N. T. Loring	1
(3) Capt. E. D. Holder	5
(back) Major E. J. Fulton	3
	9

10th Royal Hussars " B "	
(Colours : Red, White & Black)	
(1) Capt. M. G. Roddick	1
(2) Lt.-Col. C. W. M. Norrie	1
(3) Capt. O. L. Boord	1
(back) Mr. M. F. Morley	0
	3

10th Royal Hussars " C "	
(Colours : Red, White & Black)	
(1) Mr. N. D. Charrington	0
(2) Mr. I. C. Teley	0
(3) Mr. A. Abel Smith	0
(back) Mr. H. H. Jones	0
	0

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The Cygnets (Colours : White)		*Skinner's Horse " C "* (Colours : Yellow & Blue)	
(1) Mr. W. F. Butler	1	(1) Capt. E. G. Haynes	0
(2) Capt. H. D. Caldecott	2	(2) Major S. W. M. Prinsep	0
(3) Mr. T. L. Hughes	2	(3) Capt. T. H. Travers	2
(back) Capt. P. W. Peters	1	(back) Capt. K. C. Cradock Watson	1
	6		3

THE NOWSHERA AUTUMN LOW HANDICAP POLO TOURNAMENT.

COMMENCED ON 4TH NOVEMBER, 1932

The following teams entered :—

15th/19th Hussars " A."
15th/19th Hussars " B."
15th/19th Hussars " C."
Hopefuls.
Incredibles.
3rd Mountain Battery, R.A.
Nondescripts.
Cads.
H.Q., Nowshera Brigade.
25th Field Brigade, R.A.
8th K.G.O. Cavalry.
" E " Battery, R.H.A.
31st Field Battery, R.A.
20th Lancers " X."
20th Lancers " Y."

Results were as follows :—

FIRST ROUND.

20th Lancers " X " beat the Hopefuls (received 1) by 6 goals to 4.

20th Lancers " X "	H'cp.	*Hopefuls*	H'cp.
(1) Lieut. H. M. Bromilow	0	(1) Capt. J. J. Duvivier	0
(2) Jem. Chaudari Khan	0	(2) Mr. F. R. B. Moore	1
(3) Ris. Hukam Singh	3	(3) Major R. H. O. Hanbury	0
(back) Lt.-Col. D. G. Bromilow	3	(back) Lt.-Col. H. F. Brace	3
	6		4

" E " Battery, R.H.A., beat the 25th Field Brigade, R.A. (received 2½), by 9 goals to 3.

" E " Battery, R.H.A.	H'cp.	*25th Field Brigade, R.A.*	H'cp.
(1) Lt.-Col. Hon. T. P. Butler	1	(1) Mr. H. G. M. Dunn	0
(2) Mr. R. W. McLeod	1	(2) Mr. F. N. W. Gore	0
(3) Mr. R. C. H. Kirwan	2	(3) Mr. J. E. C. Blunt	0
(back) Capt. H. M. Stanford	1	(back) Capt. P. W. Greest	0
	5		0

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20th Lancers " Y " beat 15th/19th Hussars " B " (received 1) by 6 goals to 4

20th Lancers " Y "	H'cp.	*15th/19th Hussars " B "*	H'cp.
(1) Capt. D. C. Voelker	2	(1) Mr. J. Holford	0
(2) Capt. P. C. Bullock	1	(2) Mr. R. Dorrien-Smith	0
(3) Lieut. J. F. Crimmin	1	(3) Capt. T. J. Arnott	3
(back) Major C. F. Marriott	2	(back) Mr. W. Rankin	1
	6		4

H.Q., Nowshera Brigade (received 3) beat the Incredibles by 6 goals to 5.

H.Q., Nowshera Brigade	H'cp.	*Incredibles*	H'cp.
(1) Brigadier W. D. Croft	0	(1) Mr. D. Dawes	0
(2) Capt. E. N. Goddard	0	(2) Maharaj Kumar Birjindar Singh	0
(3) Lt.-Col. A. K. G. Gordon-White	0	(3) Capt. W. R. N. Hinde	6
(back) Capt. S. B. Good	0	(back) Mr. G. Wright	0
	0		6

15th/19th Hussars " A " beat 31st Field Battery, R.A. (received 2½), by 10 goals to 3½.

15th/19th Hussars " A "	H'cp.	*31st Field Battery, R.A.*	H'cp.
(1) Mr. A. D. Taylor	2	(1) Mr. G. P. Blacker	0
(2) Mr. B. H. Mytton	1	(2) Major S. H. Wright	0
(3) Mr. E. G. Moon	2	(3) Mr. Hewetson	1
(back) Mr. Hodgkinson	1	(back) Mr. A. C. Smith	0
	6		1

8th K.G.O. Cavalry beat 3rd Mountain Battery, R.A. (received 3) by 10 goals to 5.

8th K.G.O. Cavalry	H'cp.	*3rd Mountain Battery, R.A.*	H'cp.
(1) Lieut. J. R. Cotton	0	(1) Mr. A. Galletti	0
(2) Capt. J. Wilson	4	(2) Capt. J. R. S. Roper	0
(3) Major B. H. O'Donnell	2	(3) Jem. Dawarah Singh	0
(back) Ris. Syed Amir-ud-Din	0	(back) Major H. S. MacDonald	0
	6		0

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SECOND ROUND

15th/19th Hussars " C " bead Cads (received 3) by 6 goals to 3.

15th/19th Hussars " C "	H'cp.	*Cads*	H'cp.
(1) Mr. Balmain	0	(1) Mr. L. H. Landon	0
(2) Mr. Courage	0	(2) Mr. J. B. Hobbs	0
(3) Capt. Cockayne-Frith	5	(3) Mr. J. M. Bannerman	0
(back) Capt. Mitchell	1	(back) Mr. W. D. Tarr	0
	6		0

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received ½), beat 20th Lancers " X " by 4½ goals to 1.
20th Lancers " Y " beat H.Q., Nowshera Brigade (received 3) by 7 goals to 3.
15th/19th Hussars " A " beat 8th K.G.O. Cavalry by 5 goals to 2.

SEMI-FINALS

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received ½), beat 15th/19th Hussars " C " by 4½ goals to 3.
15th/19th Hussars " A " beat 20th Lancers " Y " by 6 goals to 0.

FINALS

Nowshera Autumn Low Handicap Polo Tournament

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received ½), beat 15th/19th Hussars " A " by 3½ goals to 2.

SUBSIDIARY TOURNAMENT

Nowshera Autumn Low Handicap Polo Tournament

FIRST ROUND

The Incredibles beat the Hopefuls (received 1) by 5 goals to 3.
The 15th/19th Hussars " B " beat Cads (received 2) by 10 goals to 3.
3rd Mountain Battery, R.A., beat 25th Field Brigade, R.A., by 3 goals to 2.
31st Field Battery—a bye.

SEMI-FINALS

15th/19th Hussars " B " beat 3rd Mountain Battery, R.A. (received 2), by 9 goals to 5.
Incredibles beat 31st Field Battery, R.A. (received ½), by 3 goals to 2½.

FINALS

15th/19th Hussars " B " (received 1) beat the Incredibles by 4 goals to 3.

POLO IN QUETTA, 1932

Polo was well-supported in Quetta this year, there being a considerable increase in the number of players over last year. A fortunate spell of rain in July saved the Grounds, and the Tournament Ground remained in really excellent condition throughout the season.

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Only two teams entered for the " Open Tournament." The match produced some very good and most exciting polo to watch. Neither team was at any time more than two goals ahead of the other. The Staff College scored the equalising goal some five seconds before the end of the sixth chukker, and goals had to be widened. The Scinde Horse then scored the winning goal within half a minute. A new feature was an American Tournament played in September at the end of the season. It succeeded in its object of maintaining keenness and minimising the feeling of anti-climax after the Horse Show Week and Open Handicap Tournament.

Twenty-four players entered, and their names were placed in four hats according to their places on the field. A name was drawn from each hat to make a team, and six teams as nearly level as possible were thus formed. The " Cats " won the tournament without the loss of a single match.

Other Tournaments played were as under :—

CADET COLLEGE TOURNAMENT.—Nine teams entered. Won by the Scinde Horse " Y " with the Scinde Horse " X " as runner-up. Score 5½—5.

THE QUETTA NOVICES' TOURNAMENT was played on 4th July and was won by the Scinde Horse after a close game with the Staff College " A " Team by 6—5.

THE QUETTA " UNLIMITED," for which eight teams entered, was played in August. The Staff College " A " Team again entered the Final, but were defeated by " Loralai " by 6½—5 goals.

CADET COLLEGE POLO TOURNAMENT.

3rd June, 1932.

FIRST ROUND.

Byes— Staff College "B". Royal Artillery "Y".
Staff College "C". Scinde Horse "X"
Royal Artillery "X" Kadanians.
Staff College "A"

Scinde Horse "Y" beat I.A.S.C. 4½—2.

SCINDE HORSE "Y"		I A.S.C.	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Capt. H. P. Webster	0
2. Mr. R. J. Benwell	4	2. Capt. K. Jermyn	0
3. Capt. W. F. D. Robinson ..	3	3. Lt.-Col. G. R. Rae	1
4. Major C. C. Morrison . ..	0	4. Capt. L. A. Loup	0
	7		1

SECOND ROUND.

Staff College "B" beat Royal Artillery "Y". 10—4.

STAFF COLLEGE "B"		ROYAL ARTILLERY "Y"	
1. Capt. G. B. J. Kellie.. ..	0	1. Mr. J. C. N. Watson . ..	0
2. Capt. J. S. Ballentine ..	2	2. Mr. H. A. Ross	0
3. Capt. G. Carr-White ..	6	3. Capt. R. H. P. Addington ..	0
Bk. Capt. F. J. Mitchell	0	Bk. Mr. J. H. McCarthy	0
	8		0

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Scinde Horse "X" beat Staff College "C". 5—2.

Scinde Horse "X"		Staff College "C"	
1. Mr. F. J. M. Nixon	2	1 { Capt. M. W. M. MacLeod ..	0
2. Capt. W. B. Aspinall . ..	1	1 { Capt. J. C. F. Holland ..	0
3 Capt. F. W. S. Watkins ..	4	2. Capt. C. T. Edwards	0
Bk. Lt.-Col. J. P. Thompson ..	1	3 Lt.-Col. T. W. Corbett ..	4
		Bk. Capt. G. M. Dyer	1
	8		5

Kadanians beat Royal Artillery "X". 9—2.

Kadanians		Royal Artillery "X"	
1. Mr. H. M. Prentice	0	1. Mr. T. P. Keene	0
2. Major D. F. McConnel ..	1	2. Mr. W. Byas	0
3. Col. R. S. Abbott	1	3. Capt. F. E. Elliot	0
4. Capt. Khan Mohd. Khan ..	0	Bk. Mr. T. E. D. Kelly	0
	2		0

Scinde Horse "Y" beat Staff College "A".

Scinde Horse "Y"		Staff College "A"	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Capt. E. P. N. Jones ..	0
2. Mr. R. J. Benwell	4	2. Capt. E. Hakewill-Smith ..	1
3. Capt. W. F. D. Robinson ..	3	3. Capt. R. F. Ware	3
4. Major C. C. Morrison . ..	0	Bk. Capt. G. Nadin	4
	7		8

Semi-Final.

Scinde Horse "X" beat Staff College "B". 5—4.
Scinde Horse "Y" beat Kadanians. 7—3½.

Final.

Scinde Horse "Y" beat Scinde Horse "X". 5½—5.

QUETTA NOVICES POLO TOURNAMENT.

The Challenge Cup presented by the Quetta Races. 4th July, 1932.

First Round.

The Scinde Horse beat I.A.S.C. 9—1½.

The Scinde Horse		I.A.S.C.	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Capt. H. P. Webster.. ..	0
2. Capt. W. B. Aspinall ..	1	2. Capt. K. Jermyn	0
3. Mr. H. M. Prentice	0	3. Lt.-Col. G. R. Rae	1
Bk. Major C. C. Morrison . ..	1	Bk. Capt. L. A. Loup	0
	2		1

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20th Lancers " Y " beat 15th/19th Hussars " B " (received 1) by 6 goals to 4

20th Lancers " Y "	H'cp.	*15th/19th Hussars " B "*	H'cp.
(1) Capt. D. C. Voelker	2	(1) Mr. J. Holford	0
(2) Capt. P. C. Bullock	1	(2) Mr. R. Dorrien-Smith	0
(3) Lieut. J. F. Crimmin	1	(3) Capt. T. J. Arnott	3
(back) Major C. F. Marriott	2	(back) Mr. W. Rankin	1
	6		4

H.Q., Nowshera Brigade (received 3) beat the Incredibles by 6 goals to 5.

H.Q., Nowshera Brigade	H'cp.	*Incredibles*	H'cp.
(1) Brigadier W. D. Croft	0	(1) Mr. D. Dawes	0
(2) Capt. E. N. Goddard	0	(2) Maharaj Kumar Birjindar Singh	0
(3) Lt.-Col. A. K. G. Gordon-White	0	(3) Capt. W. R. N. Hinde	6
(back) Capt. S. B. Good	0	(back) Mr. G. Wright	0
	0		6

15th/19th Hussars " A " beat 31st Field Battery, R.A. (received 2½), by 10 goals to 3½.

15th/19th Hussars " A "	H'cp.	*31st Field Battery, R.A.*	H'cp.
(1) Mr. A. D. Taylor	2	(1) Mr. G. P. Blacker	0
(2) Mr. B. H. Mytton	1	(2) Major S. H. Wright	0
(3) Mr. E. G. Moon	2	(3) Mr. Hewetson	1
(back) Mr. Hodgkinson	1	(back) Mr. A. C. Smith	0
	6		1

8th K.G.O. Cavalry beat 3rd Mountain Battery, R.A. (received 3) by 10 goals to 5.

8th K.G.O. Cavalry	H'cp.	*3rd Mountain Battery, R.A.*	H'cp.
(1) Lieut. J. R. Cotton	0	(1) Mr. A. Galletti	0
(2) Capt. J. Wilson	4	(2) Capt. J. R. S. Roper	0
(3) Major B. H. O'Donnell	2	(3) Jem. Dawarah Singh	0
(back) Ris. Syed Amir-ud-Din	0	(back) Major H. S. MacDonald	0
	6		0

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SECOND ROUND

15th/19th Hussars " C " bead Cads (received 3) by 6 goals to 3.

15th/19th Hussars " C "	H'cp.	*Cads*	H'cp.
(1) Mr. Balmain	0	(1) Mr. L. H. Landon	0
(2) Mr. Courage	0	(2) Mr. J. B. Hobbs	0
(3) Capt. Cockayne-Frith	5	(3) Mr. J. M. Bannerman	0
(back) Capt. Mitchell	1	(back) Mr. W. D. Tarr	0
	6		0

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received ½), beat 20th Lancers " X " by 4½ goals to 1.
20th Lancers " Y " beat H.Q., Nowshera Brigade (received 3) by 7 goals to 3.
15th/19th Hussars " A " beat 8th K.G.O. Cavalry by 5 goals to 2.

SEMI-FINALS

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received ½), beat 15th/19th Hussars " C " by 4½ goals to 3.
15th/19th Hussars " A " beat 20th Lancers " Y " by 6 goals to 0.

FINALS

Nowshera Autumn Low Handicap Polo Tournament

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received ½), beat 15th/19th Hussars " A " by 3½ goals to 2.

SUBSIDIARY TOURNAMENT

Nowshera Autumn Low Handicap Polo Tournament

FIRST ROUND

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The 15th/19th Hussars " B " beat Cads (received 2) by 10 goals to 3.
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CADET COLLEGE POLO TOURNAMENT.

3rd June, 1932.

FIRST ROUND.

Byes—	Staff College "B".	Royal Artillery "Y".
	Staff College "C".	Scinde Horse "X"
	Royal Artillery "X"	Kadanians.
	Staff College "A"	

Scinde Horse "Y" beat I.A.S.C. 4½—2.

SCINDE HORSE "Y"		I A.S.C.	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Capt. H. P. Webster.. ..	0
2. Mr. R. J. Benwell	4	2. Capt. K. Jermyn	0
3. Capt. W. F. D. Robinson ..	3	3. Lt.-Col. G. R. Rae	1
4. Major C. C. Morrison . ..	0	4. Capt. L. A. Loup	0
	7		1

SECOND ROUND.

Staff College "B" beat Royal Artillery "Y". 10—4.

STAFF COLLEGE "B"		ROYAL ARTILLERY "Y"	
1. Capt. G. B. J. Kellie.. ..	0	1. Mr. J. C. N. Watson . ..	0
2. Capt. J. S. Ballentine ..	2	2. Mr. H. A. Ross	0
3. Capt. G. Carr-White ..	6	3. Capt. R. H. P. Addington ..	0
Bk. Capt. F. J. Mitchell	0	Bk. Mr. J. H. McCarthy	0
	8		0

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Scinde Horse "X" beat Staff College "C". 5—2.

Scinde Horse "X"		Staff College "C"	
1. Mr. F. J. M. Nixon	2	1 { Capt. M. W. M. MacLeod ..	0
2. Capt. W. B. Aspinall . ..	1	1 { Capt. J. C. F. Holland ..	0
3 Capt. F. W. S. Watkins ..	4	2. Capt. C. T. Edwards	0
Bk. Lt.-Col. J. P. Thompson ..	1	3 Lt.-Col. T. W. Corbett ..	4
		Bk. Capt. G. M. Dyer	1
	8		5

Kadanians beat Royal Artillery "X". 9—2.

Kadanians		Royal Artillery "X"	
1. Mr. H. M. Prentice	0	1. Mr. T. P. Keene	0
2. Major D. F. McConnel ..	1	2. Mr. W. Byas	0
3. Col. R. S. Abbott	1	3. Capt. F. E. Elliot	0
4. Capt. Khan Mohd. Khan ..	0	Bk. Mr. T. E. D. Kelly	0
	2		0

Scinde Horse "Y" beat Staff College "A".

Scinde Horse "Y"		Staff College "A"	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Capt. E. P. N. Jones ..	0
2. Mr. R. J. Benwell	4	2. Capt. E. Hakewill-Smith ..	1
3. Capt. W. F. D. Robinson ..	3	3. Capt. R. F. Ware	3
4. Major C. C. Morrison . ..	0	Bk. Capt. G. Nadin	4
	7		8

Semi-Final.

Scinde Horse "X" beat Staff College "B". 5—4.
Scinde Horse "Y" beat Kadanians. 7—3½.

Final.

Scinde Horse "Y" beat Scinde Horse "X". 5½—5.

QUETTA NOVICES POLO TOURNAMENT.

The Challenge Cup presented by the Quetta Races. 4th July, 1932.

First Round.

The Scinde Horse beat I.A.S.C. 9—1½.

The Scinde Horse		I.A.S.C.	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Capt. H. P. Webster.. ..	0
2. Capt. W. B. Aspinall ..	1	2. Capt. K. Jermyn	0
3. Mr. H. M. Prentice	0	3. Lt.-Col. G. R. Rae	1
Bk. Major C. C. Morrison . ..	1	Bk. Capt. L. A. Loup	0
	2		1

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Staff College "B" beat Royal Artillery "W". 17—½.

Staff College "B"		Royal Artillery "W"	
1. Capt. G. B. J. Kellie.. ..	0	1. Capt. R. H. P. Addington ..	0
2. Capt. E. P. N. Jones ..	0	2. Mr. J. C. N. Watson.. ..	0
3. Capt. J. Patrick	1	3. Mr. W. Byas	0
3. Capt. J. Barron	1	Bk. Mr. T. P. Keene	0
Bk. Capt. F. J. Mitchell . ..	0		
	1		0

Staff College "A" beat Royal Artillery "Z". 4—3½.

Staff College "A"		Royal Artillery "Z"	
1. Capt. M. W. M. MacLeod ..	0	1. Mr. J. H. McCarthy	0
2. Capt. C. T. Edwards.. ..	0	2. Mr. R. G. B. Reed	0
3. Capt. E. Hakewill-Smith ..	1	3. Major D. F. McConnel ..	1
Bk. Capt. G. M. Dyer	1	Bk. Mr. T. E. D. Kelly ..	0
		Bk. Capt. F. E. Elliot ..	0
	2		1

Bystanders beat The Scrafs. 8—1½.

Bystanders		The Scrafs	
1. Ris. Mahfuz Ali	1	1. Capt. E. D. Corkery ..	0
2. Capt. R. F. B. Hill	0	2. Capt. M. W. Kennedy ..	0
3. Col. R. S. Abbott	1	3. F/O. H. A. G. Comerford ..	0
Bk. Capt. Malik Khan Mohd. ..	0	Bk. Sqn.-Ldr. A. B. Ellwood ..	1
	2		1

Semi-Final.

The Scinde Horse beat Staff College "B". 3—½.
Staff College "A" beat Bystanders. 6—2.

Final.

The Scinde Horse beat Staff College "A". 6—5.

Subsidiary.

I.A.S.C. beat Scrafs. 7—1.
Royal Artillery "Z" beat Royal Artillery "W". 10—½.

Final.

Royal Artillery "Z" beat I.A.S.C. 5—4.

THE QUETTA OPEN TOURNAMENT.

5th August, 1932.

Scinde Horse beat Staff College. 10—9.

Scinde Horse	Staff College
1. Mr. F. J. M. Nixon	2. Capt. J. S. Ballentine
2. Mr. R. J. Benwell	2. Lt.-Col. T. W. Corbett
3. Capt. F. W. S. Watkins	3. Capt. G. Carr-White
Bk. Capt. W. E. D. Robinson.	Bk. Capt. G. Nadin

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THE QUETTA UNLIMITED HANDICAP POLO TOURNAMENT.

22nd August, 1932.

First Round.

The Scinde Horse "X" *v.* Royal Artillery (Scratched).

The Scinde Horse "X"		Royal Artillery	
1. Capt. H. F. McKillop ..	0	1. Mr. J. H. McCarthy ..	0
2. Mr. R. J. Benwell	4	2. Mr. R. G. B. Reed	0
3. Capt. F. W. S. Watkins ..	4	3. Major D. F. McConnel ..	1
Bk. Major C. C. Morrison ..	1	Bk. Mr. T. E. D. Kelly	0
	9		1

Staff College "A" beat Staff College "B". 9—4½.

Staff College "A"		Staff College "B"	
1. Capt. M. W. M. MacLeod ..	0	1. Capt. J. Patrick	1
2. Lt.-Col. T. W. Corbett ..	4	2. Capt. J. S. Ballentine ..	2
3. Capt. G. Carr-White ..	6	3. Capt. R. F. Ware	3
Bk. Capt. G. Nadin	4	Bk. Capt. G. M. Dyer	1
	14		7

Loralai beat The Scinde Horse "Y". 7—0.

Loralai		The Scinde Horse "Y"	
1. Mr. D. McD. Reinhold ..	0	1. Mr. F. J. M. Nixon	2
2. Mr. P. L. A. Hill	2	2. Capt. G. M. Stroud	2
3. Major C. J. R. Turner ..	1	3. Capt. W. F. D. Robinson ..	3
Bk. Capt. I. F. Hossack	3	Bk. Capt. W. B. Aspinall ..	1
	6		8

Staff College "C" beat I.A.S.C. 7—2.

Staff College "C"		I.A.S.C.	
1. Capt. G. B. J. Kellie ..	0	1. Capt. D. R. Shannon ..	0
2. Capt. C. T. Edwards.. ..	0	2. Capt. K. Jermyn	0
3. Capt. J. Barron	1	3. Major E. E. Kennedy ..	2
Bk. Capt. F. J. Mitchell	0	Bk. Lt.-Col. G. R. Rae	1
	1		3

Semi-Final.

Staff College "A" beat The Scinde Horse "X". 7—2½.
Loralai beat Staff College "C". 6—4½.

Final.

Loralai beat Staff College "A". 6½—5.

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AMERICAN POLO TOURNAMENT.

5th September, 1932.

GNATS		BATS	
1. Capt. Kellie	0	1. Capt. Jermyn..	0
2. Ris. Mahfuz Ali	1	2. Capt. Ballentine	2
3. Col. Abbott	1	3. Capt. Robinson	3
Bk. Capt. Duncan	0	Bk. Mr. Keene	0
	2		5

RATS		SPRATS	
1. Mr. Ross	0	1. Capt. Kennedy	0
1. Capt. Hill	0	2. Major McConnel	1
2. Mr. Nixon	2	3. Capt. Ware	3
3. Mr. Benwell	4	Bk. Capt. Malik Khan Mohd. ..	0
Bk. Lt.-Col. Rae	1		
	7		4

CATS		BRATS	
1. Mr. Watson	0	1. Mr. Prentice	0
2. Capt. Edwards	0	2. Capt. Aspinall	1
3. Lt.-Col. Messervy	4	3. Capt. Watkins	4
Bk. Major Morrison	1	Bk. Capt. Sawyer	0
	5		5

CANADA

CANADIAN ARMY HORSE SHOW TEAM, 1932

The team took part in the Boston, New York, and Toronto Royal Horse Shows, which lasted from 25th October to 27th November. It consisted of Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Capt. L. D. Hammond, Capt. S. C. Bate, and Capt. C. C. Mann, all of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

At Boston, Capt. Mann won the International Individual Military on Michael. The team also won 2 seconds, 1 third, 2 fourths, and 4 fifths.

At New York, Capts. Hammond and Mann won the International Pair Jumping. The team also won 2 seconds, 2 thirds, and 1 fourth.

In Toronto, besides winning the International Team Trophy in which two horses went round without a fault, Capt. Mann won the Knock Down and Out Stakes, Capt. Bate won the Charger Class. The team also won 1 second, 4 thirds, and 1 fourth.

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THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW, TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1932

WINNERS OF INTERNATIONAL TEAM TROPHY. CANADIAN ARMY TEAM

Lt.-Col. R. S. TIMMIS, D.S.O., Capt. L. D. HAMMOND, Capt. C. C. MANN, all of the Royal Canadian Dragoons
U.S.A. second. France third. Irish Free State fourth.

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ALDERSHOT BONA FIDE MILITARY MEETING, MARCH, 1933.

Exactly when Military Races were instituted in the Aldershot Garrison is somewhat doubtful. It is, however, fairly certain that they have had a long and varied history, for in 1882 the Aldershot Races became the Aldershot Divisional Steeplechases, under the patronage of General Sir Daniel Lysons, K.C.B., with H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G., and Major-General Sir F. W. J. FitzWygram, Bart., as the Chief Stewards.

In those days, meetings were held twice a year ; a two-day meeting in April, and a further two-day meeting in July or November. So, for a period of at least forty years without a break, the Aldershot Steeplechases continued until the Autumn of 1914, when the Great War temporarily checked their history until April, 1920.

As might be expected, the ventures immediately following the Great War were not financially successful, until at last, in 1926, after a period of something like fifty years, the Aldershot Races became moribund.

And yet, had one visited the Twesledown Racecourse on 3rd and 4th March, 1933, the occasion of the Aldershot March Bona Fide Military Meeting, he would have found sufficient evidence that this institution is once again a very live and popular one.

General Sir David Campbell, K.C.B.—himself a redoubtable rider, one time winner of the Grand National, and at the age of 62 the winner of the " Military Drag Hunts Cup " over a 3½ miles steeplechase course at Aldershot —came to the rescue of the Aldershot Races on taking over the Aldershot Command in 1926. Under his able mastership, the Aldershot Races were resuscitated as " Bona Fide Military Meetings." These are meetings held under National Hunt Rules by a regular unit or units of the Army, Navy or Royal Air Force, over a course duly approved by the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee, after inspection by one of the Inspectors of Steeplechase Courses, at which :—

(1) Every race is a steeplechase, not being a handicap or selling race, or over a less distance than three miles, confined to horses certified by a Master of Foxhounds, Stag Hounds, Harriers or Military Drag Hounds, to have been regularly and fairly hunted during the current hunting season.

(2) No money for the winner of any steeplechase shall be of greater value than 20 sovs. in all, except in cases where a cup or other trophy is given from a private source and specified in the conditions of the steeplechase.

(3) Only officers qualified to enter are allowed to ride.

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Since those days, the course, buildings and general amenities at Twesledown have been improved beyond recognition, including the introduction of the totalisators in the Members' and Public Enclosures, and the efforts of the Race Committee have been rewarded by the enthusiasm and numerical strength of the Members of the Aldershot Race Club.

The weather on Friday, 3rd March, was wretched, and it was only due to the hard work put in on the course by the officials that racing was possible, as only a few days before, the course was covered with several inches of snow. In spite of the weather, the attendance was very nearly up to the average, and a good day's sport was enjoyed by those who were hardy enough to face the rain.

On Saturday, the weather was fine, the sun shone, and there was a very large attendance.

For the 12 races there were 256 entries, so that large fields were the order of the day, and the majority of the finishes provided many thrills.

The backers who were fortunate to "spot" the winners had an excellent return for their money; one horse returning 20 to 1 from the bookmakers, and 135s. 3d. on the Tote, whilst Mr. G. R. Trotter's (The Greys) "Salvo" returned 167s. 9d. in the "Foxhunters' Cup."

The following are the details of the two days' races:—

FRIDAY'S RESULTS:

THE 7TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS' CHALLENGE CUP, value 50 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Lilford II (Lieut.-Colonel A. Breitmeyer), aged, 12st. 7lb. Capt. N. L. Palmer.
(2) Bella (Mr. A. I. Cameron), aged, 12st. 7lb. Mr. A. Cameron.
(3) Brandy Snap II (Capt. H. A. Pelly), aged, 12st. 7lb. Capt. Pelly.

Also ran:—Belinda IV (Capt. F. W. Byass), Mr. Davies Gilbert; Greengill II (Mr. R. F. G. Jayne), aged, Mr. R. Jayne; Commissioner (Mr. W. Kevil-Davies), aged, Owner; Tinkerbell III (Major N. E. Weatherall), aged, Capt. F. W. Byass.

Won by five lengths; a bad third.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND CHARGERS CUP, value 30 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Clanwilliam (Major G. A. Kelly), aged, 11st. 10lb. Mr. Dalziel.
(2) The Garbo (Mr. J. Parsons), aged, 11st. 10lb. Owner.
(3) Lulu II (Mr. G. Gregson), aged, 11st. 10lb. Owner.

Also ran:—Marshal Ney (Mr. J. Adams), aged, Owner; Foxglove IV (Capt. F. W. Byass), aged, Owner; Gay Boy III (Major E. G. L. Cullum), aged, Mr. Ireland Smith; George IV (Capt. V. Jones), aged, Owner; Liberty IV (Mr. W. Kevil-Davies), aged, Owner; Spinelli II (Mr. I. McIntosh), aged, Owner; Mehitabel (Mr. E. Myers), aged, Owner; Hatchett (Mr. B. Pinney), aged, Owner; Primrose II (Brigadier Savile), aged, Mr. Chatter; Red Sand III (Mr. S. Vernon), aged, Mr. Vernon Miller; The Satrap III (Mr. Haughton Watson), aged, Owner; Night Watchman (Mr. R. Wheeler), aged, Owner.

Won by six lengths; a length separated second and third.

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THE TWESLEDOWN OPEN CUP RACE, value 20 sovs., with 20 sovs. to winner. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) St. Jude (Mr. D. Turnbull), aged, 11st. 7lb. Owner.

(2) Lobelline (Mr. G. Gee), aged, 11st. 7lb. Owner.

(3) Hy. Brazil (Capt. B. Fowler), aged, 11st. 7lb. Owner.

Also ran :—View Label (Capt. W. Carr), aged, Owner ; Decent Fellow (Major J. Coombe), aged, Owner ; Aldershot (Mr. D. Daly), aged, Owner ; Juanita (Capt. M. Erskine), aged, Owner ; Black Jack II (Capt. J. Hallowes), aged, Owner ; Traprain (Capt. G. Heath), aged, Owner ; Rosetta Stone (Mr. H. Phillips), aged, Owner ; Prospective (Mr. J. Phillips), aged, Owner ; Maureen Aroon (Mr. A. Scott), aged, Owner ; Airman (Capt. E. Sullivan), aged, Owner.

Won by three lengths ; half a length separated second and third.

THE SMITH-DORRIEN RACE of 20 sovs. to winner. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Tinvane (Major G. H. Hay), aged, 11st. 11lb. Owner.

(2) American Lady (Mr. C. Heber-Percy), 6 years, 11st. 11lb. Owner.

(3) Magnesian (Major E. Stacpoole), 6 years, 11st. 11lb. Mr. Eykyn.

Also ran :—Martin Chuzzlewit (Mr. C. Bernard), aged, Owner ; Matterhorn (Mr. R. Curry), aged, Owner ; Golden Arrow III (Mr. D. Fabin), aged, Owner ; Coppernob (Major H. Gadd), 6 years, Mr. W. Price ; Miss Breadsall (Mr. J. Gurney), aged, Owner ; Onyx IV (Mr. A. Hiddingh), aged, Owner ; Spectacles (Mr. G. Gordon Lennox), aged, Owner ; Just Luck II (Mr. J. Windsor Lewis), aged, Owner ; Dragon Fly II (Mr. G. Smith-Dorrien), aged, Owner ; Red Princess II (Capt. O. Swinburne), aged, Mr. J. Lawrence ; Auld Lang Syne (Mr. W. Marshall), aged, Owner.

Won by a short head ; two lengths separated second and third.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND HEAVYWEIGHT RACE of 20 sovs. to winner. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Gentian Blue (Mr. J. E. Upton), 6 years, 14st. Owner.

(2) Vital (Major H. Lumsden), aged, 13st. 9lb. Owner.

(3) Irish Guardsman (Lieut.-Colonel T. Sebag-Montefiore), aged, 14st. Mr. H. Phillips.

Also ran :—Drumbanagher (Mr. A. Cameron), aged, Owner ; Sandy Point (Mr. G. Colchester), aged, Owner ; Satinwood (Mr. G. Dollar), 6 years, Owner ; Anzac VI (Major G. Hay), aged, Owner ; Old Bailey (Mr. E. Myers), aged, Owner ; Speedyman (Mr. J. Vernon Miller), aged, Owner ; Lonsdale (Mr. W. Haughton Watson), aged, Owner ; Queensgate (Mr. N. Wilson), aged, Owner ; Margaux (Mr. R. de Winkfield), aged, Owner ; Dick VI (Capt. W. Wise), aged, Mr. J. Lace y

Won by three lengths ; a length separated second and third.

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THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MAIDEN RACE of 20 sovs. to winner. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Derrymore (Capt. B. Fowler), 6 years, 12st. 7lb. Owner.

(2) Bright Gem (Mr. H. Phillips), aged, 12st. 7lb. Owner.

(3) William the Silent (Mr. H. Nicoll), 6 years, 12st. 7lb. Owner.

Also ran :—Blue Cap III (Mr. J. Chestnutt), 6 years, Owner ; Simple James (Mr. G. Colchester), 6 years, Owner ; Swansdown (Mr. C. Crawfurd), aged, Mr. C. Gregson ; Artois (Mr. V. D'O. Harmer), 6 years, Owner ; Furioso (Mr. R. Hulbert), aged, Mr. J. Gregson ; Footlight II (Mr. R. Kirton), aged, Owner ; Merrymaid IX (Mr. E. Oldfield), aged, Mr. W. Newall ; Avon (Capt. M. Pyke), aged, Owner ; Monk's Orb (Mr. E. Skey), 5 years, Owner ; Church Bay (Mr. O. W. W. Wynn), aged, Owner.

Won by a length ; two lengths separated second and third.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS :

THE 5TH INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS CHALLENGE CUP of 100 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Leopard III (Capt. M. P. Ansell), aged. Owner.

(2) Pegity IV (Mr. A. B. J. Scott), aged. Owner.

(3) Barton Cottage (Mr. R. P. Harding), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Calcium III (Capt. L. C. F. Keightley), aged, Mr. J. D. A. Anderson ; Squirrel II (Capt. L. R. Kettle), aged, Owner ; Coplow (Capt. L. R. Kettle), aged, Mr. Northey ; The Dab (Mr. F. P. B. Sangster), aged, Owner ; Moonshine IV (Mr. J. E. Swetenham), aged, Owner ; Boxer IV (Major H. O. Wiley), aged, Owner ; Darcy (Mr. R. P. Harding), aged, Mr. P. Bridgewater.

Won by a distance ; a bad third.

THE FOXHUNTERS' GRAND MILITARY CUP of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Salvo (Mr. G. R. Trotter), aged. Owner.

(2) Gulliver II (Mr. R. Strutt), aged. Owner.

(3) Airman (Capt. A. B. Sullivan), aged. Capt. Sheil.

Also ran :—El Morro (Mr. J. R. Cochrane), aged, Owner ; Acton II (Mr. C. K. Finlay), aged, Owner ; Bobine (Mr. G. F. Gee), aged, Owner ; Beau Knight (Mr. R. F. S. Gooch), aged, Owner ; Gay Mask (Major J. Harrison), aged, Mr. F. Cundell ; Traprain (Capt. G. W. E. Heath), aged, Mr. R. J. Kirton ; Carlisle II (Mr. P. R. Heman), aged, Mr. R. G. Schofield ; Miss Chicago (Mr. Henriques), 6 years, Mr. W. L. Newell ; Silver Gill (Major H. Lumsden), 6 years, Owner ; Prince Roquelaure (Mr. E. C. W. Myers), aged, Owner ; Sinbad the Sailor (Major C. Nicholson), aged, Owner ; Copthorne (Capt. Baron de Robeck), aged, Owner ; Solam (Mr. E. B. Skey), aged, Owner ; Tuva (Mr. W. A. Turner), aged, Owner.

Won by a length ; three lengths separated second and third.

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THE SERVICES' OPEN CUP of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Backsight (Mr. R. B. T. Daniells), aged. Owner.

(2) Royal Gift (Mr. P. M. Wiggin), aged. Owner.

(3) Philtra (Mr. R. F. S. Gooch), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Potters Bar (Mr. M. W. Bruce), 6 years, Owner ; Haki Bey (Capt. W. G. Carr), 6 years, Owner ; Red Essex (Mr. G. F. Gee), aged, Owner ; Maroon Gun (Mr. A. S. Jervis), aged, Owner ; Castle Dell (Major H. Lumsden), aged, Owner ; Rosetta Stone (Mr. H. C. Phillips), aged, Mr. R. H. L. Wheeler ; Maureen Aroon (Mr. A. B. J. Scott), aged, Owner ; Monk's Orb (Mr. E. B. Skey), 5 years, Owner ; Placid (Mr. D. D. P. Smyly), 6 years, Owner ; Afloat (Capt. D. Swinburne), aged, Mr. G. Smith-Dorrien ; Crafty Alice (Mr. T. Walls, Jnr.), aged, Owner ; Kastron (Mr. R. J. Kirton), aged, Owner.

Won by half a length ; 20 lengths separated second and third.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND INFANTRY CHARGERS' RACE of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Prism II (Lieut.-Colonel N. Fargus), aged. Mr. D. Eykyn.

(2) Hussar V (Mr. H. L. Christie), aged. Owner.

(3) Conquest III (Capt. A. W. Malcolm), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Bachelor's Girl II (Mr. C. B. A. Bernard), aged, Owner ; Maureen IV (Major R. G. S. Cox), aged, Mr. Filmer Bennett ; Public Property (Major G. H. Hay), aged, Mr. A. C. Harland ; Charlie X (Mr. G. A. Hill-Walker), aged, Owner ; Cornish Storm (Mr. J. Windsor-Lewis), aged, Owner ; Highness II (Capt. I. A. S. H. Monro), aged, Mr. R. Nesbet ; Little Titch (Capt. C. E. A. O'Callaghan), aged, Owner ; Shannon (Mr. W. A. Rice), aged, Mr. W. Wright ; Kamella (Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Rothwell), aged, Mr. C. Crocker ; Isobella (Capt. O. D. Smith), aged, Sir A. Grant ; Cabrach (Capt. A. Douglas-Spark), aged, Mr. J. Lawrence ; Limerick IV (Capt. J. O. E. Vandeleur), aged, Owner.

Won by a distance ; head separated second and third.

THE 3RD CARABINIERS' DAKIN CHALLENGE CUP of 175 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Father Hughes (Mr. W. Haughton-Watson), aged. Owner.

(2) Battalion (Mr. P. Herbert), aged. Owner.

(3) Ovaltine (Lieut.-Colonel P. M. Kerans), aged. Colonel L. S. Lloyd.

Also ran :—Sentry III (Capt. G. A. Cattley), aged, Owner ; Noble Kent (Mr. R. Daubeny), aged, Capt. P. Vincent ; Rampant II (Mr. F. D. Jameson), aged, Mr. G. Dollar ; Tullaghreine (Mr. G. St. J. Le Marchant), aged, Owner ; Rover (Capt. Thorne), aged, Mr. A. Binney.

Won by six lengths ; bad third.

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Won by a short head ; two lengths separated second and third.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND HEAVYWEIGHT RACE of 20 sovs. to winner. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Gentian Blue (Mr. J. E. Upton), 6 years, 14st. Owner.

(2) Vital (Major H. Lumsden), aged, 13st. 9lb. Owner.

(3) Irish Guardsman (Lieut.-Colonel T. Sebag-Montefiore), aged, 14st. Mr. H. Phillips.

Also ran :—Drumbanagher (Mr. A. Cameron), aged, Owner ; Sandy Point (Mr. G. Colchester), aged, Owner ; Satinwood (Mr. G. Dollar), 6 years, Owner ; Anzac VI (Major G. Hay), aged, Owner ; Old Bailey (Mr. E. Myers), aged, Owner ; Speedyman (Mr. J. Vernon Miller), aged, Owner ; Lonsdale (Mr. W. Haughton Watson), aged, Owner ; Queensgate (Mr. N. Wilson), aged, Owner ; Margaux (Mr. R. de Winkfield), aged, Owner ; Dick VI (Capt. W. Wise), aged, Mr. J. Lace y

Won by three lengths ; a length separated second and third.

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THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MAIDEN RACE of 20 sovs. to winner. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Derrymore (Capt. B. Fowler), 6 years, 12st. 7lb. Owner.

(2) Bright Gem (Mr. H. Phillips), aged, 12st. 7lb. Owner.

(3) William the Silent (Mr. H. Nicoll), 6 years, 12st. 7lb. Owner.

Also ran :—Blue Cap III (Mr. J. Chestnutt), 6 years, Owner ; Simple James (Mr. G. Colchester), 6 years, Owner ; Swansdown (Mr. C. Crawfurd), aged, Mr. C. Gregson ; Artois (Mr. V. D'O. Harmer), 6 years, Owner ; Furioso (Mr. R. Hulbert), aged, Mr. J. Gregson ; Footlight II (Mr. R. Kirton), aged, Owner ; Merrymaid IX (Mr. E. Oldfield), aged, Mr. W. Newall ; Avon (Capt. M. Pyke), aged, Owner ; Monk's Orb (Mr. E. Skey), 5 years, Owner ; Church Bay (Mr. O. W. W. Wynn), aged, Owner.

Won by a length ; two lengths separated second and third.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS :

THE 5TH INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS CHALLENGE CUP of 100 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Leopard III (Capt. M. P. Ansell), aged. Owner.

(2) Pegity IV (Mr. A. B. J. Scott), aged. Owner.

(3) Barton Cottage (Mr. R. P. Harding), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Calcium III (Capt. L. C. F. Keightley), aged, Mr. J. D. A. Anderson ; Squirrel II (Capt. L. R. Kettle), aged, Owner ; Coplow (Capt. L. R. Kettle), aged, Mr. Northey ; The Dab (Mr. F. P. B. Sangster), aged, Owner ; Moonshine IV (Mr. J. E. Swetenham), aged, Owner ; Boxer IV (Major H. O. Wiley), aged, Owner ; Darcy (Mr. R. P. Harding), aged, Mr. P. Bridgewater.

Won by a distance ; a bad third.

THE FOXHUNTERS' GRAND MILITARY CUP of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Salvo (Mr. G. R. Trotter), aged. Owner.

(2) Gulliver II (Mr. R. Strutt), aged. Owner.

(3) Airman (Capt. A. B. Sullivan), aged. Capt. Sheil.

Also ran :—El Morro (Mr. J. R. Cochrane), aged, Owner ; Acton II (Mr. C. K. Finlay), aged, Owner ; Bobine (Mr. G. F. Gee), aged, Owner ; Beau Knight (Mr. R. F. S. Gooch), aged, Owner ; Gay Mask (Major J. Harrison), aged, Mr. F. Cundell ; Traprain (Capt. G. W. E. Heath), aged, Mr. R. J. Kirton ; Carlisle II (Mr. P. R. Heman), aged, Mr. R. G. Schofield ; Miss Chicago (Mr. Henriques), 6 years, Mr. W. L. Newell ; Silver Gill (Major H. Lumsden), 6 years, Owner ; Prince Roquelaure (Mr. E. C. W. Myers), aged, Owner ; Sinbad the Sailor (Major C. Nicholson), aged, Owner ; Copthorne (Capt. Baron de Robeck), aged, Owner ; Solam (Mr. E. B. Skey), aged, Owner ; Tuva (Mr. W. A. Turner), aged, Owner.

Won by a length ; three lengths separated second and third.

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THE SERVICES' OPEN CUP of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Backsight (Mr. R. B. T. Daniells), aged. Owner.

(2) Royal Gift (Mr. P. M. Wiggin), aged. Owner.

(3) Philtra (Mr. R. F. S. Gooch), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Potters Bar (Mr. M. W. Bruce), 6 years, Owner ; Haki Bey (Capt. W. G. Carr), 6 years, Owner ; Red Essex (Mr. G. F. Gee), aged, Owner ; Maroon Gun (Mr. A. S. Jervis), aged, Owner ; Castle Dell (Major H. Lumsden), aged, Owner ; Rosetta Stone (Mr. H. C. Phillips), aged, Mr. R. H. L. Wheeler ; Maureen Aroon (Mr. A. B. J. Scott), aged, Owner ; Monk's Orb (Mr. E. B. Skey), 5 years, Owner ; Placid (Mr. D. D. P. Smyly), 6 years, Owner ; Afloat (Capt. D. Swinburne), aged, Mr. G. Smith-Dorrien ; Crafty Alice (Mr. T. Walls, Jnr.), aged, Owner ; Kastron (Mr. R. J. Kirton), aged, Owner.

Won by half a length ; 20 lengths separated second and third.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND INFANTRY CHARGERS' RACE of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Prism II (Lieut.-Colonel N. Fargus), aged. Mr. D. Eykyn.

(2) Hussar V (Mr. H. L. Christie), aged. Owner.

(3) Conquest III (Capt. A. W. Malcolm), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Bachelor's Girl II (Mr. C. B. A. Bernard), aged, Owner ; Maureen IV (Major R. G. S. Cox), aged, Mr. Filmer Bennett ; Public Property (Major G. H. Hay), aged, Mr. A. C. Harland ; Charlie X (Mr. G. A. Hill-Walker), aged, Owner ; Cornish Storm (Mr. J. Windsor-Lewis), aged, Owner ; Highness II (Capt. I. A. S. H. Monro), aged, Mr. R. Nesbet ; Little Titch (Capt. C. E. A. O'Callaghan), aged, Owner ; Shannon (Mr. W. A. Rice), aged, Mr. W. Wright ; Kamella (Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Rothwell), aged, Mr. C. Crocker ; Isobella (Capt. O. D. Smith), aged, Sir A. Grant ; Cabrach (Capt. A. Douglas-Spark), aged, Mr. J. Lawrence ; Limerick IV (Capt. J. O. E. Vandeleur), aged, Owner.

Won by a distance ; head separated second and third.

THE 3RD CARABINIERS' DAKIN CHALLENGE CUP of 175 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Father Hughes (Mr. W. Haughton-Watson), aged. Owner.

(2) Battalion (Mr. P. Herbert), aged. Owner.

(3) Ovaltine (Lieut.-Colonel P. M. Kerans), aged. Colonel L. S. Lloyd.

Also ran :—Sentry III (Capt. G. A. Cattley), aged, Owner ; Noble Kent (Mr. R. Daubeny), aged, Capt. P. Vincent ; Rampant II (Mr. F. D. Jameson), aged, Mr. G. Dollar ; Tullaghreine (Mr. G. St. J. Le Marchant), aged, Owner ; Rover (Capt. Thorne), aged, Mr. A. Binney.

Won by six lengths ; bad third.

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A MAIDEN RACE of 20 sovs. Three miles and two furlongs.

(1) Cuddle (Mr. J. E. L. Morris), 6 years. Mr. E. B. Skey.

(2) Edgar III (Mr. N. P. Foster), aged. Mr. J. Lewis.

(3) Kingstreet (Capt. C. A. White), aged. Owner.

Also ran :—Butterfingers (Mr. I. M. Addison), aged, Owner ; Con Cagney (Mr. J. A. Akroyd-Hunt), 6 years, Owner ; Kedington (Mr. J. L. Dalzell), aged, Owner ; Fairy Dale (Mr. D. R. Daly), aged, Owner ; Easterwood (Mr. R. A. Orr-Ewing), aged, Owner ; Scotch Legend (Sir A. Grant), aged, Owner ; Shireen II (Mr. O. V. Holmes), aged, Owner ; Silver Clarion (Mr. M. Moore), 5 years, Owner ; Woodman II (Mr. A. H. Osborne), aged, Owner ; Brandy Snap II (Capt. H. A. Pelly), aged, Owner ; Jack-a-Dandy II (Mr. R. C. Speid-Soote), aged, Owner ; Stefano (Mr. G. R. Trotter), aged, Owner ; Wonderment II (Mr. D. J. T. Turnbull), aged, Mr. H. C. Phillips ; Tarbouch II (Mr. J. R. L. Tweed), aged, Owner ; Neoshera (Mr. M. M. West), 6 years, Owner.

Won by two lengths ; four lengths between second and third.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.

The Household Brigade Steeplechases will be held at Hawthorne Hill on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 11th and 12th.

The second meeting will take place on Friday and Saturday, April 7th and 8th.

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THE 17th LANCERS, 1839

IN REVIEW ORDER

By M. A. Hayes

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The frontispiece to this number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL is a reproduction of a very fine water colour, belonging to the Marquess of Cambridge, K.C.V.O.

The original painting is by Michael Angelo Hayes, signed and dated 1839, who was a well-known painter of Military subjects. According to the Dictionary of National Biography, Hayes was born 1820, therefore this painting was done when he was only nineteen.

The 17th Lancers were quartered in Dublin from 1838-1841 and are depicted in review order. The regiment is in scarlet which had replaced the blue uniform in 1830, but dark blue was taken into wear in 1840. The band, it will be noted, are all mounted on white horses, and the bandsmen have red plumes to the lancer caps, instead of the black plumes as worn by the Regiment.

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JULY, 1933

THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH–APRIL, 1918

By Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars

Part VI

The Fifth Army Situation on 28th March

In the former articles of this series we have dealt in some detail with the operations, first of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions, and then of the 1st Cavalry Division, from the morning of the 21st March to the evening of the 28th. It may be helpful at this point to look back and see exactly what had happened to the Fifth Army during these eight days.

Before the battle the front line had been, at its nearest point, just under 40 miles from the eastern outskirts of Amiens: now it had been driven back to within 11 miles of the town. Again, on the morning of the 21st the Fifth Army had held 42 miles of front with four corps (the III, XVIII, XIX, and VII, from right to left). Now, on the evening of the 28th, the Army front was reduced to that of a single corps (the XIX) holding only 9½ miles[1] of line; of the other three corps, the VII on the left had on the 25th been placed under the Third Army, whilst the French had taken over, bit by bit, the line held by the III and XVIII Corps. The remnants of the divisions which had formed these two corps were being withdrawn from the line preparatory to moving north to reinforce the XIX Corps, whose own divisions had suffered severely. Since the 25th March the French had assumed responsibility for the operations of all

[1] Reduced to 7½ miles a few days later.

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troops south of the Somme, including the British Fifth Army; and as already noted, General Gough had handed over command of that Army to General Rawlinson on the afternoon of the 28th.

28th March Sketch 1

As regards the cavalry, on the 28th the 1st Cavalry Division was holding about 4 miles of the front line due east of Amiens; the 2nd Cavalry Division (with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade attached) was on its way north and was now south-west of Montdidier; whilst the 3rd Cavalry Division (less the Canadian Brigade) was at Choisy-au-Bac—just east of Compiègne—and about to march north also.

From now onwards the battle becomes the defence of Amiens, in which it will be seen that all three cavalry divisions played a prominent, one might indeed say, a decisive, part.

Moves on the 29th March

29th March Sketch 1

On Good Friday the 29th March, the German attacks on the former Fifth Army front showed signs of slacking off, and were weaker than since the battle started; this was probably because the enemy had increasing difficulty in getting ammunition and supplies forward over the devastated area of the 1916 Somme battles.

Of the three cavalry divisions, the 1st, under General Mullens, was the only one in contact with the enemy on this day, and had a fairly quiet time except for some shelling from noon till 3.30 p.m. It held its sector with two brigades forward and one in reserve; the 9th Cavalry Brigade (with the Bedfordshire and Essex Yeomanry attached) was on the right, from near the railway at Marcelcave to the Bois des Tailloux, whence the 1st Cavalry Brigade continued the line in front of Hamel up to the south bank of the Somme. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade was some three miles in rear, in bivouac between Villers-Bretonneux and Fouilloy.

General Pitman's 2nd Cavalry Division arrived late in the evening, after a 20-mile march, in the Guyencourt—Cottenchy—Boves area, 4 to 7 miles south-east of Amiens. In General Harman's 3rd Cavalry Division, Reynolds' Force[1] was broken

[1] See *Cavalry Journal*, October, 1932, p. 493.

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up and the detachments from the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades rejoined those brigades, which were now complete formations for the first time since the 21st March. The 3rd Cavalry Division left Choisy-au-Bac in the rain at 6 a.m. and marched through Compiègne to the area Airion—Avrechy—St. Just. This was a trek of some 25 miles behind the French line, first due west and then north; the division reached its new area about 3.30 p.m., and was now about 30 miles south of Amiens as the crow flies.

The 30th March: The Fight for Moreuil Wood

Early on Saturday morning, 30th March, the 3rd Cavalry Division started on a long march of 35 miles, proceeding through St. Just, Gannes and Paillart to Sains-en-Amienois, 5 miles south of Amiens. The latter part of this march was in pouring rain which continued all the evening; the 6th Cavalry Brigade bivouacked in and around a large farm south-east of Sains village, the 7th Brigade being in a wood close by. The completion of this move brought all three cavalry divisions again under the direct orders of the Fifth Army.

30th March Sketches 1 & 2

Whilst the 3rd Cavalry Division was thus marching north, the 2nd Cavalry Division (with Canadian Cavalry Brigade attached) was taking part in severe fighting in Moreuil Wood, some 11 miles south-east of Amiens. These operations, which included a mounted charge by a squadron of Lord Strathcona's Horse, have however been fully described in a former number of this Journal,[1] so the present narrative will confine itself to the actions of the 1st and 3rd Cavalry Divisions.

* * * * *

We left the 1st Cavalry Division holding the left of the XIX Corps line between Marcelcave and the Somme, in conjunction with units of the 16th Division and of Carey's Force. The latter, it will be recalled, were largely composed of U.S.A. engineers and other technical troops not trained as

[1] "The Operations of the Second Cavalry Division (with Canadian Cavalry Brigade attached) in the Defence of Amiens, March 30—April 1, 1918." By Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G. *Cavalry Journal*, October, 1923 and January, 1924. The part played by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade is vividly described by its brigadier, Major-General Seely, in his book "Adventure."

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infantry; many of them could hardly use a rifle, and it is not surprising that they were a constant source of anxiety to the cavalrymen who were beside them in the front line.

30th March Sketch 2

On this sector the enemy began a slow bombardment about 8 a.m., which became heavier as the morning wore on. The 1st Cavalry Division had the 9th Cavalry Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel G. Mort) on the right, the 1st Cavalry Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel A. Lawson) on the left, and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade in reserve near Fouilloy.

At 1 p.m. the Germans lifted their barrage and attacked strongly between Warfusée-Abancourt and the Somme, and much hard fighting followed. Our men held their own everywhere except just in front of Hamel, where the enemy succeeded in reaching our trenches; he was however at once thrown out again by a counter-attack, in which the 5th Dragoon Guards took part. Many cavalry officers set a high example of steadfastness and courage, of which the following is only one instance. Captain F. A. Single, Queen's Bays, was in command of "B" Squadron of his regiment to which was attached a party of Carey's Force. Some of these latter wavered and began to give way; Single dashed out to rally them, springing upon the parapet of the trench and urging the men to stand fast. He fell mortally wounded, but propping himself up continued to encourage the men, at the same time calling out to a brother officer, Captain Sackville-West, "For God's sake don't let those men go back,"—and then, as West ran to help him, "Old boy, you are being attacked now, and I won't have myself on your hands; now you must get off and stop them." Single died in a casualty clearing station that night, the other casualties sustained by the Bays on this day being one other officer wounded, 7 other ranks killed, 23 wounded and 2 missing.[1] It must be remembered that a proportion of each regiment had been kept in rear with the horses.

[1] The Bays' casualties for the whole battle (21st March, 1918 to 4th April, 1918) are given as:—

	K.	W.	M.
Officers	3	6	—
Other ranks	20	105	3

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There was more heavy shelling, which caused many casualties, at 4 p.m., after which the Germans attacked from Warfusée-Abancourt, this being driven off by the 9th Cavalry Brigade and some of Carey's Force. The 9th Cavalry Brigade had the 15th and 19th Hussars in line and the 8th Hussars in brigade reserve; the latter regiment lost 11 killed, 22 wounded and 3 missing.

During the night 30th/31st, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade from divisional reserve relieved the 9th Cavalry Brigade, which moved back to Fouilloy; a slight alteration was also made just north of the Hamel—Cérisy road, where some infantry of the 16th Division came under the orders of the 1st Cavalry Division, thus enabling the 1st Cavalry Brigade to shorten its front a little.

Action of "C" Squadron, 17th Lancers

At this point it is perhaps permissible to interrupt the general story and refer to the adventures of the above squadron, which was away on special duty when the operations started and acted "on its own" with the infantry for several days.

21st March Sketch 3

The 21st March found "C" Squadron of the 17th Lancers (Captain H. R. Plowden) detached from its regiment for prisoners-of-war escort duty. Two troops of the squadron were at Chaulnes (at that time some 20 miles behind the front line) and the other two at Proyart, their task being to supply mounted men to conduct parties of prisoners who had to be moved by road from one camp to another.

23rd March

On the 23rd, squadron headquarters were moved to Marcelcave, most of the men being away conducting batches of prisoners who were being entrained near Amiens. Three subaltern officers, Lieutenants Lord Killeen and Richardson and 2nd Lieutenant Birley, were used for traffic control duty by orders of Fifth Army.

25th March

During the night of the 24th/25th, a panic broke out near Marcelcave among the large number of Chinese, Italian and British Labour units encamped there. It was reported that spies dressed in khaki rushed about on motor-cycles—one was even said to be dressed as a staff officer in a car—shouting

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"Every man for himself, German cavalry are behind you."[1] Captain Plowden at once turned out a mounted guard at Marcelcave and managed to stop the rush and restore order, about 1,000 stragglers of labour battalions being rounded up and marched back to their camps.

25th March Sketch 3

At 6 p.m. on the 25th, the Fifth Army commander sent for Plowden and asked him personally how long it would take to collect the squadron. The answer was that it could not be before morning, as the troops were split up and many sections were some distance away. By using men from squadron headquarters however, it was possible to form a strong troop with a Hotchkiss rifle.

This was placed under Lieutenant Lord Killeen, with orders

26th March

to report to the G.O.C. 24th Division (Major-General A. C. Daly) at Caix; it started about midnight and reached Caix in the early hours of the 26th March.

Killeen was now told to report to the G.O.C. 72nd Brigade at Fransart, 7 miles further forward. This brigade had both flanks in the air, and no one knew where the enemy was. The troop was therefore sent forward another mile to Hattencourt to clear up the situation there.

On reaching this village, Killeen and his men came under fire from the front and both flanks. The situation was such that he decided to dismount; the horses were sent back to safety, whilst the troop, comprising its leader, 14 rifles and a Hotchkiss rifle, engaged the Germans and inflicted severe losses on them. Under cover of this little action, the infantry were enabled to fall back on Fouquescourt, where another position was taken up.

In the meantime Captain Plowden had managed to collect two more troops and three Hotchkiss rifles at Marcelcave, and brought them to 24th Division headquarters at Caix at 7 a.m. Thence he was sent to advanced divisional headquarters at Rosières, from which patrols were sent out to various points during the day; the two troops also manœuvred in the open

[1] Referring to the rumours of spies behind our line, General Gough writes: "Not a quarter of the stories were true, and I never heard that we caught a single German behind our lines in British uniform." ("The Fifth Army," p. 301).

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"to give the impression," says one narrative, "that many of our cavalry were in the vicinity."

In the evening Lord Killeen's troop joined the other two, and the squadron spent the night at Caix.

27th March

Throughout the following day the squadron stayed with the 24th Division's advanced headquarters, which now moved back to Beaucourt. Mounted patrols were out all day and collected valuable information about the progress made by the enemy.

28th March

On the 28th March, the German attacks to the north and south necessitated a further withdrawal by the 24th Division, whose advanced headquarters were moved back in the afternoon, first to Villers-aux-Erables and then to Castel.

The 17th Lancer squadron had patrols out all day, and in the evening received orders to form a bridgehead east of Castel, to cover the retirement of the infantry over the Avre river. For this task four Hotchkiss rifles were placed under Lieutenant Richardson; they remained in position all night, and the horses were sent across the river to the Bois de Sencat.

29th March

Richardson and his Hotchkiss men were withdrawn just before daybreak on the 29th and the squadron was again concentrated, divisional headquarters being now at Cottenchy.

30th March

During the whole of this day and the next, the squadron had patrols out who sent in information of the utmost value nearly every hour. It should be noted that the French had now taken over the former Fifth Army line up to the right flank of the 24th Division, and that the point of junction between the French and British just north of Moreuil required constant watching if gaps were to be avoided. Even a handful of mounted men were worth their weight in gold in such a situation.

On the night of Saturday, 30th March, Captain Plowden was ordered by XIX Corps to rejoin his regiment at Sains-en-Amienois where the 3rd Cavalry Division had just arrived, and the adventures of "C" Squadron, 17th Lancers, "on its own" were now at an end. Its total losses were only 8 men wounded, and it had given one more proof of the supreme value of mounted troops in open fighting.

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It had in fact taken the place of the divisional cavalry squadron with which the 24th and every other Division had originally been provided, but of which they had unwisely been deprived in the mistaken belief that there would be no more scope for such squadrons on the Western Front.

Easter Sunday, 31st March, 1918

31st March Sketch 2

We may sum up the events of the 31st March by stating that it was a quieter day, on the whole, than the 30th. The Germans continued their attacks south of the River Luce (that is, south-east of Amiens), but made no attempt to advance north of that river, from the east. The 1st Cavalry Division remained holding the left of the XIX Corps line and was not attacked; whilst the 3rd Cavalry Division (6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades only) remained "standing-to" all day in the woods near Sains-en-Amienois, 5 miles south of Amiens. It was during this day that the 3rd Cavalry Division came under the orders of the XIX Corps (Lieut.-General Sir H. E. Watts), who thus found himself with all three cavalry divisions at his disposal. At 7.35 p.m. the 3rd Cavalry Division received orders to assemble early next morning in the Bois de Gentelles, 6 miles south-east of Amiens on the main Roye road, with a view to supporting a counter-attack by the 2nd Cavalry Division.

The 3rd and 4th Cavalry Brigades of the latter division had been engaged during the 31st near Moreuil Wood.[1]

* * * * *

1st April

Monday the First of April, 1918, was the quietest day since the storm broke on the 21st March. No ground was lost by the Allies, and the only important event was a dismounted counter-attack by the 2nd Cavalry Division and attached troops of the 3rd Cavalry Division, which succeeded in pushing our line forward to include Rifle Wood, and in taking 100 prisoners and 13 machine guns. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade was in line in front of Thennes, so was not available for the attack, the troops actually delivering it being the 4th, 5th and Canadian Cavalry Brigades, whilst the Inniskillings and 7th Dragoon

[1] Described in Major-General Pitman's article. See footnote, p. 337.

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Guards (7th Cavalry Brigade) came up later to help in holding the line won. "Perhaps one of the finest sights of the day," wrote General Pitman, "was to see the Inniskillings go forward at a gallop. They had to move for the best part of a mile over the open before they disappeared into the hollow ground, and then their led horses came back at a gallop, while at the same time you could see the dismounted troops filing slowly up the hollow to the wood." This shows how full use was made of the horses, although the action was a dismounted one.

At 6 p.m. the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was relieved and withdrawn to the Bois de Sencat. 1st April Sketch 2

During this day an important conference took place between Sir Douglas Haig and General Foch at Fifth Army headquarters at Dury, when the following agreement was reached :—

(1) The French to take over from the British on the night 1st/2nd April as far north as the valley just south of Rifle Wood (this valley inclusive to the British).

(2) The French to take over on the night 2nd/3rd April as far as Hangard (inclusive).

(3) The French then to be responsible for the Luce valley and south of it. The British to be responsible for the Viller-Bretonneux plateau.

(4) The line of demarcation to be :—Hangard (French)—Domart (French)—St. Nicolas (British)—bridge and road at Boves (common to both armies)—Bois de Boves (British) — Sains -en - Amienois (French) — Bacouel (French)—thence railway to Poix (French).

(5) Arrangements to be carried out direct between French First and British Fifth Army.

(6) British Fifth Army to revert forthwith to the command of the C.-in-C. of the British Armies in France.

Accordingly the French relieved our 8th Division and part of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade that night, the French left extending to a point 300 yards north of the road running south-east from Thennes. The rest of the line south of the Luce was not due

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to be taken over by the French till the next night, so the 14th Division which had had two days' rest was now placed under the XIX Corps and brought up to hold, for 24 hours, the line occupied by the 2nd Cavalry Division.

2nd April Sketches 2 & 4

The latter division was now relieved, and as things turned out, was not called upon during the last few days of the battle which will presently be dealt with. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade, after relief, marched to Le Paraclet (south of Boves) and the 4th and 5th Brigades to the Bois de Blangy.

The early hours of the next morning saw the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades assembled in a small wood a mile west of Bois de Blangy, and a little later the Canadian Brigade marched to the Bois de Boves, coming once more under the orders of its own division, the 3rd.

All three cavalry divisions were now complete under their own commanders; but this did not continue for long, as at 5.25 p.m. the XIX Corps ordered the 3rd Cavalry Division to lend one brigade to the 1st Cavalry Division. Brigadier-General Seymour's 6th Cavalry Brigade was detailed, and as a first step the Royals marched at 8 p.m. to a concealed position about 1,500 yards north-west of Villers-Bretonneux, from which a dismounted party was sent to dig a series of strong points near the Bois de Vaire.

On this date (2nd April) by a G.H.Q. order, the Fifth Army changed its title to Fourth Army.[1] This Army had still only one Corps (the XIX under Lieut.-General Watts) in the front line, holding some 8 miles from Hangard to the Somme, the rest of the former line having been taken over by the French. During the night 2nd/3rd, Carey's Force ceased to exist, and the 2nd Cavalry Division concentrated at Camon and Lamotte-Brebière, coming next day under Cavalry Corps.

3rd April

Early on the 3rd April, the 6th Cavalry Brigade moved its H.Q. and one regiment (10th Hussars) to Fouilloy, the 3rd Dragoon Guards and 6th Machine Gun Squadron marching to Bois l'Abbé, whither the Royals also returned after digging at Bois de Vaire.

[1] General Rawlinson had succeeded General Gough on 28th March, as previously noted.

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Later in the day, the 1st Cavalry Division (except its machine gun squadrons) was relieved by the 14th Division; it moved to Bussy-les-Daours and came under Cavalry Corps. The 6th Cavalry Brigade now passed under the orders of the 14th Division.

The Fighting at Villers-Bretonneux

On the 4th April, to quote the C.-in-C.'s despatch, "the enemy made a final effort to prevent the French and British line from becoming stable." This last effort of the Germans in their Somme offensive was an attack on a 21-mile front. with 14 divisions, from a point near Cantigny (4 miles W.N.W. of Montdidier) to the Somme at Bouzencourt; on the Allied side, 13½ miles of this line were held by the French and 7½ miles by the British XIX Corps.[1] The objectives sought by the enemy were the hills east of the Noye river, which would give observation at close range on to the Paris—Amiens railway; and the high ground about Cachy and Villers-Bretonneux, from which Amiens itself could be clearly seen. 4th April Sketch 4

Much rain had fallen during the night, and the early morning hours of the 4th April were so misty that the visibility was only about 100 yards. It got much clearer later, but rain fell again during the day, and on both sides there were many occasions when rifles became clogged with mud.

The troops of the XIX Corps were disposed as follows:— The front line was held by the 18th Division (with 9th Australian Brigade) on the right, and the 14th Division on the left. The 3rd Cavalry Division was in corps reserve, with the 6th Cavalry Brigade directly under the 14th Division, under which also were the 1st and 2nd Machine Gun Squadrons of the 1st Cavalry Division. The 24th Division was in a reserve line in front of Gentelles.

[1] Corps Commander .. .. .. Lieut.-General Sir H. E. Watts.
3rd Cavalry Division .. .. .. Major-General A. E. W. Harman.
14th Division .. .. Major-General P. C. B. Skinner.
18th Division .. .. Major-General R. P. Lee.
24th Division .. .. Major-General A. C. Daly.
9th Australian Brigade.. .. .. Brigadier-General C. Rosenthal.

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Except the Australian brigade, all the above troops had been marching or fighting almost continuously for a fortnight; the three infantry divisions had been in the front line on the 21st/22nd March and had suffered particularly heavy losses.

Some German prisoners taken on the previous day had stated that there was to be a big attack on the 4th.

4th April Sketch 4

At 5.15 a.m. a bombardment started all along the front to be attacked, and back areas like Villers-Bretonneux and Fouilloy and the roads through them, were heavily shelled.

The headquarters of the 14th Division and 6th Cavalry Brigade had to be shifted from Fouilloy to the orphanage on the Blangy-Tronville—Fouilloy road, whilst the Royals and 6th Machine Gun Squadron were shelled out of the Bois l'Abbé and had to move into the valley north of it.

The enemy infantry advanced at 6.30 a.m., and was repulsed everywhere on the front of the 18th Division ;[1] but the defence of the 14th Division on the left was not so successful. North of Warfusée, the 41st Brigade had its trenches broken into and soon had to withdraw some 500 yards, whilst the 42nd Brigade in front of Hamel had to fall back through that village, the brigadier being captured and shortly afterwards killed by shrapnel fire.

By about 10 a.m. the whole of the 14th Division had fallen back nearly a mile and a half, and the left flank of the 18th Division had to be bent back to conform.

The 2nd Machine Gun Squadron greatly distinguished itself in this fighting. Out of six guns in the front line, one was probably destroyed by the bombardment, as its team of six men were never seen again; another was knocked out by shell fire before it got a target, and its team was told to retire; the Germans had got behind them and they had to fight their way back with rifles. The remaining guns of the squadron came into action and inflcted heavy casualties on the advancing enemy; another gun was blown up, but the rest carried on until ordered to withdraw west of Bois de Vaire by the

[1] The German Guard Ersatz Division was driven back three times by our rifle and machine gun fire.

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41st Brigade, by which time they had fired away nearly all their ammunition.[1]

The 1st Machine Gun Squadron, behind Hamel, fired for an hour and a half on its barrage lines and then withdrew under orders to a sunken road running through Vaire village.[2]

Meanwhile the 6th Cavalry Brigade had been called upon 4th April
to help. At 6.50 a.m the 14th Division ordered it to send the 10th Hussars from Fouilloy on the left of the 43rd Brigade (the reserve brigade) and the 3rd Dragoon Guards and Royals on the right of the 43rd Brigade. They were to make for the high ground north-east of Villers-Bretonneux, which was to be held at all costs by the cavalry if the 43rd Brigade had not yet arrived there.

The three regiments of the 6th Cavalry Brigade rode off about 7.15 a.m., each accompanied by 4 Vickers guns from the 6th M.G. Squadron. The country here consisted of undulating fields, without fences and mostly muddy plough, and the pace was a fast trot. The 10th Hussars under Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Tomkinson,[3] moving on the left flank, arrived on the high ground west of Hamel at 9.30 a.m. One squadron was sent at once to try and seize the eastern edge of Bois de Hamel, but came under heavy fire in the wood and had to retire with the loss of some 50 horses. The regiment then filled a gap, on the road running south from Vaire, between the 43rd Brigade on the right and parties of the 41st Brigade on the left, the horses being now sent back and the men fighting dismounted for the rest of the day.

On the right, the Royals (Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Wormald) had also come into action north-east of Villers-Bretonneux, just in time to close a gap between the 43rd and 9th Australian Brigades. The Germans at this point were pushing forward in large numbers, and the situation was so critical that after "B" and "A" Squadrons of the Royals had dismounted for action,

[1] The casualties of the 2nd M.G. Squadron on this day were :—Officers, 1 wounded; other ranks, 2 killed, 10 wounded, 4 missing, 2 wounded and missing. The Squadron was awarded 1 M.C., 1 bar to D.C.M., 1 D.C.M., 1 bar to M.M., 2 M.Ms.

[2] The O.C. 1st M.G. Squadron, Captain F. C. Lacaita, M.C. (17th Lancers), was killed by a shell about mid-day whilst riding round to reconnoitre.

[3] Wounded on this day. He had come from the Royals to command the 10th on 16th March.

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the regimental-sergeant-major and headquarter orderlies had to go temporarily into the line until "C" Squadron came up to relieve them.

The 3rd Dragoon Guards (Lieut.-Colonel A. Burt) came up on the left of the Royals, one squadron having been detached at first to form a defensive flank. A thin but fairly continuous line was now established between the main Amiens road and the Somme.

4th April

> "The work done by the 6th Cavalry Brigade on the morning of 4th April is undoubtedly one of the finest examples of the value of a mounted mobile reserve which the whole war has to offer. Villers-Bretonneux was the key to Amiens and the Germans fully realised that fact, as was proved by the several attempts which they made on later occasions to take and hold the place. When the 6th Cavalry Brigade came into action about 8.0 a.m. that morning the way to Villers-Bretonneux lay open, and the Germans were advancing quickly. It was not a question even of an hour or two. It was a question of minutes. The only roads by which infantry in lorries could have been rushed up were under concentrated shell-fire. None but mounted troops moving quickly over open country could have saved the situation."[1]

The 14th Division now had all its reserves in the front line. There were still, however, the other two brigades of the 3rd Cavalry Division in corps reserve, and at 9.45 a.m. the XIX Corps ordered Major-General Harman to move the 7th Cavalry Brigade (Brigadier-General Portal) to a position a mile north of Villers-Bretonneux, ready to support the 6th Brigade. It arrived on its horses in the pouring rain about 11 a.m., the brigadier being met here by his M.G. Squadron commander,[2] who had just received, from a 3rd Dragoon Guard

[1] "History of the 6th Cavalry Brigade, 1914-1919," by Lieutenant J. B. Bickersteth, M.C. (p. 93).

[2] This was the writer of this article, whose diary for this morning reads as follows:— "April 4. Pouring wet morning. I got orders at 9 a.m. to report at 14th Div. H.Q., Fouilloy, so rode off there with my servant. On reaching Fouilloy Chateau at 10 a.m., I found crowds of officers there . . . I reported myself to the 14th Div. M.G. officer, who told me that my guns were wanted to strengthen their line at certain points. Just as I was going off to fetch the Squadron, I met Gen. Archie Seymour, who told me that his 6th Cav. Bde. was just going into action, and that my own Brigade had also been ordered up. That being so, he advised me not to go back but to wait for my Bde. to arrive . . . I rode into the open ground between Fouilloy

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mounted messenger, an urgent request for the help of the 7th Brigade as soon as possible. General Portal at once despatched the 17th Lancers (Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill) with 4 guns from the 8th M.G. Squadron, to reinforce the Royals and 3rd Dragoon Guards on the right; and later, about 1.45 p.m., the 7th Dragoon Guards (Lieut.-Colonel Sparrow) were sent forward to support the 10th Hussars on the left. The third regiment, the Inniskillings, remained in brigade reserve for the time being. 4th April Sketch 4

At 10 a.m., the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in the Bois de Boves had been ordered to be saddled up and ready to move, but as things turned out its services were not required, and it was allowed to off-saddle soon after 5 p.m.

As a further precaution, the 24th Division, holding a reserve line in front of Gentelles, was ordered to extend its left to the northern edge of Bois l'Abbé, a London battalion from the 58th Division being lent to help in this movement.

At noon, the situation on the XIX Corps front was as follows:—The French at Hangard and the right of the 18th Division as far as a point due west of Marcelcave, were the same as in the morning. From that point the line bent back to a point 1,500 yards in front of Villers-Bretonneux, running thence approximately along the Villers-Bretonneux—Vaire road. From the Amiens main road the line was held from right to left by the 17th Lancers, Royals, 3rd Dragoon Guards and 43rd Brigade; then, north of the Fouilloy—Warfusée road, came the 10th Hussars—later joined by the 7th Dragoon Guards—and then remnants of the 41st and 43rd Brigades up to Vaire village, which was held by the 58th Australian Battalion of the Third Army.

and Villers-Bretonneux, so as to see if the 7th Cav. Bde. was coming up, and had'nt been waiting long before a man came galloping up, with his horse in a white lather. He was a 3rd D.G., and explained breathlessly that he had come with an urgent message from the 6th Cav. Bde., to hurry up with the 7th Bde. as the enemy was attacking strongly. As there were two ways the Brigade might come by, I sent him to one of them and went to the other myself. I soon met the Brigade trotting along, headed by Gen. Portal and Scott the Bde. Major, to whom I explained the situation and pointed out where we were wanted. Gen. Portal at once ordered off the 17th Lancers; they deployed into line of troop columns and cantered off through the rain and mud towards a slight ridge behind which the fight was going on. I sent Nos. 5 & 6 Sub-sections (Burton and Greenstreet) with them. As they advanced, a certain number of field-gun shells fell very near them, but no one seemed to be hit."

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Various attempts by the enemy to advance from Hamel and Vaire woods were stopped, and the line which the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades were now helping to hold was—though they did not know it—to be the high-water-mark of the German offensive at this point.

4th April

There was more hard fighting in the afternoon. The hostile shelling increased at 3 p.m., and an hour later the enemy launched another infantry attack on the 55th Brigade (18th Division) which, weary with continuous fighting and with most of its rifles clogged with mud, gave ground slightly.

Some Australians withdrew owing to a misunderstanding, but a squadron of the 17th Lancers, already in support of the Royals, was at 5.45 p.m. sent forward at a gallop to the southern side of Villers-Bretonneux, and the line was again secured, the two other squadrons of the regiment occupying posts immediately north of the Amiens main road.

A little later, the 14th Division was reported as not fit to continue in the front line, and so at 4.30 p.m. the XIX Corps ordered Major-General Harman, G.O.C. 3rd Cavalry Division, to take over the line from the Amiens main road to the Somme. For this purpose he would have his own division, the 15th Australian Brigade sent from the Third Army north of the river, the 1st and 2nd Machine Gun Squadrons, and any troops of the 14th Division that he wanted to keep.

By 8 p.m. therefore, General Harman had rearranged his line thus:—The 6th Cavalry Brigade, with the attached regiments of the 7th, held the right of the sector up to the Fouilloy—Warfusée road (exclusive), whence the newly-arrived 15th Australian Brigade took it on to the Somme. The 43rd Brigade were in reserve in a line they had dug early in the morning, about 1,000 yards behind the front line.

This meant that, by nightfall, the units of the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades were close together on a front of about a mile. The trenches were only makeshift ones hastily dug in the sodden fields; mostly they were 25 ft. long, 3 ft. wide and 4 ft. 6 in. deep, arranged chequerwise with considerable spaces between each, and they gave remarkably good protection.

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Heavy rain continued to fall; there was no overhead cover of any kind, and all ranks spent a miserable night.

The casualties of the 6th Cavalry Brigade during this day were:—

	Officers			*Other Ranks*		
	K.	*W.*	*M.*	*K.*	*W.*	*M.*
3rd Dragoon Guards ..	–	–	–	3	8	3
1st Royal Dragoons ..	–	–	–	4	12	4
10th Hussars	–	1	–	4	19	–
6th M.G. Squadron ..	–	1	–	–	–	1
6th Cav. Fd. Ambulance ..	–	–	–	1	4	–

In view of the vital service the brigade had rendered, and considering the severity of the enemy's fire, these figures can only be regarded as astonishingly light. The 7th Cavalry Brigade's figures for this date do not seem to have been recorded.

The Close of the Battle

Friday the 5th April dawned quietly, but at 9.30 a.m. the line held by the 6th Cavalry and 15th Australian Brigades was subjected to heavy shelling, which became more intense at 10.15 and was accompanied by an accurate barrage from German machine guns. At 11 a.m. the hostile infantry tried to advance, but were met by heavy fire and were stopped; on the news of this attack reaching Fourth Army headquarters, the various divisions in reserve were warned to be ready, and at 11.20 a.m. Cavalry Corps ordered the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Divisions to be prepared to march to Dury or Boves to protect the right flank of the Army. As things turned out, however, these moves were not necessary. 5th April Sketch 4

The repulse of the attacks on the 5th April marked the end of the great German Somme offensive which had begun on the 21st March.[1] Amiens was saved, and the enemy had definitely failed in his main object of separating the British and French Armies.

[1] There was a strong local attack on the 24th April, when Villers-Bretonneux was captured by the enemy and then recaptured by the British; but this is not officially regarded as part of the main German offensive on the Somme.

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6th April Sketch 4

During the night 5th/6th April, General Harman's 3rd Cavalry Division was relieved by General Hobbs's 5th Australian Division, marching back on foot to their horses and then concentrating at Lamotte-Brebière and Camon (6 and 8 miles behind the line and just east of Amiens). The machine guns could not, however, be relieved until the next night, so the 6th and 8th M.G. Squadrons of the 3rd Cavalry Division, with some guns of the 1st Cavalry Division, remained in the line with the Australians for another day and rejoined their brigades on the morning of the 7th April.

7th April

So ended the part played by the cavalry in the greatest defensive battle ever fought by the British Army in the whole of its history.

(*To be concluded*)

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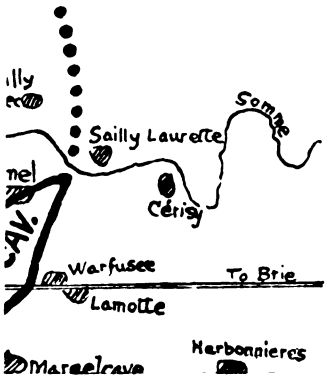
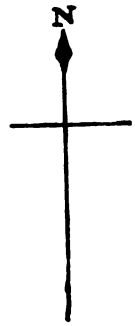
SKETCH 1





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A FIRST SHOOTING TRIP IN EAST AFRICA

(*Tanganyika Territory*).

TAKING advantage of the 14 days' local leave, which one is allowed once a year in the King's African Rifles, but not until one has completed nine months in the country, I chose the end of September for the following reasons. I should then have completed my nine months; the grass is burned at that time of year, and being the height of the dry season, game are concentrated in areas where there is water.

I decided to divide my trip into two periods, the first seven days in the quest of buffalo, rhino. and antelope. The remaining seven days entirely after elephant.

For my first period I relied on the very reliable and kind assistance of a friend of mine in the Game Department, who was to provide me with a reliable game scout and direct me to a pet locality of his own, where he felt sure I should see what I wanted.

I started off from Tabora, the headquarters of the Battalion, in a box-body Chevrolet motor car, a most useful form of conveyance in that country, being able to take plenty of kit, and to stand up to any amount of rough work. We were well loaded, carrying a tent, chop (food) boxes, bedding, etc., a personal boy, and most important, my native orderly who was a first-rate tracker with lots of experience. My armoury consisted of a double-barrelled .475 Jeffries, a .318 single-barrel magazine Westley Richard and a 12-bore shot gun.

We reached Shinyanga, a place 127 miles north of Tabora, about tea time, where I was to stay the night with my friend in the Game Department, pick up the game scout and receive my final instructions.

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On arrival I found T., my friend, had made the fullest arrangements, and at crack of dawn next morning, I was off again in my car bound for a place some 70 miles away. On the way I picked up a Fire Guard who had just come from the district in which I intended shooting, and who knew where the water-holes, and therefore the game, were.

We arrived at the village of Samegetis, our destination, at about 3 p.m., progress having been slow owing to the rough state of the road and innumerable dry sandy river beds, through some of which we had to push the car, and on two occasions unload it. Before I had finished pulling my rifles through, my boy had some tea and cold food ready for me, and as soon as the meal was over, off I went with my orderly and the game scout to see if there were any game about. It was ideal country for stalking and seeing game, open plains with belts of thorn bush.

We hadn't gone very far from the camp when we spotted a herd of Thompson Gazelle feeding. I got my glasses out and picked out a good buck feeding away from the herd. It was an easy stalk and I shot him at less than a hundred yards with my .318. Thompson Gazelle are such attractive little beggars with their short tails wagging and the streak of black across their flanks. While my orderly was "Chinjering" the Gazelle (cutting his throat) I had a look round the plain with my glasses and picked out a small herd of Wildebeeste about a thousand yards away.

After these I went with my orderly, sending the game scout back to the village to get some natives to bring in the Gazelle. The Wildebeeste were also an easy stalk as they were grazing on the far side of a thicket of thorn bush, and I was able to get to within 50 yards of them. I picked out a fine old white bearded bull and brought him down with my first shot. He had a fair head and a grand tail. More natives from the village now came up very pleased at the prospect of getting meat to eat. The plain was now dotted in all directions with herds of Thompson Gazelle and Wildebeeste and I therefore determined to take a wider chukkar round, and see if I could pick out any other variety of game; but after walking for about an hour without success, I decided to make back for camp. On the way back

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I saw three lone Wildebeeste bulls, and as one was a particularly big beast with a good head, I went after him, but he wasn't such an easy stalk as the others. Every time I got within 200 yards, off he would go, and as the light was failing, I took a long shot at about 200 yards. I must have under-estimated the range, as the bullet broke the leg just above the knee, and I had a long chase after him before finally killing him. He had a better head than the first one.

It was dark when we got back to camp, where I found the tent up, a hot bath ready for me, and well satisfied with the evening's shoot. During dinner I discussed the programme for the next day, and the Game Scout and Fire Guard both advised moving camp to a water-hole five hours' march away, where there was the likelihood of buffalo and rhino.

It wasn't possible to take the car any further, and so I asked the headman of the village for what porters I required, and as they had had plenty of meat there was no difficulty in getting them.

I was off at dawn next day with my orderly, the Game Scout and Fire Guard, leaving my boy to bring on the porters with the camp. It was a typical African morning, cool and fresh, in fact, during the pretence of breakfast, by the light of a hurricane lamp, one felt quite cold. However, once on the move one soon got warm. and as soon as the sun got up, quite hot enough. For the first hour we saw nothing but large herds of Wildebeeste, and then we crossed the tracks of a very large herd of buffalo, which my orderly said were two days old and not worth bothering about. A little further on, however, we ran into a herd of Eland and as I particularly wanted one, we went after them. Unfortunately they saw us first and there ensued a long stalk after them across a large open plain, the Eland in the inviting way they have, trotting on 500 yards or so, then stopping and grazing and then on again, just when one thought one was going to get a shot. It was about one o'clock before I got a shot. I picked out what I thought was a good bull and brought him down with a lucky shot in the neck, but on getting up to him, I found it was a cow. Both male and female Eland have horns and for a beginner are difficult to differentiate

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between, unless there happens to be an old blue bull in the herd, when its blue hide will show up so clearly against the light fawn of the females and younger bulls.

My stalk had luckily led us near to our new camping ground and from the ridge, on which we happened to be, I could see the Safari of porters making for a dry river bed, where the water-hole and our camp was to be.

Being by this time very hungry and thirsty I went down to them to see what sort of a lunch my boy could put up, and also to choose a good site for the camp. My orderly soon had my tent up and my boy had a nice stew of Tommy (Thompson's Gazelle) with plenty of onions and potatoes, invaluable on Safari, and this with some cheese and a bottle of beer to wash it down, satisfied thirst and hunger.

It was by then nearly 3 o'clock and as the sun was hot, I lay down on my camp bed, telling my boy to call me at 4 o'clock with a cup of tea.

At 4.30 p.m. I went out again to see if we could pick up any fresh rhino spoor along the dry river bed, just the sort of place where a rhino might be laying up. As we were approaching a clump of reeds, a buck jumped up and stood looking at us, giving me just time to put a shot into him. It was a Bohor Reedbuck ram, a specimen which I had not shot up to date. A little farther on my orderly pointed out an Impala ram feeding, perhaps the most graceful of all African antelopes, and when startled, the ease with which they bound over the country, is most fascinating. He had a good head and was an easy target.

It was now getting late and we began to retrace our steps back to camp; we hadn't gone very far when we saw a small herd of Coke's Hartebeeste coming towards us, not more than 100 yards away. Always timid and on the alert, they stood still, scenting danger, and as I hadn't previously shot one, I selected the biggest bull and bowled him over. It was a really good head.

We made camp about 7 p.m., having seen no fresh spoor of rhino, which was disappointing. However, everyone was in the best of spirits, as the camp was full of meat. Especially is Eland meat appreciated as it is full of fat; I saw that my boy

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had filled a bottle full of Eland dripping. I thoroughly enjoyed my dinner that night. Monkey nut soup, Eland steak with plenty of fried onions and toasted cheese. There is something very attractive about an evening in camp on Safari; my retainers had their own camp fire, eating their food and drying the meat slowly, and the porters sitting in a circle round a larger fire all talking away. But before turning in, the programme for the next day had to be arranged. The Camp Guard urged a change of camp to a place where he said there was "nyama mingi kabisa" (thousands of head of game) and where I should most certainly find buffalo, and only six hours' march.

I knew what that meant, eight hours' march at least, roughly 25 miles. Without any hesitation I said we would go. I arranged to be called at 4 a.m., and be on the march by 5 a.m. an hour before dawn, the camp to follow as soon as possible.

Next morning before 5 a.m. we were off, I took as I always afterwards learned to do, when I knew I was in for a long trek, some food, a kettle with tea and sugar, and milk, and more important still, a camp chair. I found nothing so restful as having a chair to sit on, instead of the hard ground.

It proved, as I thought it would, a good eight hours' march, and the last two hours over very rough ground, intersected by innumerable elephant tracks made during the wet weather. I had halted for an hour about 11 o'clock and had my breakfast, while I was having it, a greater Bustard came and had a look at us. It had been a hard march for the porters as there was no water along the whole route, and in consequence we saw little or no game.

It was 3 o'clock before we arrived at our camping ground, by which time the porters had caught us up, and they soon had my tent up, and my boy a cup of tea for me. While the camp was being made I had a look at our surroundings. Our camp was on a dry river bed some 800 yards from a large water-hole, where my guard told me that all the game watered. To the east as far as the eye could see, stretched a vast open plain, with some 20 miles away south-east the Irambo Plateau, and the Sekenki gold mine. Behind me, the river bed with trees and

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low scrub, which formed a belt a mile or more in depth, and beyond patches of thorn bush.

After tea I went out down the river bed with my .318 and a shot gun, and hadn't gone very far before I had a couple of guinea fowl and a partridge, the latter I sent back to be cooked for dinner. The next addition to the bag was an old wart hog with a fine pair of tusks on him. My orderly, who was a pagan, was highly delighted. I finished up by shooting a Coke's Hartebeeste, a most confiding beast, as he allowed me to have four shots at him before I killed him. He had a fine thick horn, if a little short, and I knew the porters would enjoy some fresh meat after their long march.

We started out at dawn next morning across the plain in the direction of the water-hole; we hadn't been walking for more than a quarter of an hour, when we spotted four dark shapes in the distance, making towards us. My orderly at once said "Niati" (Buffalo). I got my glasses out and had a look at them, very large they appeared. It was the first time I had seen buffalo, one of the most dangerous of big game, especially when wounded and which in later months were to give me some very exciting moments. Seeing them now for the first time gave me a great thrill, and I had a careful look at both my rifles, the .318 I carried myself, the double-barrelled rifle my orderly carried. As we approached each other, and within 500 yards, my orderly whispered "Mkubwa Sana" (very big). At the same time I happened to look to my right and saw away in the distance a large black mass coming towards us.

At first I took them for a large herd of buffalo, and thought that at all costs I must have a shot at the four, before they joined up with the herd, otherwise I should never pick them out again. However, there was no need for such alarm, as they turned out to be ostriches.

We were now about 300 yards from the buffalo, which stood in a threatening manner looking at us and then turned, and trotted slowly away. They did not go far, but stood again, allowing us to get within 300 yards, when off they would go again. On one occasion one of them waited longer, and turned, shaking his head as if he meant to charge us, but when I got

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down to take a shot, off he went. I wanted to get within 100 yards of them before taking a shot or even closer, as the closer one gets the more sure the shot.

This game went on for over an hour, when I saw to my right front a large clump of high grass and reeds. The buffalo appeared to be going round this, and it seemed a good chance for me to go through the grass and cut them off. Off we went and as soon as we were in the grass we were hidden from the buffalo, who settled down to a slow walk, grazing as they went, and keeping on the outside edge of the clump. We hurried through the high grass to within a hundred yards of the edge of the clump, where the grass was about knee deep. Here we halted as the buffalo were now coming across our front. I sat down with my .318 ready to take a shot as soon as they came opposite me, the distance I judged to be 100 yards. On they came and when about opposite me they stopped broadside on. I chose what looked like the biggest bull and took a careful aim; T, my friend in the Game Department, who had shot several hundred buffalo, had warned me to shoot high and well forward. All nervousness and excitement for those few seconds had gone, and I fired. Lo! and behold, this massive beast rolled over on his back never to move again. The other three never moved, but looked at their fallen comrade, and then in my direction. My orderly whispered, "Take the one on the right." I fired again and over rolled the second one. The two remaining still stood there. My orderly kept urging me to shoot again, but I thought two were sufficient. However, it looked as if I might be compelled to do so, as one of the survivors refused to go and even advanced in our direction. Twice I fired just over his head before he finally removed himself. I was really excited as we moved up to have a look at the slain, taking good care to come up from behind, and having the double-barrelled rifle in my hand instead of the .318. Although they showed no sign of life, I took the precaution of putting a shot behind the ear into each of them.

Splendid beasts they looked, and though I shot several more afterwards, I never got such good heads or in such contrast.

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The widest one 51 inches long and narrow, the other 48½ inches, very massive, with a fine boss.

It was now about 9 a.m. and the camp about four miles away, to which we decided to return, as the buffalo had to be skinned, the masks and scalps removed, also a message to be sent to the local chief that there was all this meat and to bring the trophies in, each head taking four good porters to carry.

On the way back to camp the plain was alive with game, there must have been at least five thousand head of game, a marvellous sight, chiefly Wildebeeste, Zebra and Thompson's Gazelle, all of them either having watered or on their way to water at the water-hole near the camp. My orderly pointed out what he said was a particularly fine Wildebeeste head and I shot him. There was great excitement when we returned to camp, and my porters were off at once to the scene of action to help skin the buffalo, and to select the best bits of meat for themselves. After sending off my letter to the local chief, I retraced my steps to where the buffalo lay in order to superintend taking off the masks and scalps. It was well past midday by the time we had finished, and I got back to camp for a late lunch. After lunch I discussed the prospects of getting a rhino. The Fire Guard advised going back to the first camp at Samegetis; this meant a march of about 30 miles and so in order to avoid marching in the heat of the day, I decided to get off at 2 a.m.

That evening I amused myself by watching the game coming to water and shooting sand grouse.

An early bed and we were off and away well before 2 a.m.; a guide with a hurricane lamp in front and my orderly behind to keep the porters closed up. At 7 a.m. I called a halt and had breakfast. We hadn't gone far after breakfast when we spotted a herd of Roan Antelope in a clearing across a dry river bed. I let the porters go on and taking my orderly and Game Scout, I went after them. We got into the river bed, of which the banks were high, without being seen, and I started up it to get a good shot at them. It was a herd of about twenty, in which were two quite fair heads. I selected the point where I intended to take a shot, about 50 yards from where the animals were feeding. I got there without being seen and had

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an easy shot at the first of the two bulls which fell dead. The herd jumped round to see from whence the shot had come and an old bull with a fine head, which must have been away from the herd, and whom I hadn't seen, showed himself and then they were off. I took a quick shot and broke his foreleg, he stood for a moment just long enough to have given an easy shot, but as I was about to fire I saw beyond him and in a direct line, the head of my orderly, who hadn't followed me. Then off he went on three legs, and I had missed my opportunity. For two hours we followed him until at last he beat us in some thick cover and we lost his tracks.

We now made for camp and had still a long way to go, much further than I thought, and it was after 2 p.m. by the time we got there. I had some food and lay down on my bed, very weary. I hadn't been resting for more than half an hour when my orderly came in and said a native had seen a herd of Eland quite close to the camp. Up I got and off we went. We had been walking for half an hour, seeing nothing and I was not in the best of tempers, being tired and footsore, and was about to vent my wrath on the native who had brought in the report of Eland, when I saw a large black shape some thousand yards away. I put my glasses on it and there to my delight was a rhino. standing in the shade of a tree. I changed my .318 for the double-barrel .475 and taking only my orderly with me, we went towards him. There was a large tree about 50 yards from the rhino. which I made my objective and which also afforded cover from view. I must own I was very excited and covered those few hundred yards as fast as I could. The wind was right and we got up to the tree without arousing the suspicion of the rhino. He was broadside on and within 50 yards. I took the heart shot and fired. Thud went the heavy bullet and the rhino. spun round, his head down as if he meant to charge. I fired again, putting my second shot into his chest and over he fell. A huge beast with a fair horn of 19 inches.

Leaving the natives to cut off his head, feet and the skin of his flanks, I went back to camp. I now felt that the first half of my shoot was over and that the sooner I got to the elephant country, the more chance I would have, each day being valuable.

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It had been a most successful five days, with a total bag of thirteen head of game, nine different species, including some good heads, especially the buffalo.

2 Buffalo,
1 Rhino.,
3 Wildebeeste,
2 Coke's Hartebeeste,
1 Impala,
1 Reedbuck,
1 Roan Antelope,
1 Thompson's Gazelle,
1 Wart Hog.

(*To be continued.*)

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AN EYE FOR A HORSE

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

Part III.

LEVERAGE AND THE BONY FRAME.

There is no point of conformation so difficult to judge as the set, disposition and movement of the horse's limbs, although the angle of every joint can be estimated geometrically and gauged mechanically. If we are dealing with a piece of mechanism, however, we can call to our aid rule and callipers to determine dimensions, a protractor to measure angles, with highly scientific instruments and chemical analysis to test strength of material. But with a horse, eye and touch are our sole guides, and these are hampered and complicated by the obscuring cover of flesh and hair.

There are some men who have a flair in this direction, by which is meant that they have the type of analytical mind that can detect and appraise faults at a glance. If in addition they have owned so many horses that they have been able to accumulate enough experience to be able to render an account of their conclusions, they are what are known as good judges, men with "an eye for a horse." One has to deal intimately with many horses to gain this exact knowledge, as faults that escape detection at first sight may become manifest only when the horse is put to work.

This method of acquiring the necessary knowledge is a slow process, but it can be speeded up by the study of anatomy and of the "whys and wherefores" of everything appertaining to conformation. With this object in view it is essential to have a clear understanding of the important points of mechanics, such as levers and angles, the incidence of weight, strength of material, and design generally. The most important of these in a study of conformation is leverage, which plays its part in the bending of every joint; every muscular effort is affected by it

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and every movement. Indeed, it is not even absent from consideration when a horse is standing still.

It must be realized that a muscle can only pull, it can never push. All movement is the result of a muscle contracting, and it therefore follows that every muscle must have one, operating in the reverse way, to compensate. A muscle that bends a limb necessitates one to straighten it. This is the governing principle of all joints and limbs.

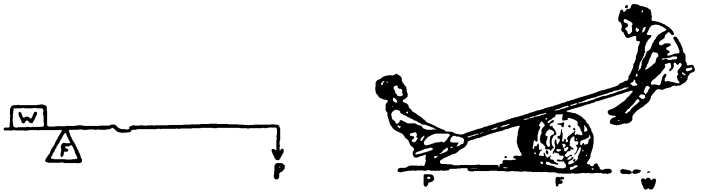

FIG. 4
LEVER OF THE FIRST ORDER

Levers are of three orders. Fig. 4 is a lever of the first order. A bar is resting on the fulcrum, F, with the weight, W, and the power, P, on opposite sides of the fulcrum. A simple illustration is the see-saw, and here the children, being the same weight, are equidistant from F. One child by leaning back lengthens his arm of the lever and outweighs the other. Were one child heavier than the other, the position of the fulcrum would have to be shifted if equilibrium is to be preserved. In other words, the greater the weight to be moved, the nearer F must be to W, assuming no increase of power. This is what is known as increased leverage. An example of "great leverage" is shown in Fig. 5.

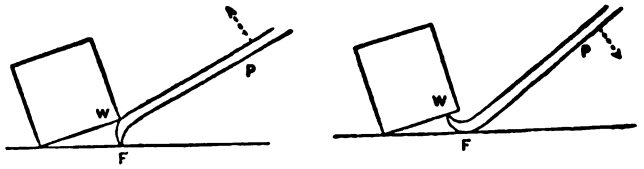

FIG. 5

A lever of the second order has the weight between the power and the fulcrum (Fig. 6). A man lifting a wheelbarrow is an example of this, the point where the wheel meets the ground being the fulcrum; the body of the barrow and the load con-

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stitute the weight, and the man lifting supplies the power. Another illustration is a man rowing. In this instance the fulcrum, the oar in the water, is only relatively stationary, the

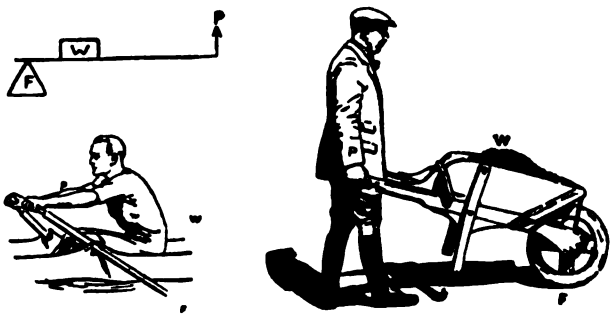

FIG. 6
LEVER OF THE SECOND ORDER

boat through the rowlock is the weight and the man pulling is the power.

With a lever of the third order (Fig. 7) the power is between the weight and the fulcrum. A man pitching hay is using the fork as a lever of the third order, the right hand being the fulcrum. The nearer the man's two hands are together the greater the strength he will have to exert to lift the same weight, and, conversely, the further his left hand (the power) is up the stave the greater the leverage.

In the horse's body the limbs are actuated by a combination of the various orders, but levers of the third order predominate.

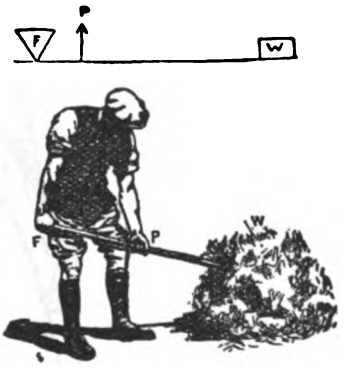

FIG. 7
LEVER OF THE THIRD ORDER

From the point of view of strength it will often seem that the design of many joints could be improved and that in many instances the various levers are working at a disadvantage. At first sight this would seem to be an unwise provision of nature till we ask ourselves whether there is not some compensating advantage. The answer is, that in common with all mechanism where there is loss of power, there is corresponding gain in speed and range of movement.

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It requires thought and study to determine which particular movement is actuated by which order of lever. This may appear merely an academic study as, of course, we cannot alter anything even though our mechanical knowledge tells us that there is room for improvement. But in studying conformation an appreciation of leverage has its uses because it shows us why breadth, width and ample proportions generally, make for greater strength and durability, and how with all the orders leverage and therefore strength are sacrificed to speed.

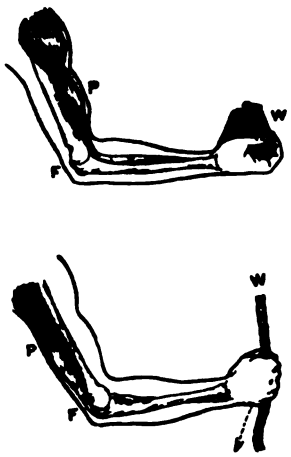

FIG. 8

To help the student to apply the principles of the three orders of lever to joints and to the movements of limbs Fig. 8 will be useful.

The arm is bent and the weight raised by a lever of the third order and a lever of the first order exerts the downward pull on the rope.

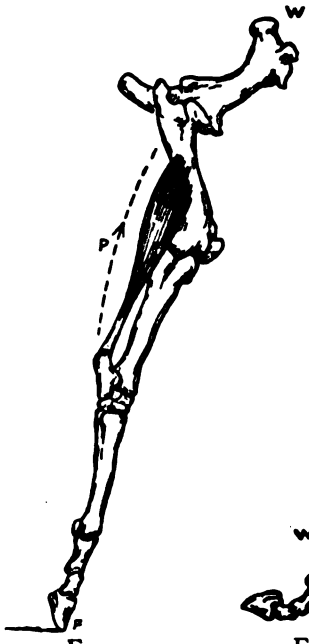

FIG. 9

FIG. 10

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Then, to bring the matter to a point appropriate to our subject, Figs. 9, 10, 11 and 12 should be studied. These figures represent the bones and joints of the horse's hind leg. It will be seen that, although the power, P, is naturally always supplied by the muscles, the position of the fulcrum, F, and that of the weight, W, is not always the same, even in the same limb. The position of F varies according to the particular movement, and similarly what constitutes W is also variable, together with the direction of its resistance and movement. Thus in Fig. 9, the muscle, P, is the power, the point where the foot meets the ground, F, is the fulcrum; and P, by straightening the hock, moves the mass of the horse, W, forward; this is a lever of the third order. The continuation of this movement is shown in Fig. 10 when the horse's hoof is clear of the ground: the position of F is here changed to the hock, and the weight of the foot

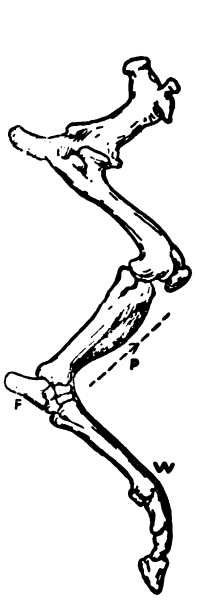

FIG. 11

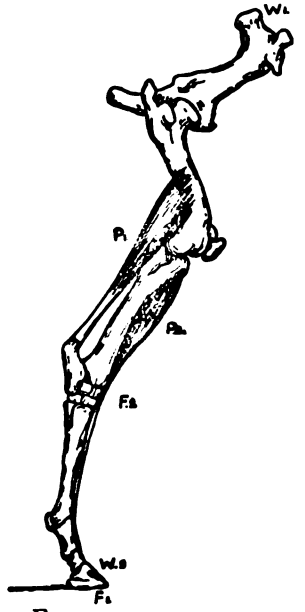

FIG. 12

and leg below the hock becomes W; this is a lever of the first order. Fig. 11 shows the bending of the hock, one of the movements made in advancing the hind leg: here the muscle, P, is in the front of the gaskin, F is again in the hock, and W is once more the foot and leg below the hock; this is a lever of the

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third order. In Fig. 12 the muscles in the rear and in the front of the gaskin are shown, being designated P^1 and P^2 respectively, and their several fulcrums and weights bear the lettering F^1 and F^2, W^1 and W^2.

The longer the distance from the point of attachment of P to F the greater the power that can be exerted by the same force; in mechanical language the leverage is greater; and herein lies the key to the most important point of conformation. We are taught, for instance, that a broad gaskin is an advantage, and the reason for this is the increased leverage obtained. Any increase, however insignificant, in the length of the os calcis [which broadens the gaskin] increases the effectiveness of the power in direct proportion.

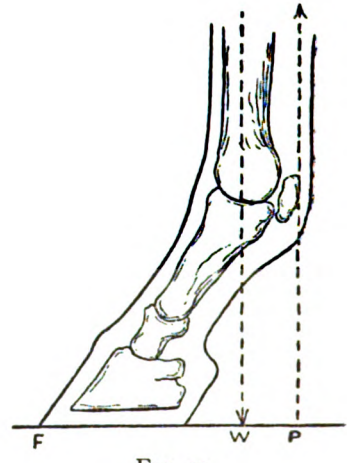

FIG. 13

By way of further emphasis we will consider the foreleg from the same point of view (Fig. 13). The horseman will speak of big or small bone below the knee. Here again the greater the distance of P from the actual bone, the greater the effectiveness of the power exerted. The exertion of this power contributes to the bending back of the foreleg, first to aid propulsion and then to enable the foot to clear the ground. This figure shows the mechanical advantage of size and parallelism of the "bone" below the knee.

A tired horse that has through fatigue lost the necessary co-ordination of muscular effort, may fail to "time" his movements accurately, with the result that the compensating muscles and tendons take their share of the burden disproportionately. With this faulty timing fatigue increases very rapidly, so it is wise to slacken the pace down to a walk as soon as the rider notices the onset, as a further and no less important duty of these muscles and tendons is to relieve the inelastic suspensory ligaments of weight as the foreleg comes to the ground. Failure of co-ordination results in the weight of the horse, or part of it,

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coming down on these ligaments, and the accident known as "breakdown" occurs.

Leverage is one of the most important factors that make for weight-carrying power. Without the generous proportion of joint that ensures great leverage, there can be neither the power to carry weight nor the ability to stay. The greater muscular effort required to move a limb where the leverage is meagre, conduces to early fatigue.

GENERAL SURVEY.

(*Part* I).

In appraising the make and shape of a horse a general and detailed survey is the first duty. This must be made from five points: a view from both sides, one from the front, one from the rear and, as a final test, there must be the trial in the saddle, what a well-known dealer calls "the cold ride" to distinguish it from a trial out hunting or in a chukker at polo.*

First Impressions.

The first impression is important because on it so much depends.

This first impression is as subtle as the question that we have so often to answer in our daily intercourse with men and women. Do we take to them or do we not? Do we wish to get better acquainted? Are we indifferent or do we feel we have seen as much of them as we want? I said elsewhere, writing on the same subject: "I would as soon describe in detail the woman a man should marry as the horse he should buy. It is the custom in this country to fall in love before committing matrimony, and a man should fall in love with a hunter or polo pony before contemplating purchase. *We cannot hope to buy perfection*, and it will be easier to forgive the faults and vagaries that are bound to manifest themselves when a horse is put to work, if the animal has been the object of our unaided choice. If one has been talked into buying a horse or if one has bought only because a detailed examination has failed to reveal any adverse point of sufficient importance to cause rejection, one is apt to take a pessimistic view of subsequent shortcomings. I was once told by a well-

*If a buyer is fortunate enough to get a trial in a good run with hounds or in a game of polo this is of immense value, although it usually adds materially to the price.

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known hunting man and polo player that he had never once owned either a hunter or polo pony, green or schooled, without wishing, at some time in its career, that he had never bought it. However, these moments of regret will be fewer and not so poignant if we are definitely drawn to a horse before we begin going over him in detail. It is a good principle on which to work that we should be very exacting over every detail, but that the more a horse pleases us the more lenient, within reason, we can be. Above all things, however quickly the buyer may think he can make up his mind, he should defer his final decision to close the deal and keep an open mind, until the examination and trial in the saddle are completed. Then any offer that is made should be subject to veterinary examination. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and even horsemen and dealers of great experience stipulate for a veterinary examination on the principle that two heads are better than one. The seller may be a man of undoubted integrity and honestly under the impression that his horse is sound, but he cannot really know this for certain unless an examination has taken place quite recently, almost, one may say, the same day.

On the other hand should we decide *not* to buy, it is wise to say so at once and dismiss the animal from our minds, especially if there are many horses still to be shown. There is such a thing as becoming "horse blind" through seeing too many in a short space of time, with the risk in these circumstances of losing the critical faculty.

Size and Weight-carrying Power.

In this general survey the first thing to note is height and weight-carrying power, combined with a capacity for speed and endurance. For my own riding I do not care for anything over 16 hands; in fact, I consider 15.3 the ideal height for a hunter to carry even a great weight, and 15 hands for a polo pony. I am 5 ft. 11 in. and ride 14 st. Much of my hunting experience has been gained on polo ponies measuring round about 15 hands, but our fences although tricky are small. There are important advantages claimed for the big horse, 16 hands and over; a tall man feels or looks more adequately mounted, and fences undoubtedly look smaller. Indeed, an increase of 2 in. to the

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height of one's hunter dwarfs a fence out of all proportion to this comparatively insignificant difference. On the other hand the nearer a horse is to 15 hands the nearer he is likely to approach perfection of conformation. It is no uncommon remark to hear when hunting men are shown well-shaped polo ponies that they wish they could find full-sized horses as well made. The highest compliment that can be paid to a 16 hand horse is that "he moves and rides like a polo pony." There is also a tendency for very big horses, 16.1 and over, to become whistlers or roarers, and further, unless they are of that exceptional conformation so rarely found in these giants, they are deficient in activity and stamina. In a big horse every part seems to be attenuated and diffused, like the enlargement of a photograph. In a diminished photograph, on the contrary, every feature becomes clearer-cut and more defined, and here we have an analogy to the pony.

Whenever I ask my friends to describe from their experience the favourite hunter of their lives, the recital of the animal's virtues and prowess generally finishes with some such regretful remark as "But he was only 15.2" or "If he had only been two inches bigger I suppose I could not have afforded to keep him." Which goes to prove that, although the performance of the smaller horse is undeniable, the intrinsic value is in the bigger animal. My contention is, however, that it was just the two inches less in height that made for the compactness and activity which raised the horse above the ordinary.

The height of a horse is a simple matter of measurement. It requires, nevertheless, a certain amount of experience to measure a horse accurately. One cannot go wrong in the manipulation of the measuring standard if one is careful to see that the bubble of the spirit-level is in the centre; it is the attitude of the horse and the surface on which he is placed that must be checked. I have known many blunders made over measuring height which can be increased an inch by exciting the horse and raising his head and neck. The ground he stands on must be level. I know a dealer's yard with a rectangle of concrete for measuring purposes, sited so cunningly in relation to the surrounding surface that, while it looks level, there is actually a difference of 1½ in. between a measurement taken at one side and that taken at the other. It

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requires no stretch of imagination to picture how easy it is under these circumstances, to make a 15.3½ horse 16.1, or a 15.1½ pony 15 hands.

A dealer who knows his job will also utilise a slope in the ground to show off his horse to the best advantage. If the animal is inclined to be "low in front" he will place him with his fore-end on the higher ground and conversely, if the quarters are drooping or mean, he will face him the opposite way. The horse will have been taught to place his legs in a becoming attitude and the groom at his head will manœuvre him till he assumes this attitude and will also keep his attention roused so that he carries his head well up (Fig. 28). One should be able to distinguish between an indifferent horse standing well and a good horse that has never been trained to assume any but a slovenly attitude.

A capacity for speed depends largely on a horse's breeding and action. Endurance (staying power) is also partly dependent on whether a horse is Thoroughbred or nearly so, but it is also largely dependent on his make, shape, symmetry and correct proportions. It is as essential that no one limb should be disproportionately strong as that none should display any definite weakness. The last consideration, as well as the consideration of weight-carrying power, forms the principal subject of this book and the comparative value of points of conformation for or against speed, endurance and weight-carrying power is discussed in every chapter. Nevertheless a brief generalisation will be useful.

Weight-carrying power is a quality that has been developed by selective breeding. Animals in a state of nature are not built to carry weight, but breeders having learnt by experience which particular points in the horse militate against strength, have seen to it that these points have been absent in those animals selected for the stud.*

FIG. 14

*The elephant could, I suppose, be called a weight carrier, whether in the wild state or in captivity, but it would be interesting to see a calculation to prove whether he or the horse is capable of carrying the greater burden in comparison to bulk and size of limb as well as in relation to speed. If this comparison could be worked out to the denomination of foot-pounds per second, it would not surprise me if the Grand National winner were to prove a more efficient weight carrier than the biggest elephant.

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As of course it would be fatal to sacrifice speed to strength in a racehorse, it has been the aim of breeders to attain strength and endurance with as little loss of speed as possible, although broadly speaking the two are antagonistic. The greyhound

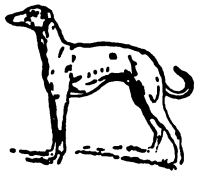

FIG. 16

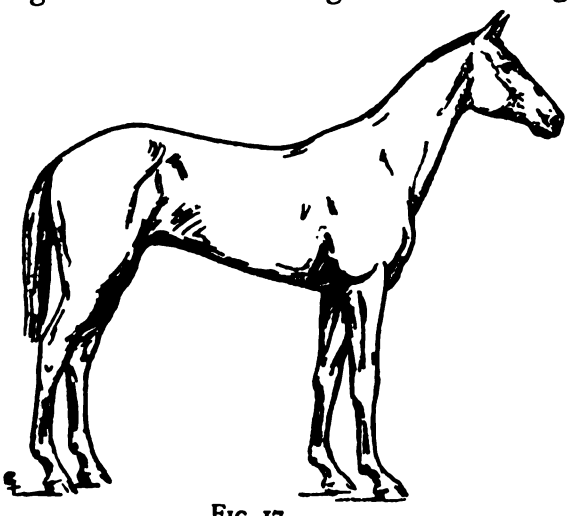

FIG. 17
THOROUGHBRED WEED

(Fig 16), probably the fastest four-footed animal, is unsuited to carry weight.

The question naturally arises: How are we to recognise a weight carrier? What are the points that enable us to say "That horse is up to weight and that one is not?" One would not select a Thoroughbred weed, light of bone and of shallow girth, to carry a heavy man through a day's hunting (Fig 17) any more than one would expect one of those thick-set cobs we see pounding up and down Rotten Row to win a race or a bending competition. Both would be unsuited to the particular task (Fig. 18). But if the weedy Thoroughbred could take on some of the dimensions of the thick-set cob without losing his Thoroughbred characteristics, the tendency would be towards greater

FIG. 15

I must confess that the camel is a puzzle. This beast of burden apparently breaks every rule of conformation. He is "back at the knees," "light of bone," too long in the leg, has an upright shoulder, "cow hocks," his hindquarters are beneath contempt and yet he seems capable of carrying a big weight and is by no means a slow mover, while his powers of endurance are undeniable.

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strength without undue loss of speed. I feel reluctant to particularise further as this generalisation seems sufficient until we go into details limb by limb, point by point.

The whole of the survey and trial need not take long (half an hour should suffice). It must be understood that we are considering the judging of make, shape and action only and not immediate soundness, although if any radical defect in conformation

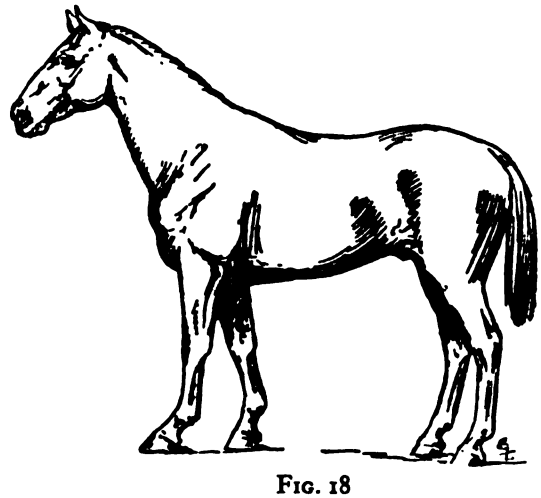

FIG. 18
WEIGHT-CARRYING COB

is noticed at this first survey, or if any sign of disease or any form of vice is apparent—any of these should be enough for an intending purchaser to reject the horse without going any further. The strength of a chain is that of the weakest link. So only if the animal is pleasing, and no radical defect is manifest should the trial proceed.

The examination should begin with the side view, and the points to be registered are set down in the order in which they come most conveniently to the experienced observer.

The Head.

A fine judge of a horse once told me that if in buying he were allowed only two points on which to make his decision, the horse's head and his heels would be the two he would select, for it is here that want of breeding manifests itself most surely. I will go a step farther and say that if only one point were allowed

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PLATE XVIII

(*a*) THOROUGHBRED

(*b*) ROMAN NOSE

(*c*) THOROUGHBRED

(*d*) UNDER-BRED HORSE

(*e*) UNDER-BRED HORSE

(*f*) PROMINENT BETWEEN THE EYES

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to come into question, it ought to be his head that should decide us.

In a horse's head we find artistic merit—real beauty—combined with what we must call utility for want of a better word. Health, intelligence, keenness, docility, friendliness and interest in his surroundings shine out from the head of the well-bred horse that has never had his temper spoiled and has been rationally and kindly treated from his youth upwards both in and out of the stable.

The head of the well-bred saddle horse should appear finely chiselled and be small and lean, with the skin tightly covering the skull. The bony prominences and veins should be well defined, the skin at the muzzle, nostrils and lips, soft and velvety and free from coarse long hairs. This lean condition must, however, not be confused with the signs of emaciation resulting from disease, debility or old age.

We are, of course, looking at the horse from the side, and there are important points to be noted in this view of the profile. The front line of the face should be straight or slightly concave [Plate XVIII, Fig. (*a*)] but never convex. A Roman nose [Plate XVIII, Fig. (*b*)] is often the accompaniment of great intelligence, but it is also a sign of commonness, while a lump between the eyes [Plate XVIII, Fig. (*f*)] is a veritable danger signal. I never knew a horse with this shape of head that was not a rogue and I have known only too many that were. As I have still to find an exception to this rule, nothing would induce me to buy one without an exhaustive trial with the horse fit and corn-fed. I would expect a horse with such a head to be nappy, uncertain or homesick; actually this particular illustration is of one of the most difficult horses I ever owned. Plate XVIII, Figs. (*d*) and (*e*), are of an underbred horse.

The head should be broad across the cheek and narrow at the muzzle [Figs. (*a*) and (*c*)]; Dick Turpin said of his Black Bess that she could drink out of a pint pot. The eyes should be large and wide open and not in any way sunken. The lids should show no sign of anxious or irritable wrinkling. The display of the whites of the eyes, if it comes from a muscular effort of the lids, can be taken as a sign of bad temper. The expression of a horse's face is a

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subtle thing and the eye is only one of the factors that go to its composition. In this study of physiognomy there is in addition the play and position of the ears and the contraction of the muscles round the lips and nostrils. Thus if when approached a horse laid back his ears flat on to his neck, showed the whites of his eyes, bared his teeth and contracted his nostrils, and if this expression were combined with a stretching out of the head from the neck (Fig. 19) and tucking in of the tail, the horse is simply making himself look as invulnerable and as formidable as possible. Conversely therefore if all these threatening actions were to be reversed, if the neck is carried easily with the muscles relaxed, the face at an angle of 45°, the ears pricked, the eyes wide open and free from surrounding wrinkles and the nostrils and lips tranquil, we would deduce a happy, contented horse, well disposed and friendly. Somewhere between these extremes lies the whole study of a horse's physiognomy.

FIG. 19

In all paces and even when stationary the natural and best angle for the profile is 45° (Fig. 28). At this angle the horse's

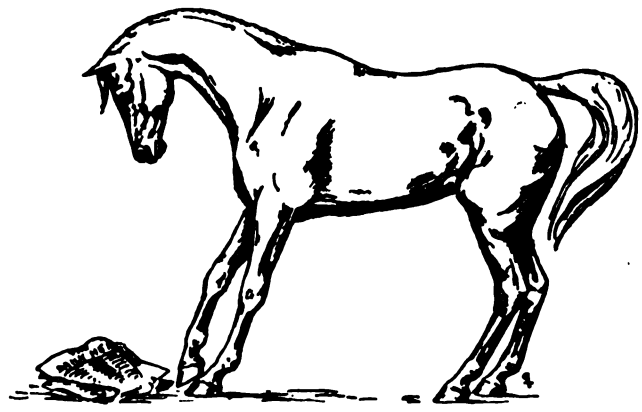

FIG. 20

eye is in the best position for seeing what is in front of him. Anything on the ground nearer than 4ft. to 5ft. is, however, invisible to him unless he so manœvres his head as to extend his

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range of vision. To see what is immediately in front of him he will draw up his neck slightly and bring the angle of his face beyond the perpendicular (Fig. 20). It is well to realise that there is this blind area, as it often accounts for a horse's stubbornness in going through a gap, his clumsiness in failing to clear something lying on the ground or stepping into instead of over, a spade-cut. A horse feeling an isolated branch touch his forelegs in a gap may stop apprehensively under the impression that it is something that may trip him up. If he can be induced to look down to see what it is, or even if he can feel the branch bend, he will brush his way through. A horse becoming thus

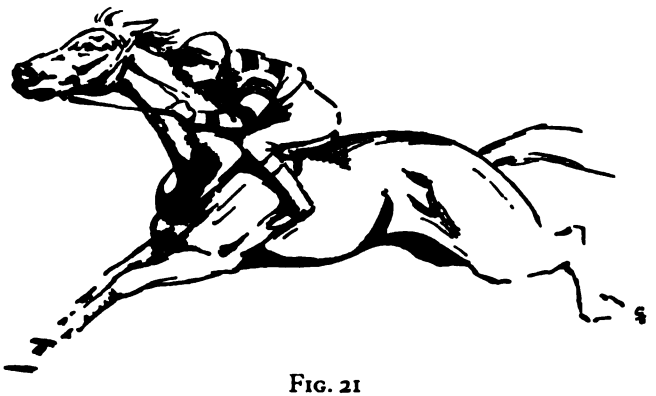

FIG. 21

unsighted after having failed to register the position and nature of an obstacle as he approaches it accounts for many falls and refusals.

To obtain the increased control necessary when stopping and turning at polo, and for a hack or for the haute école, the head should be carried high and the face should be nearly perpendicular. But this increased handiness is at the expense of speed. Thus a racehorse is ridden in a snaffle so that he can by extending his neck develop his speed to the highest point (Fig. 21), while with a polo pony a curb is necessary to get his head and neck (and with it the rest of his body and limbs) into the best position for pulling up suddenly and smoothly.

The size of the head comes next for consideration. A small head is a sign of breeding, but it can be too small for pleasing proportion if combined with a massive frame and large bone.

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A large head on the end of a long neck, as well as being unsightly, is definitely a mechanical disadvantage; here again leverage is the factor. Fig. 22 shows a man holding a hammer

FIG. 22

by the end of the haft and a comparison with Fig 23 shows how the weight is diminished or increased by varying the length of the arm of the lever. The weight of the head on the end of a badly carried neck (the arm of the lever) bears the more heavily on the forelegs, due to leverage, and may tend to overbalance a horse and cause him to stumble. As the concussion of the forefeet on the ground is an evil with which one has always to reckon when a horse is in motion, the result of the faulty position in which the weight of the head is carried must be multiplied by the number of strides taken. The only compensation there could be for a heavy head would be such a lofty carriage that the leverage is lessened (Fig. 1).*

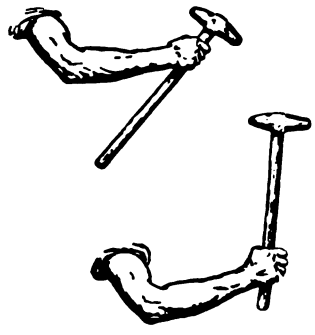
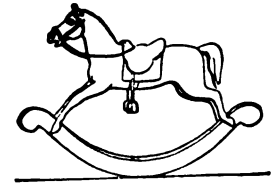
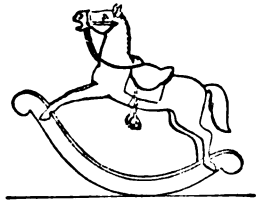


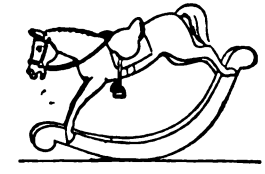
FIG. 23



HEAD CARRIED NORMALLY



HEAD CARRIED HIGH



HEAD CARRIED LOW

FIG. 24

*CAVALRY JOURNAL, April, 1933, p. 200.

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The Neck.

The set of the neck is so important that one may say that if there is any fault here the horse can never be a pleasant ride and never entirely controllable. Figs. 1 and 28 show a well-shaped and well-carried neck and a well-set-on head. It will be noticed that the top line is long compared with the bottom line, which should show no convexity. There should be no "crest" or arch to the neck and no bend further back than the poll. One can liken the neck of a well-proportioned and skilfully broken blood horse to a riding whip. If one is held as in Fig. 25 the worst kind of head carriage is exemplified, but when reversed (Fig. 26) there is some resemblance to the correct carriage. Any deviation from this is a serious fault and the curve of the neck vertebræ is an important point of study. There is a certain carriage of the head which is essential to control (Figs. 1 and 28).

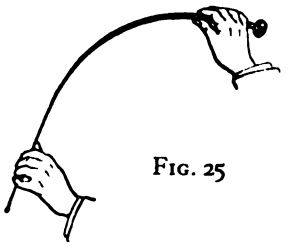

FIG. 25

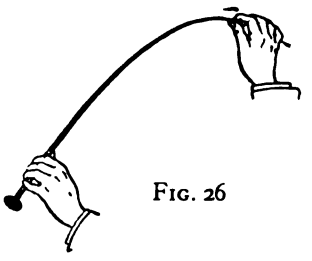

FIG. 26

A further and no less important point in a faulty bend of the neck is the attachment of the muscles that advance the shoulder (Plate XVII).* It will be seen if the neck is arched, *i.e.*, if the bend comes too far back, that these muscles are working at a disadvantage compared with Fig. 28, and the horse in order to raise his forefeet must unduly bend his knee, and in addition the power freely to advance the forefeet so desirable in all paces becomes impossible. Speed is greatly affected by the shortening of the stride due to a faulty carriage of the head. A horse racing on the flat carries the neck in the best position for extreme speed (Fig. 21), but this has to be modified for the greater control required of the hunter and this is still further accentuated in the polo pony.

*CAVALRY JOURNAL, April, 1933, opposite p. 202.

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The correct carriage of head and neck and the correct bend of the latter can often only be judged (except by the very experienced) when the horse is bitted and ridden, and it should be noted, in parenthesis, that the curve of even a well-shaped neck and the carriage of a well-set-on head can be spoiled, often permanently, by unsuitable bitting and bad riding.

Following the top line back there should be no dip where the neck joins the withers, although want of condition may account for it temporarily. But with a "knife-edge" wither this dip may never be made up although, apart from being ugly, there is no particular detriment.

There is no advantage in a very long neck. Length in front of the saddle should be obtained by a sloping shoulder rather than by length of neck. The particular extra length is associated with a predisposition to whistling.

The width of the neck should diminish towards the poll, the whole tapering gracefully, and the gullet should be well demarcated.

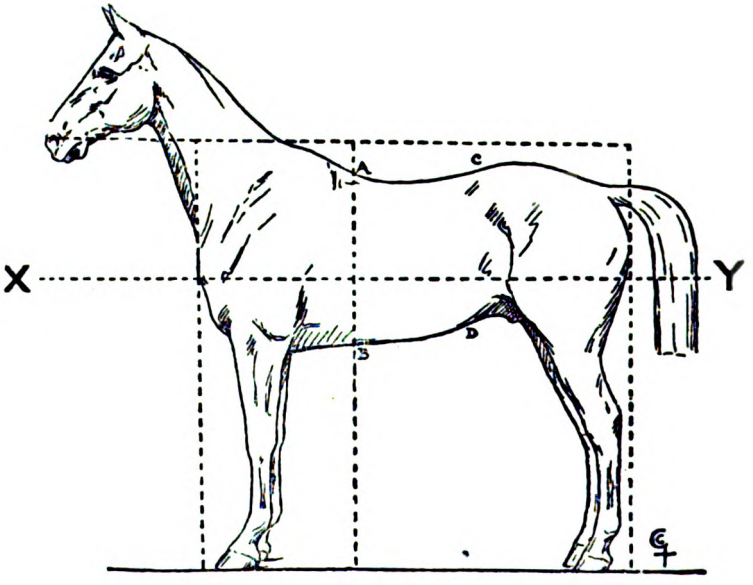

FIG. 28

A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF FOUR NOTABLE SADDLE HORSES (THOROUGHBRED, ARAB, POLO PONY AND HUNTER)

showing the carriage, poise and stance of a well-proportioned horse standing alertly at attention. The point at which AB and XY intersect is the centre of gravity.

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"*HIMALAYAN POLO*"

By F. H. Outram.

"Huzoor, it is the Raja's birthday to-day and there is to be polo."

"I will be there, Daud Khan."

My bearer left the chota hazri by my bedside and began to set out my clothes and prepare my bath. I lay back and mused on this subject of the Raja's birthday and the polo I had been playing during these last few days.

I thought of the great matches I had seen in England and I tried to place those paragons of polo fields alongside this funny little ground in far-distant Astor. Truly the difference was startling. Dearly should I have loved to take our players to England and waft the giants of English polo to Astor. For this ground was irregular in shape and surface. By irregular I infer geometrical irregularity—for who dare say that it is irregular according to the rules of polo? Polo was played here long before the Western countries took it up; it is they, the Western countries, who are irregular.

But in a strictly geometrical sense it must be admitted that Himalayan polo is irregular, very irregular. The ground is roughly two hundred yards long and fifty yards wide; there is no definite rule about this—there cannot be for it depends on the configuration of local scenery. The surface is that which Dame Nature provides—usually earth and pebbles, or the sand by the side of a mountain stream.

Occasional patches of turf add form and colour to the scene, break the monotony of the surface and add excitement to the game by sending the ball off at unexpected angles and tripping up the ponies.

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Boards are scorned. What board could stop a galloping hill pony? And who wants a respite, waiting for the ball to be thrown in again? These Spartans play to a finish and, in keeping with this ideal, they hedge their grounds in with stone walls, rough dry stone walls made with boulders from the river bed and rocks from the surrounding hills. These walls, three to four feet high, localize the game so that spectators can stand with their elbows resting on the walls and watch the game at close quarters.

The only effeminate touch about the ground is the provision of two small openings in the end walls. These are the goals, and players are allowed to enter and leave the ground by them instead of jumping their ponies over the walls.

The rules of the game are simple. Six a side is the usual number but there is no real limit: sometimes twenty, will appear on the field at the same time. Only one pony is used by each player. There is only one chukker, the time of which is limited solely by the capabilities of the ponies—usually about two hours. During the chukker a tired player will frequently leave the field to rest his pony whilst he himself lolls against the wall and cheers on his side.

The game is started by a player galloping down the ground with the ball in his hand. When he reaches the centre of the field he should drop the ball and try to hit it. Everyone then joins in the battle. As there is neither umpire nor referee dishonest players, who seem to thrive in the Himalayas, run well past the half-way line in this opening charge and sometimes even score a goal. But their dishonesty is punished, for whoever has the misfortune to score a goal has to dismount and pick up the ball with his hand. Whilst he is doing this his opponents are allowed to belabour him with their polo sticks in an endeavour to take the ball from him. The idea of this is that whichever side has the ball takes the opening run down the field—a very distinct advantage in the hands of these cheerfully dishonest players.

These appeared to be the only rules of play. It really was delightfully simple and provided a most exhilarating game; but I was careful never to score a goal.

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The match began at ten. The Raja Sahib rode on to his stony polo ground, followed by the other players. They were all dressed to kill, the chief attraction being their multicoloured top boots. These were made of soft pliable leather and looked more like an outsize in stockings than riding boots. The Raja's boots were crimson; other fashionable colours included jade green and peacock blue.

These men do not ride in breeches. They wear very baggy trousers with voluminous folds and they tuck the ends into their coloured boots. A pleated shirt, a coloured waistcoat and a "Dard" hat complete the attire. The hat is peculiar to these people. It is like a woollen stocking rolled up until only the toe portion remains. The hat is then pulled on to the head. The result is a warm and pleasant looking head dress. In a biting wind more hat can be unrolled until the ears are covered.

These "Dards" were cheerful individuals. They were descended from Aryan raiders from the Punjab, who came up the Indus Valley and settled around Gilgit, in the mountainous highlands beyond Kashmir. The Raja himself was the most interesting of them all. He was a young man of about thirty, upstanding, fair like most of these Himalayan dwellers and naturally cheerful. He ruled a very small area of this distant part of Kashmir State and bowed allegiance to a ruler whom he had never seen, His Highness Sir Harisinghji Bahadur, the Maharaja of Kashmir. His lands were poor to a degree that the West cannot conceive, but as his subjects were all equally poor they did not complain: they had nothing to which they might compare their poverty; in fact, they were happy, for I never heard a complaint whilst I was there, and they always welcomed each other with a laugh or a smile. The few small villages were too poor to pay revenue to their ruler and a beneficent government supported the Raja with a monthly subsidy of forty rupees, or almost exactly three pounds! This is not a princely income according to Western standards of life but it satisfied his simple needs and appeased his susceptibilities. For instance, he and his subjects all lived in mud-houses, but the Raja himself was careful to have the largest mud-house of all, and in the largest village.

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When I first met him the Raja was riding along a caravan track, accompanied by his Prime Minister and a few attendants. Though I was walking along dressed in the filthiest old clothes I have ever worn and had a ten day's growth of hair on my face, the cavalcade all solemnly dismounted as I approached. It showed me with startling reality what an impression the Anglo-Saxon has made on these backward races during his years of contact with them.

One of their number came forward. He spoke in Hindustani, and the gist of our conversation ran as follows:

"Have you come from Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir?"

"Yes, I have come to shoot game in Astor."

"That is good. I am the Prime Minister to my master, the Raja Sahib of Astor." He turned to the young man behind him. "Raja Sahib, this gentleman is a personal friend of His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir." He turned back to me. "Possibly you have come from His Majesty the King of England?" he asked hopefully.

I had to disappoint him but added, as an afterthought, that I had on two occasions seen His Majesty. The Prime Minister smiled his thanks.

"And he is a friend of His Majesty, the King of England!" he added to the all-believing Raja Sahib.

The local ruler beamed his satisfaction and shook me warmly by the hand. He invited me to stay in his own palace. I thanked him for his hospitality but begged that I might be excused—I knew only too well how vermin-infested these mud-houses could be. I explained that such hospitality would embarrass me as I had no suitable offering to make in acknowledgement of his extreme bounty. This seemed to please him mightily and whilst, much to my relief, he no longer demurred at our living in our tents on a clean grassy patch, he sent presents of fowls and fruit, very welcome gifts indeed.

As I have already stated, the match began at ten. The Prime Minister had the pleasure of starting the game in the time-honoured custom by careering madly down the ground with the ball in his hand.

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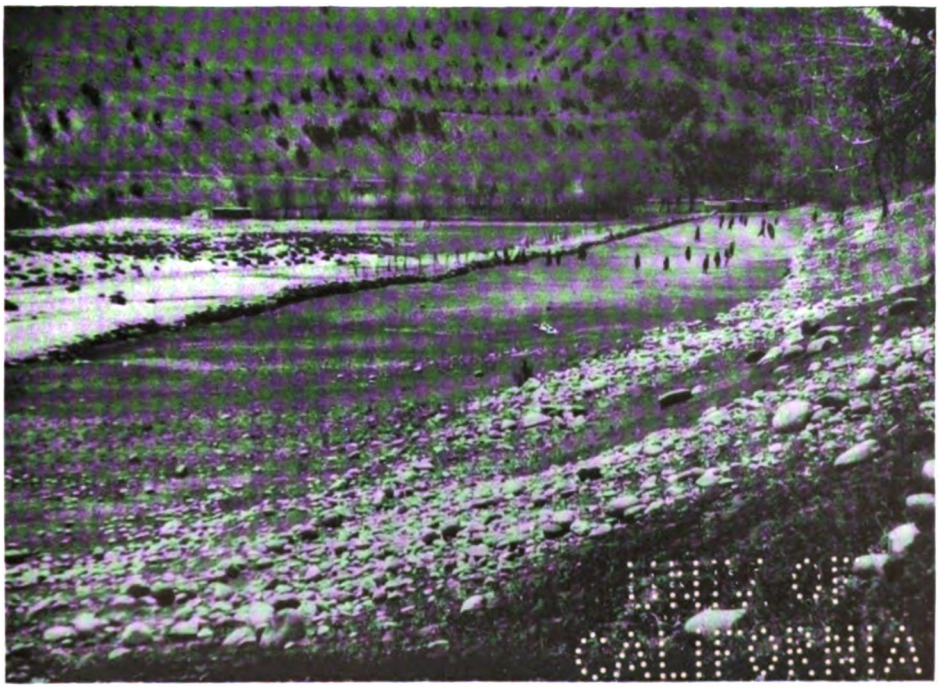
Astor Polo Players. The man in the centre was quite a star performer.
We enter the land of the "Dards," with their funny hats.
Sharifa converses with the Jemador game watcher and gleans information.



Astor Polo is not Polo as we know it. The ground is quite narrow, but as long as possible.

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The Raja had provided me with a pony which he stated was the best in his stable. It was certainly no worse than the others and its meagre frame carried my weight remarkably well. He also lent me one of the Royal polo sticks. The Raja, the Prime Minister and I were the only players with real polo sticks. The other players had locally made products, very primitive affairs. One man used a fairly straight tree branch with a sudden twist at the end; he had shorn off the twigs and leaves and the result was like an inverted walking stick.

My kit would have caused me intense embarrassment anywhere else, but out here in this setting I did not feel at all incongruous. Of course I was naturally the cynosure of all eyes and I felt it was up to me to sustain the tradition of the Western World. I had put on a clean khaki shirt, plus fours, thick stockings, canvas baby-gaiters and shoes completed my outfit, except for a very grubby khaki topee. I thought of striking an unusual note with a grey felt Homburg, but I did not relish the possibility of a fall on that stony ground without a topee.

I was playing on the same side as the Raja and the Premier. As it was an important match we were six a side. Before we started I knew we should win—who would dare to defeat the Raja on his birthday? I smiled as I realized why I was playing on the same side as my host; they probably feared I might try to win on the other side.

The Raja asked me where I should like to play. I chose back as I thought I should be least likely to score a goal in this position. The Raja smiled and said that he too would also play back so that we might be together. He must have forgotten this for he spent the morning galloping all over the field, encouraging his side and driving the spectators into a frenzy of enthusiastic support. After an hour's play the score stood at ten goals to four, the Raja Sahib himself having scored five. I played fairly gently and every half-hour I took my pony out for a few minutes rest. During one of these I happened to be leaning on the stone wall and watching the game when the Prime Minister came out also. He sat on the wall beside me and asked me if I was enjoying myself.

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"Han, beshak!" I replied. "Of course I am! And how well the Raja Sahib is playing. He is scoring all our goals!"

The old man smiled. "Yes, Sir, it is his birthday."

I suddenly had an idea. "Tell me, Wazir, how old is His Highness to-day?"

"Twenty-six, Sir."

"Ah," I said, "then we stop the match when we have scored twenty-six goals?"

The old man's eyes twinkled with admiration. "Truly your honour has the wisdom of Allah himself."

We saw the Raja shoot yet another goal and a pæan of praise rose up from the happy spectators.

"On ordinary days, Wazir Sahib," I asked, "is life pleasant in these beautiful valleys?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "in the season we sow our little fields. Then we play polo every day until our crops have grown and are ready to be cut. When this is finished we return to our interrupted polo until the days for sowing are come again."

Happy life! How simple! What would these men think of busy London?

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L'ÉCOLE MILITAIRE ET D'APPLICATION DE LA CAVALERIE ET DU TRAIN, SAUMUR

By Capt. T. Scott, 6th D.C.O. Lancers.

It is seldom that a student, undergoing a course of instruction, is at the same time feasted and fêted as an honoured guest. With the assistance of the authorities in India and at Home, and through the kindness of the French War Office, the writer had this unusual and pleasant experience at Saumur. There the Général Commandant, l'École Militaire et d'Application de la Cavalerie, and his very efficient staff arranged a "potted" course covering, in one week, every aspect of the activities of this famous establishment. Their kindness, and their hospitality, also, leave the writer with an indelible and happy memory of efficiency tempered with delightful charm.

The School.

The school is the centre of instruction of the Cavalry and the "Train" of the French Army. First established in the Napoleonic era as a Cavalry School, it has gradually expanded to its present dimensions. With its fine traditions, and situated as it is in the lovely valley of the Loire, it cannot fail to attract cavalrymen of all nationalities. If proof of this were needed, it can be found in the classes under instruction. These include officers of the armies of the U.S.A., Hungary, Greece, the South American States, Lithuania, Persia and even China. The staff could not say to which side the last named belonged! The magnitude of the organization may be gauged by its classes of some six hundred students, and its stable of fifteen hundred horses.

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The objects of the school are:—

(*a*) Instruction of captains of cavalry in the command and tactical handling of "A.M.C." and "dragon portée" units.

(*b*) Preparation of lieutenants of cavalry and of the "Train" for promotion examinations.

(*c*) Instruction of "sous-lieutenants" of St. Cyr and of Saumur to qualify them to command and train "peletons" and equivalent sub-units.

(*d*) Instruction of "sous-officiers de carrière" to qualify them to command and train "groupes de combat" or equivalent sub-units.

(*e*) Instruction of "sous-lieutenants de réserve" in the command of "peletons" or equivalent sub-units.

(*f*) Instruction of selected students from civil veterinary colleges to qualify them for appointment as active or reserve officers in the Army Veterinary Service.

(*g*) Instruction of all farriers for the army.

(*h*) Instruction of boys for service in cavalry and "auto" units.

Organization and Administration.

Excepting for discipline, the school is directly under the control of the War Office. Matters affecting discipline are dealt with by the "Région." It is commanded by a "Général de Brigade," assisted by a Colonel, Second-in-Command, with an appropriate staff. This staff is responsible for co-ordinating the work of the school and, on technical matters, it corresponds direct with the Cavalry department of the War Office and with other schools. Under the Colonel, Second-in-Command, there are seven Directors of Instruction, responsible to him for the subjects shown in Appendix I, and the Administrative Staff. The latter deals with the accommodation and supply of the school and with the work of the services. The permanent cadre amounts to some seven hundred personnel of the active army and three hundred civilian employees. There are, also, on the charge of the school fifteen hundred horses, one squadron of

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"A.M.Cs." and sufficient motor cars and lorries for its normal requirements.

The organization, and the work of the various classes under instruction are given in Appendix II. The school year begins in October and ends in July, the "sous-lieutenant" classes spending part of June in camp. The culmination of the year's work is the "Concours au cheval militaire," held early in July. This great event includes charger tests, chases and trials for remounts from all over France, besides a horse fair where remounts are purchased and where officers buy their private mounts.

Instruction.

The allotment of the various subjects to the seven directorates is shown in Appendix I. General Instruction includes general education, military history and tactics above those of the squadron. All professors are officers on the active list. Great stress is laid on the importance of languages, especially English and German, and a considerable portion of the time is spent in studying our Cavalry manuals and the Cavalry Journal. It was somewhat surprising to find the former complete and up to date, even to the amendments!

Military Instruction covers a wide syllabus, which should produce subalterns of versatility. Cinematograph films are freely used during lectures, and the school possesses a well-equipped theatre. A lecture attended by the writer was really a running commentary on the film, so well synchronized and delivered that it sounded like a "talkie." With its attached horse artillery battery (75 mm. guns), its 105 mm. gun and its 155 mm. gun, the school is able to give students a clear idea of the theory of artillery action, as well as training in handling the weapons and in the conduct of series. All officer students are taught gun drill, and each conducts at least one series with live shell. Signal instruction covers the principles of inter-communication, and the operation of all instruments available in a cavalry division. These include W/T, a field telephone similar to our own, and the "Lucas" daylight signalling lamp, besides other visual instruments. A set of laboratories is laid

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out as a divisional signal system, complete in every detail including the air. There students are taught organization and signal routine while, simultaneously, they practise message writing. They are also encouraged to carry out experiments in their own time, a very successful tele-photo instrument being the result of one effort. Small arm training deals with the Hotchkiss mitrailleuse, a very neat automatic rifle resembling the Browning, the carbine and the revolver. Practical instruction is disappointing and, although there is an excellent short range, the outdoor ranges are very indifferent. Instruction on the mitrailleuse and the automatic rifle is thorough, but little attention is paid to the carbine and the revolver. Each "groupe de combat" includes an automatic rifle, which greatly augments its power in dismounted action. The weapon has defects, but it is light and handy and should well fulfil its purpose. Requiring a detachment of only three men and three horses, it is economical in man power. It is carried in a bucket on the saddle, while the mitrailleuse is carried in motor transport, not on pack. In addition to these fire-arms, the men carry the sabre and the bayonet as well. Fencing, physical training and games also form part of Military Instruction, the first taking the place of our mounted instruction with the sword. "Sous-lieutenants de Saumur," "Élève-officiers aspirants" and "Élève-officiers de reserve" do two hours physical training per week, and all other classes one hour.

The writer was fortunate in being able to watch a small tactical exercise carried out by a squadron of cavalry with an "A.M.C." peleton (three cars and a motor cycle) under command. This force was the vanguard of a cavalry brigade approaching a similar formation. The country traversed was rolling cultivated land with occasional villages, woods and vineyards. It was assumed that the divisional "A.M.C." squadron was employed on independent long distance reconnaissance to a flank. There was little difference between the method of handling the cavalry squadron and our own, but the action of the "A.M.Cs." was interesting. They moved ahead at once to the first bound, the "peleton" leader's car and another working in front by alternate bounds, always within sight and

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supporting distance of each other. The third car remained some distance in rear as a link with the cavalry patrols. On reaching the bound, the leader halted his car in a position from which he could command his front without exposing himself, while the second car investigated a village a short distance ahead. The third continued to patrol the gap between the cavalry and the bound, paying great attention to covered approaches leading on to the route from the flanks. A defended road block was then discovered and, on the arrival of the cavalry, an attack was staged. The "A.M.Cs." and a cavalry "peleton" provided covering fire, while the remainder of the squadron attacked from a flank. The advance to the objective, some high ground overlooking the road block, was made in "artillery formation" down to "groupes de combat." On reaching the high ground, these dismounted and proceeded to smother the enemy post with the fire of their automatic rifles. There was no intention to assault, and the exercise ended at this juncture. At the conference, the importance of protecting the exposed flank of the squadron was stressed, and the student squadron leader was censured for not having disposed a "peleton" for this purpose.

Instruction in equitation is given by the famous "Cadre Noire," so called because of their very smart black uniform. The "Cadre" consists of eleven officers, graded "écuyers," and a corresponding number of non-commissioned officers, graded "sous-maîtres," seconded from their regiments for four years. The syllabus and the methods employed differ from our own only in detail. Students are taught to ride short with the ball of the foot on the stirrup, and in jumping, of course, "it is the horse alone that jumps," the rôle of the rider being to avoid interference. In addition to normal instruction, the "Cadre Noire" each week gives two demonstrations in school work, in jumping and in "haute école." These demonstrations, or "réprises," are held in the magnificent "Manège des Écuyers," and are a social event largely attended by families and friends. The "Passage," the "Pas espagnole," etc., are delightful exhibitions of equine grace and rhythm, and the writer has never seen more perfectly trained horses. For half an hour each week, during one of the "réprises," the "sauteurs" are exercised

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in "haute école" and perform the "courbette" (standing up), the "croupade" (lashing out) and the "cabriolle" (buck jumping). These "sauteurs" are of the heavy weight hunter type, and their antics are intended to strengthen and supple the student's seat. During the week they do two periods of work only, each of half an hour. One of these is taken up by the instructors' "réprise," while the other is for the benefit of students. For the beginner the "sauteur" is tied by the head to two pillars, but, later, students emulate the instructors and ride them free. They say that this is easier though the writer cannot vouch for the fact, because only a friendly neck strap enabled him to survive a round of the "croupade au pillier!" The school possesses three large covered maneges and, for outdoor work, there are two fields covered with tan. A circular lane is used chiefly for the preparation of show jumpers, and there is a big hunter course. Some three miles away, at Verrie, a stretch of five hundred acres of wooded moorland is laid out with every conceivable form of obstacle. Verrie also contains two chase courses, one of which is so fierce that they say a horse which has won over it has only the National left to win. All the ordinary instructional jumps are built of big solid timber logs, and none of them look as if they could break or bend.

The horses are generally of a good hunter stamp, and they look well bred—thoroughbred and half-bred French, Barbe and Anglo-Arab, the last resembling our stud-bred Indians. Drafts of four-year-olds are received from the Remount Department in January of each year and, until the following October, they do no work except exercise in hand. This is intended to build up their constitutions, and to get them into good condition before their training commences. The real training begins in October and lasts until July, most of the work being done independently under the instructors' supervision, students riding the remounts allotted to them. The remounts' training is, therefore, spread over twenty-one months and the equitation staff claim that they have few failures, either from temperament or from unsoundness. The horses seen under training appeared to justify their claim. The scale of feed, incidentally, is not

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extravagant, the horse's daily ration consisting of seven pounds of oats, seven pounds of hay and two pounds of molasses. In consequence, there are few horses in big condition but they all looked fit and healthy.

The thoroughness of the course in motor engineering leaves no doubt as to the influence of mechanization in the French Army. Commencing with theory, the student is taken on through driving and maintenance until, at the end, he is turned out not merely a first-class driver, but also a first-class engineer. It seems incongruous that more care and time should be devoted to instruction in motor maintenance than in animal management. At the same time, it is impressed on student that the good days of the horse are not yet over, that for many purposes he can never be replaced by any mechanical contrivance and that, always, the machine is the complement, not the substitute of the horse.

Though at present somewhat cramped for accommodation, the Veterinary College possesses an excellent operating theatre and well-found radio, chemical and bacteriological laboratories, full of modern equipment. Experiments were being carried out with artificial sunlight treatment, one famous exponent of the show jumping art having his horses' oats done every day. He is satisfied that oats treated in this way definitely improve performance. A scientifically minded polo team might benefit from the tip!

Impressions.

Saumur is in truth a Cavalry School, giving instruction in every branch of activity of the arm, not merely in equitation and tactics. The student is taught how to care for, and how to handle and employ every weapon or instrument which he may have to use. This seems a thoroughly logical arrangement but, on the other hand, it may be argued that it is likely to produce a narrow parochial spirit. Observation of the instructors and of their methods, however, dispels the doubt and gives the impression that the result is a really modern "cavalry spirit" with a much widened outlook.

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The type of young officer student is excellent, and approximates closely to the products of Sandhurst and Woolwich. They look clean, well-bred lads and, on parade, they are as smart and alert as a company of Guards. This may be ascribed to the severe course imposed on cavalry cadets during their last year at St. Cyr, a test which eliminates the weaklings. At the same time it is obvious that they are carefully picked with the object of producing a "corps d'élite." Although the Reserve officers had not passed through St. Cyr, they differed little in type, whilst only the best survive the first year of the "élèves officiers aspirants" course, and finally pass out as "sous-lieutenants de Saumur." The N.C.O. students, also, looked sturdy and keen, and they were invariably smart and well turned out. The writer's ideas regarding the French Cavalry were greatly changed as a result of his first contact with them. Before his visit to Saumur, he knew their dash and gallantry as a by-word, but now he realizes that their smartness and discipline are of the same high standard.

Tactical principles appear to be much the same as in our own Army, though there are certain differences in their application. Although armoured cars may, on occasion, be of assistance to a cavalry vanguard, it is doubtful if their limited cross-country mobility, and their inability to carry out detailed close reconnaissance, will ever justify their employment in this rôle. This was not the opinion of instructors, however, but they agreed that long distance and medium reconnaissance were their primary tasks, and that light tanks would be more suitable for close co-operation in action. The three car "peleton" appeared to be economical and to work efficiently, and seemed a definite improvement on the four or five car section organization. It is interesting to note that the armoured car Cavalry Regiment tried it out on Salisbury Plain this year. In addition to a mitrailleuse, each "A.M.C." carries one 3-pdr. A.T. gun as normal equipment.

The formation used by cavalry "peletons" in the mounted attack consists of blobs, each blob being a "groupe de combat." This closely resembles the infantry attack formation and, it is considered, facilitates control, the use of covered approaches

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and the passage of obstacles. It has these definite advantages over the extended line, and it seems more suited to modern battle conditions. The light carbine can be of little use except to carry the bayonet which, however, does enable the dismounted cavalryman to close with the enemy. The light automatic rifle is designed to provide the volume of fire which cannot be obtained from short service personnel armed with the rifle, and to compensate for the numerical weakness of cavalry in dismounted action. It appears to achieve these objects satisfactorily, and without waste of man power. The heavy mitrailleuse exists to give overhead covering fire, or to form the framework of the defence. Each has its definite rôle, and no attempt is made to compromise in order to evolve a weapon which may be capable of both. This seems logical and wise. As it is not intended to use the mitrailleuse far forward, or at short ranges in the attack, it is not necessary to carry it on pack. The weight on the horse in full marching order in France is now about fifteen stone, but in Africa it often rises to between eighteen and nineteen.

The artillery of the cavalry division includes six 75 mm. gun batteries and three of 105 mm. guns, each battery consisting of four guns. The 105 mm. batteries enable the division to hit at long range, and thus increase both its offensive and delaying powers.

The division is well provided with W/T equipment, having twelve sets of two hundred kilometres' range and, besides, there is one set with a range of twenty kilometres for each cavalry regiment. The former are carried in armoured cars and the latter, which, including a hand-generating set, weigh about seventy pounds each, in motor cycle combinations. Strangely enough, radio telephony is not employed.

Though both staff and students work long hours, they have enough time for a fair share of sport, and they are all keen. There are packs of boar hounds and of harriers in the district, and officers are encouraged to hunt with them. Show jumping is, however, the great attraction and many officers compete in the local country shows. International competitions are taken very seriously, and the authorities give every facility for, and

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a good deal of assistance in, the preparation of teams. Specially selected officers are attached to the school as supernumeraries, solely for this purpose. Their only duty is to train themselves and their horses, and they are arranged in teams each of which specializes in the style favoured in, and practises under the conditions ruling at, one or other of the great "concours," *e.g.*, Rome, Brussels, Olympia, etc. In the French Army, show jumping apparently takes the place of polo, but it is officially assisted and the members of the teams are treated as specialists. Racing is encouraged also, and the two courses at Verrie are calculated to produce chasers and jockeys of a high standard. After the War polo was started, but the short season and the number of ponies required led to its being abandoned some years ago.

Conclusion.

The writer feels that he has enjoyed a great privilege in being permitted to visit Saumur. The establishment is conducted on sound and progressive lines and, as it is the heart of the French Cavalry, the body and limbs must be equally efficient. Instructors knew what they wanted to teach, and the students were keen to learn. In all instruction and in all work, the actors appeared to have a definite object in view, and there is no doubt that that object is the defeat of the enemies of France. It is difficult to say more in praise of, or to illustrate, the spirit of any organization. At the same time, there was evident everywhere a desire that the visitor should see and understand everything. It may be that, as one of them remarked, there is a "brotherhood of the horse" which helps to understanding. If this be the case, more blessings still should be showered on the noble animal, and we should be chary of replacing him with soul-less things of metal. At the same time, it seemed to the writer that the Cavalry of France, often the enemy but latterly the ally, are our friends for all time. If any uncertainty existed about this, it could not survive the charming hospitality of the Commandant and his staff.

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APPENDIX 1.

HE "ÉCOLE MILITAIRE ET D'APPLICATION

Général de Brigade, Commandant

Colonel, Second-in-Command

Staff of Colonel, Second-in-Command

	Farriery & Shoeing Director = Captain		"Groupe
	Includes: Farriery and Shoeing for O.R students of all Arms and Shoeing for School	1 "Escadron" for Stable and Riding School Duties	1 "Escadron Indigène" (Moroccan) for Guard, Orderly and Stable Duties and Fatigues

APPENDIX II.

CLASSES UNDER INSTRUCTION.

	Subjects of Instruction
	mand, Administration, Tactics and Training of "A.M.C
	ral Instruction, Military Instruction, Equitation and
	" " " " "
	" " " " "
	" " " " "
	ary Instruction and Equitation .. .. ..
	ary Instruction, Equitation and Explanation of Regul
	ral Instruction, Military Instruction and Equitation
	" " " "
	ary Instruction and Equitation .. .. ..
	rinary Instruction .. ..
	" " .. ..
	ory of and Practice in Farriery and Shoeing ..

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Notes.

Train : Animal transport service.
A.M.C. : Armoured car.
Dragon portée : Embussed dismounted dragoons.
Peleton : Troop.
Groupe de combat : Section.
Sous-officier de carrière : Voluntary long service N.C.O. of the regular army.
Mitrailleuse : Heavy machine gun.
Élève officier aspirant : Probationer officer student.
Écuyer : Squire.
Sauteur : Jumper.
Réprise : Demonstration.
Concours : Meeting.

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NOCTURNE.

" Then, to the rolling heavens themselves I cried,
Asking, ' What lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little children struggling in the dark?'
And, ' A blind understanding,' Heaven replied."

I WAS travelling alone along one of the human highways that scar alike desert and champaign in the East. I call them human highways since they have been traced out by stream after stream of humanity, migrating, trafficking; wistfully, often hopelessly, seeking some other land of illusory promise. Mules, rhythmic camels, donkeys and fierce desert stallions; women patient under the burdens of their sex, pattered after by " the little feet that follow, little hands that cling '; rank after rank of the cruel armies of tyrants steeped in blood lust, thinking, planning, nothing save rapine, slaughter and spoliation—all, all had passed that way where solitary I rode.

Night and darkness were not far off and a faint suggestion of apprehension flitted through my mind. Somewhere, toiling through the sand, was my caravan of servants and stores. My horse, a very fast walker, had left all these far behind long since, somewhere to the north.

I shivered, for the wintry sun had gone, leaving a purple haze above the horizon far away to the west. A cold wind from the snow-bound pass behind me was gathering force. I decided to dismount and to wait for my plodding retinue to close in on me since I was not sure where in that limitless, waterless, pitiless waste which surrounded me for hundreds of miles, our night's objective lay.

I slackened my horse's girths, put his reins over, and sat on a mound beside the way. And in the tangled warp and woof

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of my thoughts there was this unwanted strand: "Supposing my party has taken, or takes, one of the innumerable divagations of this track, some diversion, and passes, or has passed, me on a flank? If so, I might wait here till midnight and they never rejoin me."

I pondered this possibility for I thought of myself and of my horse's creature comforts which were in my caravan and I dreaded greatly the bitter cold of night.

The fact that that land teemed with robbers did not trouble me greatly since in those days, though perhaps not now, England and her people were held in affection. Was she not known in diplomatic phraseology as "daulat-i-fakhima"? whose nationals, whose property, even whose specie, might travel from north to south and east to west unharmed?

Suddenly—my horse threw up his head and simultaneously bounded away from me, he the quietest, most docile animal I had ever owned. Fortunately, I had hold of his reins else he and his accoutrements would have disappeared into the now almost impenetrable gloom of oncoming night.

I debated within myself the cause of this incident. What could it mean? It would not be due to the stealthy approach of some wild animal, for all life, save migratory and predatory human life, had disappeared from these regions countless years ago. I waited, tense and expectant, hoping someone, some other traveller, more sure of his destination than I, would arrive out of the twilight gloom and assure me of my place upon this stark and sterile land.

Nothing, no one, came. And then I decided the horse had heard some sound; perhaps the chill night wind had brought to his nostrils some savour of the caravan passing my flank, unseen by me. And again he tried to escape from me.

I thought that if my caravan were near, someone in it might hear me were I to shout. I called as loudly as I could the name of one of my retinue but my voice seemed powerless to penetrate the silent void around for no answer came, not even the faintest echo of my own call. No one answered out of the darkness, nothing happened; only the horse was rendered excited by such unwonted cries from me.

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I calculated how long ago it was since I left my retinue behind and how far they should have travelled in that time. Uneasily I concluded that had they and I been on the same track they would have rejoined me long since. Hence, I must push on, realizing I was on the wrong road since the head man in my cavalcade had known his way across the map of Asia since childhood.

It was now night and "that inverted bowl we call the sky" was ablaze with the starry cohorts of heaven. So, for direction, I was not in need yet might I carry on to any point of the compass and still miss my night's objective where snugly would be halted my caravan. For the stars, however much they might reveal the heavens, would not show me the earth at my feet nor the way that wandered deviously over its surface. Easily might I forsake that in the dark and fall, horse and all, down some shaft leading to subterranean water. For I had seen that happen to another once upon a time and I shudder now with the recollection as I recount all this to you. Perhaps one day when I can bear to think of that which happened then I might bring myself to relate it to you.

I looked down from my tall horse and, as I feared, the night shrouded all resemblance to a track at his feet. I thought, "Ignominiously must I sit down and wait for the dawn—some ten hours hence—for then my caravan will set out to find me. But *will* they find me, a dot on the horrid vastness of this wilderness?" I did not like this last conclusion, nor the prospect of the bitter cold of the winter night which was already searching me through and through.

My horse plodded on as if contented to do so. He seemed no longer excited. He, so sure-footed by day, kept stumbling, for the track was indiscernible—in fact, I knew not any longer if we were on a track; all I knew by the star I was facing was that the horse and I were keeping direction.

More than three years ago I had made, but in the reverse direction, this very journey and which had led me ultimately towards the hungry steppe. I remembered that then, too, I had halted in the very place which was to have been my objective and shelter on the night of which I am telling you. And, to my

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surprise, for so much are one's faculties aroused in crises, I remembered how it had been a small embattled city, with bastions at the angles and dividing the curtain walls, and how I pondered how came such a city in such a region. I now realized with conviction that the track I was on—*was* I on a track?—would never lead me to the half-ruined gate of that old embattled city. The leader of my caravan would go—had gone!—unerringly to that. Hence it must lie off to my left or my right or be far in my rear. But where?

I knew enough of the savagery of the country to realize no human voice, no cheery fire, no flickering lantern's light, would reach me through the night which filled the black gulf between me and my hoped haven. For sounds of habitation are an indication to robbers, a light an invitation to raid and plunder; hence, in that land neither is ever emitted once the sun is down. And then I had an inspiration—"If I am anywhere near the place its bulk will blot out the stars behind it!"

I tried to pierce the gloom till my eyes ached and played me all kinds of mocking and illusory tricks. And then I remembered how, when shooting over a kill in India, I saw from the ground level the beautiful arched neck and sinuous back of the great cat I was after, sharply silhouetted against the star-spangled velvet of the sky. I decided to dismount and to look along the ground to north, south, east, and west.

I got off my horse and lay face downwards on the earth. The impalpable dust of ages rose disturbed in a little cloud which drifted or died away into the darkness. I saw nothing save only the dark form of earth and the brighter stars which loomed above a tremulous horizon. Hopelessly I plodded on leading my horse, for it was too cold to ride, and stopping every now and then to see if I could make out my haven somewhere dark limned against the stars. Suddenly—away to my left, how far I could not tell, sharply outlined against the dark velvet of the sky and obliterating the stars, was a black mass of bastion and curtain wall divided by two central towers which I knew marked the gate of my long looked for refuge. Yet not a light gleamed from it, not a sound drifted down to me.

* * * * *

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My caravan had arrived. None expressed relief, concern, or surprise when I stumbled upon it unloaded in an old and ruined sarai. I was full of a desire to recount to its leader my story of the night's tribulation. Yet when it came to telling I felt ashamed and said nothing. For it all seemed so trivial. And he might have been ascribing to me discreditable moves for my absence. Thus it happens that you are the first to hear my story.

"*And that inverted bowl we call the sky,*
Whereunder, crawling, coop'd, we live and die;
Lift not thy hands to it for help, for it
Rolls impotently on, as you and I."

I wonder!

H. J. W.

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A COCK-PIT IN FLANDERS

By Major A. H. Burne, D.S.O., R.A.

Flanders is "the Cock-pit of Europe." Flanders is a small country. It follows from these two well-known facts that there is great likelihood of two battles being fought on the same field. Yet I only know of one place where this is the case, and on that spot no less than four battles coincided or overlapped. It lies between Landen and Tirlemont, and the battles are:—

Racour, 1568.
Landen, 1693.
Elixem, 1705.
Neerwinden, 1793.

British troops were engaged in only the second and third of these, so this article will be confined to these two battles.

Midway between Landen and Tirlemont flows the Little Geete (now spelt Gette) a fairly rapid stream for Flanders, about twelve feet wide, with steep banks. On the west the ground slopes steadily upwards for nearly a mile, and on this slope was fought the battle of Elixem. On the east the ground slopes up more gently for 1½ miles, and on this slope or plateau, was fought the battle of Landen.

Any reasonably active person staying in Brussels, can take the train to Landen, walk over both battlefields, following in the steps of Marlborough's tired but victorious troops to Tirlemont and be back in Brussels by nightfall. It will entail a walk of at least 12 miles, and the visitor is advised to take his lunch with him, or he will be reduced to buying biscuits in one shop, and a hunk of cheese in another in the tiny villages that he passes through. Let me recommend him, also, to provide himself with the 1/20,000 sheets of Landen and Tirlemont* and

* They can be obtained through Stanfords.

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paste them together before starting. It will amply repay him. But for those who have the will but not the means to carry out this expedition the following notes may prove of interest.

We will take first the battle of Landen, second only to Fontenoy as a glorious British defeat. But since its details may not be familiar to the reader I will start by noting the salient features which affect our study. In the following description of the *terrain* please consult the sketch map and photographs.

Midway between Landen and the Geete runs a ridge AB. At right-angles to this ridge, from about point B a shallow valley runs down to the Geete. In it are situated the villages of Laer and Neerwinden. The Allied Army under William III took up a defensive position running along the main ridge from A to B, whence it bent back sharply by the two villages just mentioned, and its right rested securely on the marshy banks of the River Geete. From Neerwinden via B and D to C it was entrenched, and from C to A it was held by cavalry. The position thus formed the letter "L" reversed.

The French, under Marshal Luxemburg, made its main attack against the southern face of this position. Twice it was driven back. At the third attempt an attack was also made by the Marquis de Feuquières at D, a place which William had just denuded of troops in order to reinforce Neerwinden. This attack penetrated the line, Neerwinden was turned and the right wing completely overrun. The allies were consequently forced to retreat, and suffered heavily during the crossing of the River Geete. Such in outline is the essence of the battle. We will now examine some of its details more closely on the spot.

The first thing that strikes us is how easily the battle can be re-constructed on the ground. Fortescue recommends the student to make for point B. This point is higher now than it was in 1693 owing to the soil thrown up from the railway cutting (see photo No. 3), but it must always have been the

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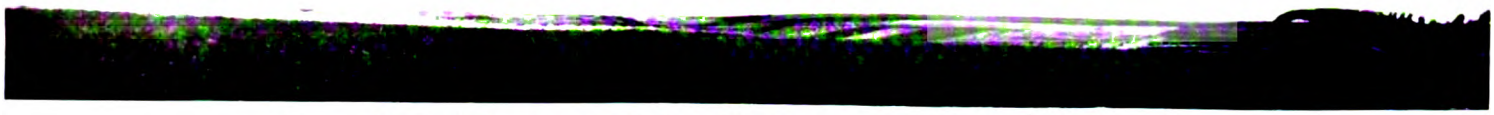

No. 1.—King William's entrenched position, as seen from the French side. The shallow ravine up which Feuquières attacked is seen in the centre. The road on the right leads from Rumsdorf to Neerhespen.

Neerwinden. Laer. Shrine E. Tombe. "B."

No. 2.—The plateau on which the Allied reserves were drawn up. The Elixem Ridge can be seen behind the Shrine.

No. 3.—The "Tombe." The entrenched ridge can be seen beyond the trees on the left, and the hillock "B" on the right.

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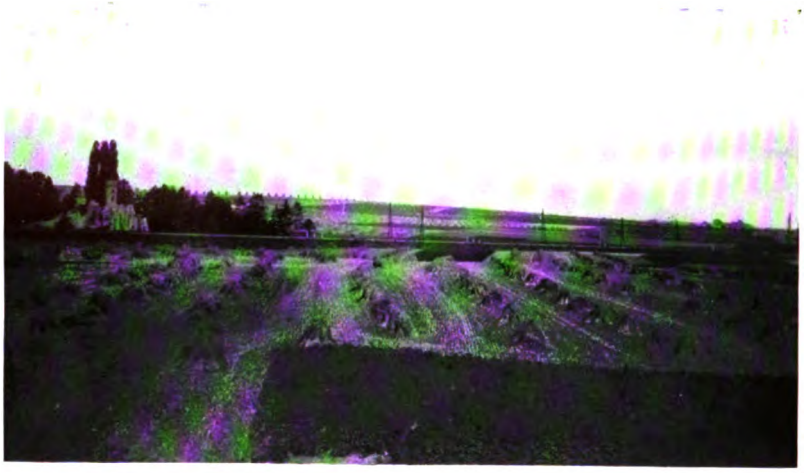

No. 4.—From the " Tombe," showing the ridge more fully. Neerwinden Chateau on the left, and the trees along the Neerhespen Road on the skyline.

No. 8.—The River Geete, from Elixem Bridge looking down stream.

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dominating point of the battlefield. From it the main course of the battle can easily be followed. We are also assisted by the fact that the principal French and English sources are in agreement. The French accounts are modest and clear and De Beaurain's map is of great assistance. It is always a satisfaction to be able to locate with certainty and precision the exact lines of a battlefield; and with the help of our 1/20,000 map the Allied trench line can be traced out with some assurance. It was skilfully sited, running for the most part along the crest, giving an excellent field of view and of fire, without disclosing much to the enemy—a position after Wellington's heart. Much has been made of a so-called ravine which runs up to it to the point D; but it is in truth a very shallow modest affair, as photo No. 1 shows. This ravine was, however, the axis of Feuquières attack and must have afforded his approach march a certain amount of cover.

Most plans of the battle show the line of trenches as going fairly straight from Neerwinden to point D; the only one I know of that does not do so is Walton's, in the Map Volume of his history of the British Standing Army. This has not been printed, unfortunately, but the original can be seen in the library of the R.U.S.I. For reasons into which I will not go, I consider from a careful study of the ascertainable data that Walton's line is correct, though at first I favoured the others. This line, as my sketch-map shows, makes a very sharp salient at B. It certainly gave William III interior lines, but it increased the length of line to be held. Immediately behind the line the plateau or slope is open and gently undulating, as will be seen from photos 2, 4 and 5.

Neerwinden and Laer were surrounded by thick hedges and low mud walls, which had much the same effect as entrenchments; they were safe from cavalry attack, and cavalry was the arm that Luxemburg chiefly relied upon. With his right flank firmly resting on the river, William's position was thus a strong one and well chosen, though critics who reason backwards from result to the cause try to maintain the reverse.

The only valid criticisms are (1) the lack of scope for cavalry (this is usually the case in a defensive battle), and (2) the

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danger inherent in a river close behind the position. As to (1), William deliberately selected a position where cavalry could not play a decisive part. The French Cavalry were at the height of their fame and greatly superior in numbers to that of the Allies. It was a sound policy, therefore, to select a position that would limit the utility of the mounted arm. As to (2), the presence of the river in his rear was evidently in William's mind, for he bridged it in several places, and sent his baggage across it to the rear on the night before the battle. In any case the river was fordable, as was proved 12 years later. But little would have been heard of this line of criticism if William had won, and he nearly did win. It was touch and go, what Wellington would have called "a d—— nice thing." A loosely knit together army, 50,000 strong, withstood for over six hours 80,000 of the best troops of France, at a time when the French Army was at the height of its fame and power. After two bloody repulses, Luxemburg only with hesitation and reluctance yielded to the vehement entreaty of the Duke of Bourbon to hazard his reserves in yet one more attempt. It was indeed a near thing. Never within memory had French troops received such a drubbing—and that drubbing came principally from the British portion of the army. All the important points were held by British troops. It may be wondered why William "the Dutchman" should place such faith in British troops, till we remember that he was by blood half an Englishman, being the nephew of Charles II. The regiments that held these points, Guards, Scots Fusiliers, Cameronians, Royals, Queens and Royal Fusiliers may well recall with pride the part they played in the bloodiest battle of the seventeenth century. Yet there is no monument to their prowess and heroism on the field. In fact there is no memorial to any troops engaged in this battle. Inhabitants will point out to you a wayside shrine at E and a great mound or *tombe* south of Neerwinden as memorials of the battle. But the shrine has apparently always been there. It is marked on Beaurain's map published in 1756. As to the *tombe*, it is situated on the outskirts of Neerwinden where the slaughter was greatest. Photo No. 3 shows it. It is alongside the road, a convenient and obvious spot, thought I, as I sat on

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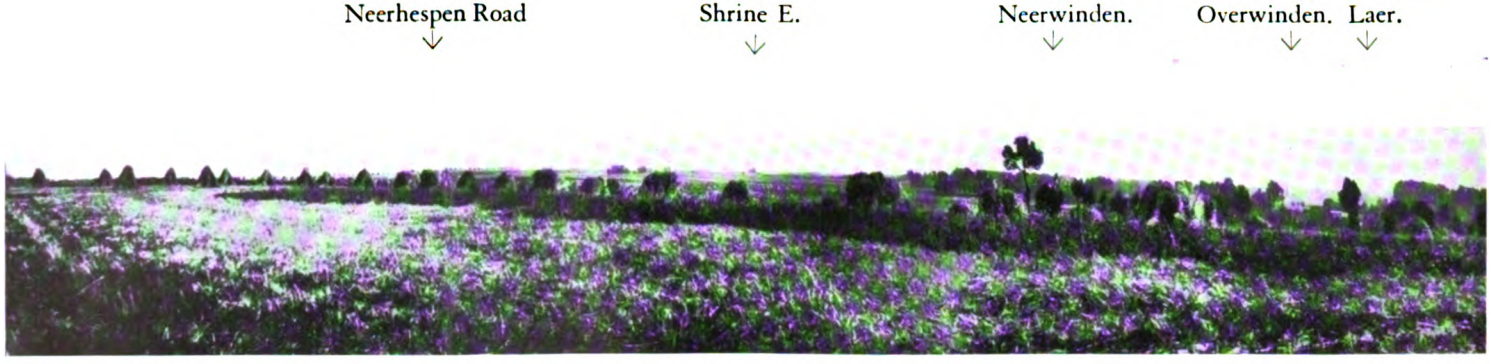
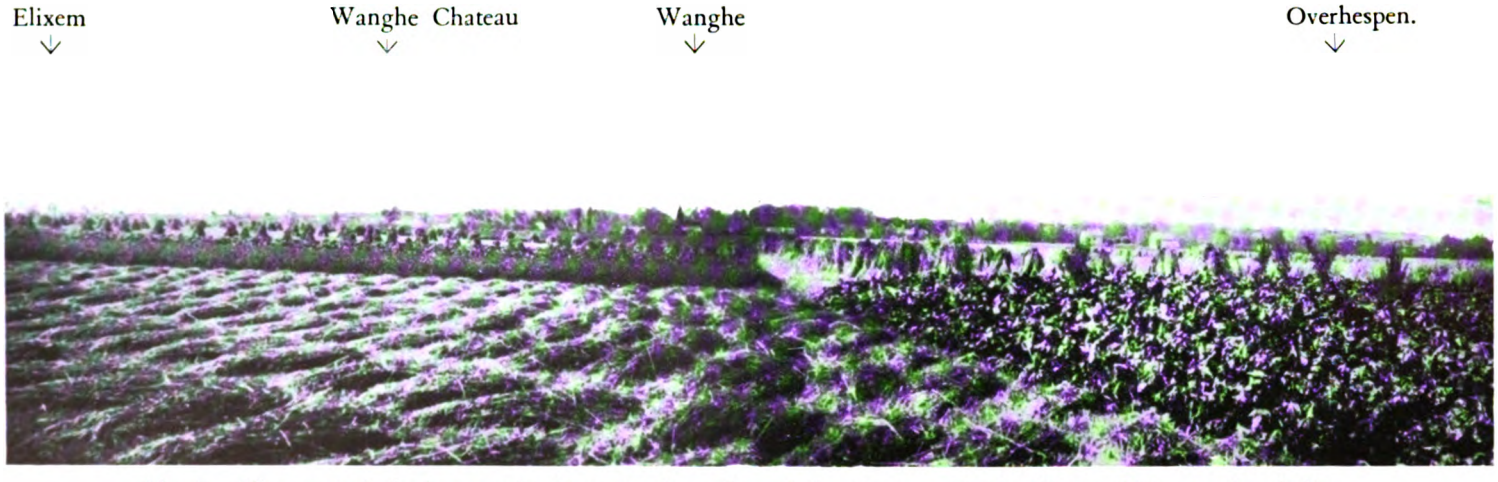


No. 5.—A general view of the battlefield of Landen, from the hillock north of Laer, which is seen in the dip in the foreground. The skyline in the centre marks the line of Allied entrenchments.



No. 6.—The ground sloping gently down to the valley of the Geete, with the Elixem Ridge on the skyline.

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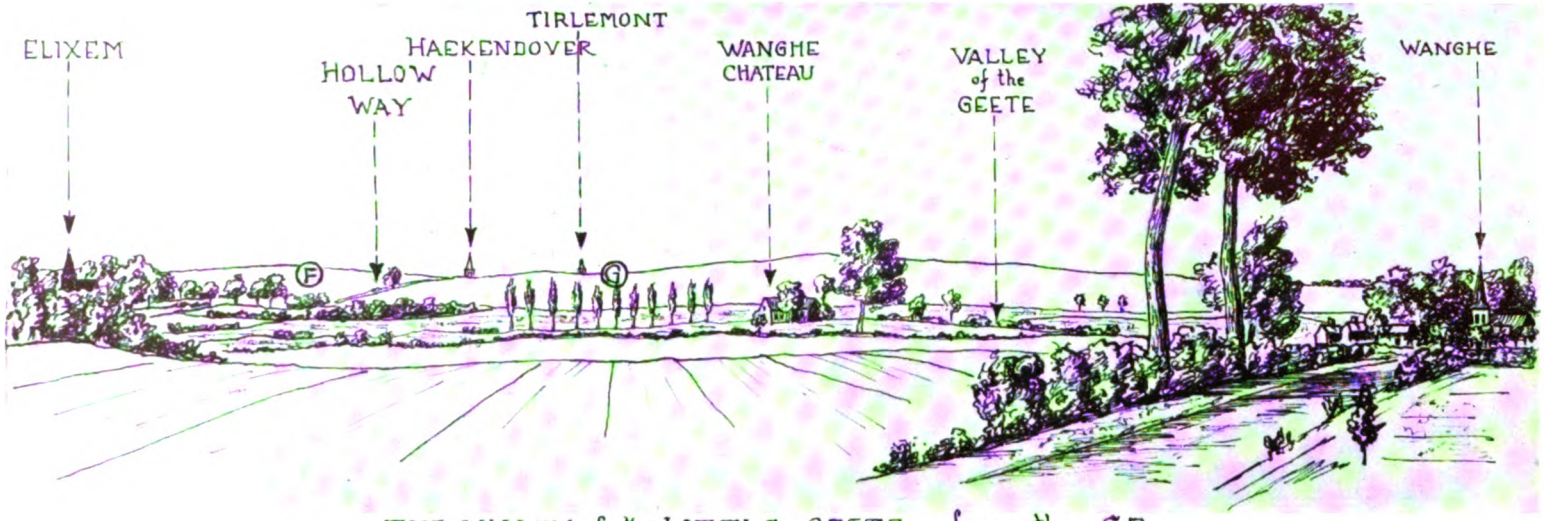

THE VALLEY of the LITTLE GEETE from the S.E.

Ⓕ—FRENCH Cavalry formed up here
Ⓖ—ALLIED " " " "

No. 7.

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top of it musing on the British dead lying there beneath me. My reverie was interrupted by an intelligent looking Flemish youth—the village schoolmaster, it appeared. He eagerly explained to me the course of the battle. But what battle? Why, the battle of 1793 between the French under Dumouriez and Austrians. Dumouriez was killed in this battle, and buried in this *tombe*, my friend assured me. This was tiresome, I had evidently got on to the wrong battlefield. But if I was in error, so (it now appears) was my friend, for the *tombe* is marked on a map published *before* the battle of 1793, and General Dumouriez lived to fight another day! In truth this *tombe* probably dates from the battle of Racour fought between Spaniards and Dutch in 1568, but it must have been the scene of many a grim encounter in our battle, and who knows that it may not have been opened up again to receive some of our dead. In any event it would form a suitable site for a memorial to the Grenadiers and Scots Guards who fought here.

Laer also deserves mention. Though it is a small and featureless village it also is the scene of British heroism. It was held by Ramsay's Scotch Brigade. Details are lacking, but it is clear that they held out too long, refusing to retire, till the centre was pierced by Feuquières, and they were surrounded. Scarcely a man seems to have got away.

And now a few tactical points. William's transference of troops from D to Neerwinden, thus making use of his interior lines, reminds one of Marlborough's similar utilization of interior lines at Ramillies. But in the latter case it was with an offensive object, and the spot from which the troops were taken was unthreatened and partially covered by a "morass," whereas D was always liable to attack. If William had taken troops from his extreme left which was never engaged or even threatened, it would have probably decided the battle in his favour. Then why did he not? His reasons probably were: (1) He had no time. The third attack, after the awful slaughter that had overwhelmed its two predecessors took him by surprise. (2) Point D is in a re-entrant, which hardly lends itself to attack.

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William evidently considered this point safe, since he had allowed here a break in the line of entrenchments.

Note next, that when Luxemburg decided on his last effort he executed it in no half-hearted manner. Every available man was to be employed, from point D to his extreme left. Owing to the Allied salient at B, however, communication between his two wings was somewhat impeded. Synchronization was not easy. Fortunately for the French, however, Feuquières spotted the withdrawal of Allied troops from D and promptly attacked. This is according to his own statement, which bears the impress of truthfulness. But it is puzzling to know *how* he can have seen this movement. The Allied position ran along the crest line and any movement in rear of the line would not be visible from the lower ground near Rumsdorf. Nevertheless, Feuquières had a great reputation and we must give him credit for spotting and seizing the golden opportunity. This thrust of his was the turning point of the battle. It decided the issue.

A harrowing account has been written of the scene at the river-crossing—chaos, confusion, congestion, men and horses hurled into the river and drowned. There was, of course, bound to be congestion, leading to confusion at the bridges. Several lines of traffic converged at one crossing, just as they did at the crossings of the Somme in the March 1918 retreat. But it is difficult to see how numbers of men could have been drowned in such a shallow stream, though the abandonment of guns at this spot, which is also recorded is easily accounted for.

It was during this episode that the British cavalry were offered and seized their opportunity. They had been forced to stand inactive in the second line for over six hours, suffering heavily according to Vaultier's account (himself an artilleryman) from the cannon-ball ricochets fired at the infantry on the crest to their front. Feuquières with the Household Cavalry, the famous *Maison du Roi* was approaching, sweeping all before it. First the Hanoverian Horse tried vainly to impede its progress; then the remainder of the Allied cavalry on the left wing was overwhelmed. Nothing was left now to protect the river crossing but the British cavalry. The King himself seeing the defeat of the Dutch and Hanoverian Horse placed himself at the head of the English

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cavalry, and in a series of sparkling charges arrested the victorious onset of the *Maison du Roi* and enabled his left wing infantry to retreat in safety and almost unmolested. It was a notable occasion as being the first time that the cavalry regiments of our regular army had made their mark in Continental warfare. It is, therefore, worth while recording their names. They were the Life Guards, and the 1st, 3rd, 4th and 6th Dragoon Guards. This is not the place to enter into details; they can be read in D'Auvergne's account. Meanwhile the Elector of Bavaria, with the remnant of the Right Wing Cavalry, had crossed the river and taken post on the ridge on the far side, whence he was instrumental in covering the crossing of the Foot. It is interesting to note that his position must have been precisely that taken up by the Allied cavalry in the battle fought just 12 years later, when he was fighting on the opposite side.

The French pursuit lacked punch, and was soon abandoned. In truth the proud French Army had been fought to a standstill. A "*Te Deum*" was sung at Notre Dame, but the common remark in Paris was that a "*De Profundis*" would have been more appropriate.

It is pleasant to note that conspicuous for their bravery on the field were, on the one side the reigning King William, and on the other one of the sons of the exiled King James.

Finally, this battle is a good example of the truth of the maxim that interior lines are only advantageous if you have *time and space to manœuvre*. William had neither.

Let us now jump forward almost exactly a dozen years, and again we see an army advancing through Landen and up on to the plateau. This time it is not Luxemburg, but Marlborough, whose army is advancing by night against the famous "Lines of the Geete." The position was reversed, the French were now in William's position on the defensive facing east; but Villeroi, remembering no doubt one of the lessons of Landen, sited his line *behind* instead of in front of the river.

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There is no need to describe how Marlborough forced these lines. Unlike Landen, it has been adequately described by recent writers, of whom Frank Taylor holds the palm. An excellent account by Major Stacke has also appeared in the July, 1931, CAVALRY JOURNAL.

The interest of the operation centres on two localities; the river-crossings (the chief of which was at Wanghe), and the famous "hollow way." Fortunately these localities can still be absolutely identified, and I insert photos of both (Nos. 9 and 10).

Wanghe Chateau is only a modest farmhouse, but it is obviously the one that was in existence at the time of the battle. One expects to find a more imposing edifice, but this is because the English writers have clumsily translated *Chateau* as "Castle." There is still a stone bridge at this point, probably on the ancient site. We are told that the bridge was made of stone and very narrow. The old stones have probably been used in the present bridge.

The photo shows faintly on the left the course of the river, which is hidden below steep banks. It is fordable everywhere, indeed, we are told that many of the troops, not waiting for additional bridges to be laid, floundered across it. The valley is now well drained, but I estimate that in those days the valley was marshy for a breadth of about 300 yards on the far side. As the French lines were beyond the marsh the obstacle of marsh and river was a formidable one. No wonder Villeroi was taken by surprise in being attacked at his strongest spot. It reminds one of the spot selected for our attack on the Hindenburg Line, which was described in the secret German report "This sector is very strong; the English will hardly attack here." Such is the value of surprise.

The sketch (No. 7) shows the road by which Cadogan's advanced guard approached Wanghe, and, beyond the valley on the left, the identical "hollow way" ascending the ridge from Elixem. The ground over which the ensuing battle took place is utterly unspoilt, and no doubt almost exactly as it was 200 years ago. There is no wire, and the rolling open country still presents a splendid *terrain* for cavalry, apart from the sunken roads which abound in this part of Flanders.

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Elixem ↓ Scene of the Charge. ↓

Elixem →

R. Geete →

← Wanghe Chateau.

No. 9.—Wanghe Chateau, with the banks of the River Geete visible in the foreground, backed by water meadows and the Elixem Ridge.

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Elixem Church.

No. 10.—The Hollow Way, viewed from the top (north) end. Landen plateau visible on the skyline. A suitable spot for a British memorial.

Elixem Church.

No. 10A.—The Hollow Way, taken from the left of the tree seen in the foreground of No. 10. At this point the cutting is 15 feet deep.

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All signs of the French entrenchments have naturally vanished, but the "hollow way" remains, and is likely to. Taylor well describes it as a "chasm."

As you leave the village of Elixem and start to ascend the slope you encounter it almost at once. At first the cutting is moderate, a bold hunter could cross hereabout, but the cutting get steadily deeper and steeper till, as seen in photo No. 10A, it is a good 15 feet below the ground surface. Though the traffic of 200 years has doubtless worn it deeper it must have been an impassable obstacle to cavalry for the greater part of its length. This discovery is at first rather puzzling. How, then, did Marlborough's cavalry manage to charge across it? The answer, I think, must be that they did NOT. Accounts of the part played by the hollow way are conflicting, but I think the action at this spot probably took place in the following sequence.

The first troops to approach it would be the French cavalry. From either side, the hollow way is practically invisible till you get within 50 yards of it (till then it looks merely like a hedge). The French cavalry at F seeing the Allied cavalry forming up at G would approach at a trot. Suddenly warned by their scouts of the existence of the hollow way they would halt momentarily and confusedly, thus allowing time for the Allied infantry marching up the road from Elixem to gain the hollow way first. This hollow way made, and still makes, an ideal fire position, with excellent cover, flank communication, and field of fire. Our infantry, having won the race for the hollow way opened fire, and nothing remained for the hostile cavalry but to retreat "out of musket range" (probably only 500 yards).

Meanwhile, the opposing cavalry were continually coming up and prolonging the line to their right, *i.e.*, up the hill. Thus eventually the line overlapped the top end of the hollow road, and it was mainly at this spot, right on top of the ridge, as I conceive it, that our cavalry crossed. They thus avoided the confusion that crossing the road lower down (if that indeed were possible) would have entailed, especially as it was by now full of infantry, and at the same time they had the advantage of charging down hill instead of up hill. Both these factors would help to explain the striking success of the charge.

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Yet a further advantage was gained by this slightly divergent movement of our cavalry. An almost contemporaneous plan shows some of Marlborough's artillery in action on the left flank. Now, if the cavalry had charged straight forward across the hollow way their movement would have obscured the covering fire of the guns almost at once; likewise that of the infantry. But the course they actually followed allowed of supporting fire by both artillery and infantry at an appreciable angle to the direction of the charge. This is, of course, an ideal condition for a charge, allowing as it does of supporting fire right up to the last moment. There can be no doubt that this was a considerable factor in the success of the charge.

Whether our artillery then switched their fire on to the hostile guns we are not told, but it is probable that they at least held their attention; thereby facilitating the inruption of the cavalry into their left flank, and their consequent capture.

Photo No. 10 shows the top end of the hollow way and it would be an appropriate spot for a Regimental Memorial.

Judged by any standard this battle of Elixem is a notable cavalry achievement, crisp, decisive, and full of interest. It no doubt derived its vitality and *élan* from the personal presence and inspiring leadership of Marlborough himself. He had every right to be pleased as he was, with the day's work, and we would willingly end our study at this point.

But there arises an uncomfortable feeling that something remains to be cleared up. That experienced soldier, the Elector of Bavaria, whom we have seen covering King William's retirement from this very spot, but who was now fighting on the other side, is recorded as exclaiming when he saw the Allies pitching their tents: "Thank God, thank God, thank God!"

Why did they pitch their tents?

Recent British historians have devoted their attention to this episode and placed all the blame on the Dutch Generals who, they aver, refused to march any further. This is an easy, as well as a comforting conclusion from our point of view; but is it the whole truth? What steps did Marlborough take to prevent these Dutch from pitching their tents? After all, he was

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Commander-in-Chief, and the Dutch Generals (as distinct from the Dutch Deputies) owed him military obedience.

It is easy for the armchair critic both to blame the Dutch for halting and to exonerate Marlborough for acquiescing, but as I trudged along the self-same road that the Dutch had trod, hot and tired after a five-hours' walk, I saw things in a different light to the armchair critic's—and these were the thoughts that came to me.

(1) The Dutch WERE tired. They had marched at least 25 miles in 30 hours (Taylor makes it 27 miles); they were not animated by the lust of battle or the exhilaration of victory, as were the rest of the army, for they had missed the fight. The sun was beginning to get hot, the road was shadeless and dusty, the hill was long. The temptation to halt, under these conditions, must have been powerful—and fain would I also have pitched my tent alongside theirs.

(2) The Dutch Generals were disgruntled. They felt that they were not trusted, and in this they were right. Nothing is more benumbing than to work for a man whom you feel does not trust you. They felt that they had been fooled, and so they had. They therefore had every temptation to halt.

(3) Pursuits in those days were unfashionable (Ramillies had yet to be fought) whereas the object of the operation had already been fully achieved.

The cumulative effect of the above three factors was considerable, and Marlborough probably assessed it at its true value.

Then as to the Duke himself. What was his physical and mental state at the critical moment of his arrival in Tirlemont?

1. He had been up all night and was tired.
2. He had taken part in a charge, had been unhorsed and was shaken.
3. In addition to all this, he had fever on him.

So that, physically, he was tired, shaken, and feverish.

4. He had been victorious, beyond expectations.
5. The congratulations of his troops was ringing in his ears. Orkney says that he was "almost as pleased as at Blenheim."

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He would scarcely have been human if these factors had not had some influence over him, leading to that relaxation and reaction after a successful battle which comes to all successful commanders. To coin an expression we may call it the "*lassitudo pugnæ*." Thus, though he said to Slangenberg "I think we should march on," he did not exert his influence and will-power to the utmost in getting his wishes carried out. Orkney knew the facts, and (though studiously loyal to the Duke) hints that he might have been better employed that afternoon than in writing accounts of his victory to the Courts of Europe.*

It is distasteful to write in this strain of one of our greatest Generals, but it seems to point a moral of universal application—the deadening force of mental and physical reaction at the end of a successful battle. Even the greatest commanders were not immune from it. To quote only two instances; Wellington was slightly wounded at Orthez and failed to pursue. Napoleon was sick and tired after Ligny and also failed.

So if we leave this battle with the exultant ejaculation of the Elector of Bavaria ringing in our ears, at least let us take this lesson to heart, and profit by it.

"Forewarned is forearmed."

Bibliographical Note.

Accounts of Elixem are easily obtainable, but little has of recent years been written on Landen. The following note on the leading authorities may therefore prove useful. The French have naturally been more expansive about the battle than the Allies, and their accounts appear to be very fair and straightforward. The chief is de Beaurain's "Histoire Militaire de Flandres." It includes a volume of splendid and detailed maps, which form our basis for the reconstruction of the battle. Then the Marquis de Feuquières has given us his own *mèmoires* (which are also useful in the study of the Marlborough campaigns). Vaultier's "Journal des Marches, Campemens, etc., du Roi en Flandres" is not noted by either Walton or Fortescue but it contains some interesting details, notably of how a French

* Even next morning there was a chance of achieving something further, but the army though ordered to march at 3 a.m. did not start till 7 a.m. (according to Cranstoun). This fact has been ignored by our historians.

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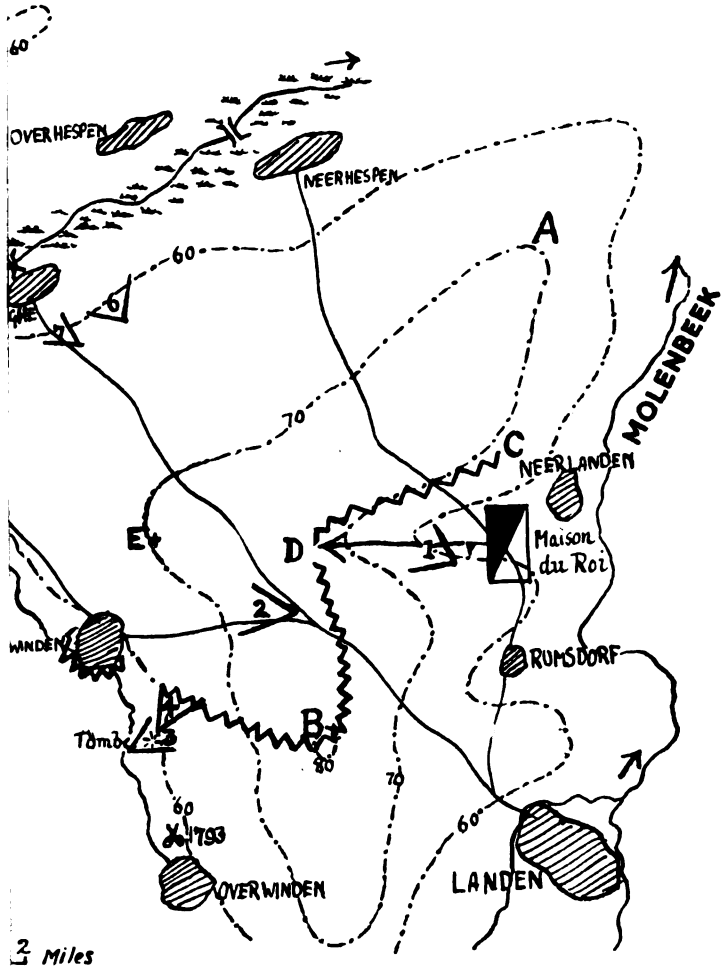

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cavalry detachment without orders "*vint au bruit du Canon*" with happy results. Sevin de Quincy's "Histoire Militaire de Louis le Grand" is also useful and very fair to the Allies. Saint Simon and the Duke of Berwick who were both present, describe the battle in their respective *mèmoires*. The reader should be on his guard against accepting an English version of Saint Simon. It will be nothing more than a series of extracts. The full French edition of 1881 comprises twenty-two volumes. (Volume 2 refers).

On the English side, Edward D'Auvergne's "History of the Last Campaign" is the standard contemporary authority, though the author was not actually present at the battle.

Boyer's "History of Queen Anne" is also useful.

Of modern writers, Walton has skilfully combined most of the above accounts in his "History of the British Standing Army," and Fortescue has a short account which is, needless to say, good reading.

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"MUDDLING THROUGH"

By JOHN AYE.

ACCORDING to that ever-present critic "the man in the street" the outstanding feature of our modern wars has always been that, in spite of the odds being very much against us, we have in the end what he describes as "muddled through." As a general rule he ascribes this ultimate victory to what he proudly calls "British doggedness," but in his pride he forgets to seek for the cause of the muddling. Indeed he would be the most surprised man in the world if it was ever suggested to him that he himself was the reason, and that in his dealings with the Army he has always expected bricks without bothering to supply the necessary straw.

There is no student of military history but will be forced to admit that, until almost down to the Boer War, British armies sent into the field were in a worse condition for service than those of any other European nation, and the cause lay in the fact that the control lay almost entirely in civilian hands. For far too long the army was the happy hunting ground of the sinecure seeker, who, when he had secured some quasi-military post, usually for some more or less underhand political service, paid more attention to drawing his salary than he did to the duties of such post.

The dark period of army history, during which the civilian element was in the ascendant, was roughly 1700 to 1800, and during this time the administration was little short of ludicrous. Bare-face theft and peculation on the part of the civilian element was to be found on every side, nor did anyone apparently take the trouble to do the job for which he was paid. Thus in 1742, when a force under Lord Stair was about to be despatched

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to the Netherlands, it was discovered that no one knew what were the rules as regards allowances for forage, baggage, etc., for troops on active service, and the War Office officials, waking at last from sleep, were obliged to collect the information from officers who had served under Marlborough at Blenheim. Even worse was the condition of the Ordnance office—at that time responsible for all matters connected with the Artillery—an example of this occurring in 1743 when it was found by a Commission of Enquiry that Pendennis Castle, then a stronghold with forty-six guns, had, as its personnel, one master-gunner, ninety years of age, and one raw assistant.

Nor could the exigencies of active service be pleaded as an excuse for such mal-administration, since the situation was equally bad even during peace time both in the colonies and at home stations. Thus we find that during the period 1714-1739 the garrison at Gibraltar were driven to burn their huts for fuel; the garrison at Minorca received no bedding for ten years; Bermuda received no stores of any kind from 1696 to 1739; contracts were made to serve the troops in Minorca with various articles of diet but meat was entirely forgotten; at Annapolis there was no liquor other than water, with the result that the troops mutinied, and the officers at their own expense bought molasses to brew beer. In New York sentries stood at their posts knee deep in snow, and when relieved lay down in their clothes, no bedding being available, the sergeant of the guard waking them from time to time lest they should be frozen to death in the guard room. At this period also the barrack accommodation in England was only sufficient for 5,000 infantry, and in 1707 the officers of Lord Paston's regiment sent in a memorial to the Prince of Wales pointing out that in a year and a half, while in garrison at Portsmouth, in consequence of want of firing and sickness, caused by the badness of the barracks, their strength in that period through death and desertion had been reduced by one half.

Another cause which militated very much against the efficiency of the officers was the existence of Secretary at War's leave, which anomaly existed down to about 1754. Under this

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system an officer with "political pull" could, without going through the disagreeable necessity of asking his C.O., obtain leave for as long as five years, and thus could avoid going on foreign or active service. Indeed, in some cases, the leave was taken without even bothering any official at all. How little power even the Commander-in-Chief himself possessed is shown by the fact that he had to deal with a Secretary of State, a Secretary at War, two Paymasters General—both having a seat in Parliament—a Board of Ordnance, which controlled not only the matériel for the whole army but also the personnel of the Artillery and Engineers, while in addition he had to go to the Treasury for his transport and consult the Home Office on every subject connected with the Militia. Under these circumstances it was inevitable that the soldier would suffer.

Unfortunately, however, as time went on things grew worse, until about 1790-1800, at the opening of the long war with France, they reached their climax. Muddle, jobbery and maladministration had brought the army to such a pitch that Sir Hubert Taylor, Military Secretary and Adjutant-General, writing at a later date, said that when he joined the army abroad in 1793, "nothing could have been more disgraceful than our condition; we were the objects of ridicule to every other service." To commence with, at this period it was the practice in peace time to issue to each regiment the materials for its clothing, which had to be made up within the regiment, a practice instituted in order that the colonel might make the maximum profit out his unit. Naturally it was impossible for troops in the field to find time for tailoring, with the result that the men were often half naked. Owing also to jobbery and slackness at home little or no effort was made to clothe the recruit, and men were often sent abroad in what was known as "slop clothing," that is a linen jacket and trousers without waistcoat, drawers or stockings.

As regards war equipment this was usually conspicuous by its absence. Thus the force sent against Flushing in August, 1794, consisted nominally of five battalions, three thousand two hundred strong, with (according to Fortescue) the following

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qualifications for immediate service in the field. "The 31st Regt. was composed chiefly of recruits of whom 240 were unarmed. The 79th Regt. had but one officer to each company and but eight rounds of ball ammunition per man. The 84th Regt. had twenty rounds a man, but the regiment never having ceased marching from quarter to quarter since it had been raised, the men were totally untrained. The 85th Regt. had thirty rounds a man, but half the soldiers had never had arms in their hands. The 34th Regt. alone appear to have been fit and ready for service."

The standard of training of regiments sent on service was also deplorable, and owing to the practice of keeping a unit more or less continually on the move, musketry instruction was almost non-existent. Indeed, so slow was the evolution of the firearm, and so miserable the practice of musketry at this time, that as late as 1792 we find the lieutenant-colonel of the 44th Regt. writing to the War Office and seriously recommending the re-introduction of the bow and arrow. Nor were the officers in any way competent to train the men. Political influence and money rather than knowledge and good service was the road to promotion, and mere children often held high rank. Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was a captain at seventeen, while Lord Stair became a colonel at nineteen. The Duke of Cumberland was only twenty-four when he became Commander-in-Chief. Under such a system there was little true *esprit de corps* or discipline, and, says one writer, "it was no uncommon thing for regiments to start on the march under the charge of the adjutant and sergeant-major only, while the officers stayed behind to come galloping up several hours late, full of wine, careless where they rode, careless of the confusion into which they threw the columns, careless of everything but the place appointed for the end of the march, if, by chance, they were sober enough to have remembered it."

The long drain of the war with France also found recruitment at its lowest ebb, and all sorts of schemes and plans were put into action in order to fill the gaps in the fighting units. The worst of all, however, occurred in 1797, when no less than three

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regiments were sent into the north of England and Scotland to recruit their ranks with one thousand boys, each between the ages of twelve and sixteen, from the parish poor houses.

Another method of obtaining the necessary men was by enlisting prisoners of war, and in 1759, when we captured Ceylon from the Dutch, a regiment of nearly a thousand strong, known as de Meuron's Swiss Corps, was formed, the men transferring wholesale from the Dutch to the English service. The Minorca Regiment was also formed from Swiss prisoners captured at Minorca, while in the British Army in America in 1788 there was one corps composed entirely of Irish deserters from the American forces. Even at Waterloo five out of twenty-five cavalry regiments and ten out of eighty-five infantry battalions were not British.

With the fighting forces in such a miserable condition much could not be expected of the departmental corps, and indeed their condition was worse than lamentable. When the army was sent to the Netherlands in 1794 so low was the pay offered to the doctors that the medical profession would not volunteer, with the result that a kind of medical staff was improvised out of the blackguards of the profession, the majority being little better than quacks. It is said of these rascals, who bore the name of surgeons' mates, that they charged £40,000 for the wine for the sick, and not content with drinking it themselves, they actually robbed their patients of every article of value they possessed.

It would seem almost to be impossible to add to such monumental maladministration but one Secretary at War succeeded in doing it. During the operations against Dunkirk in 1793 the officer conducting the siege sent to Dundas, then Secretary at War, an urgent request for further guns and ships. Being apparently unable to comply with this the Secretary sent in lieu a suggested plan for the conduct of the siege, drawn up by no less a person than the Lord Chancellor, Lord Loughborough. "There are times," comments Fortescue, the military historian, "when the conceit of British politicians becomes touchingly ridiculous."

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

Part VIII.

The French Revolution.*

"*Villers-en-Cauchies*"; "*Beaumont*"; "*Willems.*"

"The French Revolution, the most terrible and momentous series of events in all history, is the real starting-point for the history of the nineteenth century; for that great upheaval has profoundly affected the political and, still more, the social life of the Continent of Europe." With these words Dr. Holland Rose opens his important work, "A Century of Continental History, 1780-1880," and they summarize the views of numerous other historians of the subject.

Many writers have attempted to determine the precise date and the precise event which led Frenchmen to contemplate a revolution and in this connection it is interesting to note that some point to the 1688 Revolution in England when James II was driven from the throne and William and Mary reigned in his stead. The comparative peacefulness of the transition which had taken place on this occasion apparently led some bold spirits in France to believe that history would repeat itself in their case. The English Revolution secured the principle of constitutional government and it was this that attracted

*Works consulted:—
"A Century of Continental History, 1780-1880." J. Holland Rose, Litt.D.
"The Political History of England" (Vol. X). William Hunt, M.A.
"History of England." Sir Charles Oman.
"History of the British Army (Vol. IV). Sir John Fortescue.
"The French Revolution." Thomas Carlyle.
"A History of Cavalry." Colonel George T. Denison.
"The Uses and Application of Cavalry in War." N. L. Beamish.
"Memoirs and Correspondence of Field Marshal Viscount Combermere." Vol. I.

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oppressed Frenchmen but the influences which had been at work for many years prior to the outbursts in both countries were not identical. Whereas in England fuedalism had disappeared long before the 1688 revolution, France was still in its toils towards the end of the 18th century.

From various causes France was on the verge of bankruptcy at the beginning of 1789 and in order to avert the catastrophe Louis XVI summoned the States General of France to meet him at Versailles for consultation. This body embraced representatives of the three orders—first, the nobles; second, the clergy; and third, the Commons; it was now to meet, in May, 1789, for the first time for 173 years. Although called together for the sole purpose of dealing with the financial difficulty, it gave the people (Tiers Etat) an opportunity of giving expression to their grievances, so that the instrument to which Louis looked for his political salvation rapidly developed into his executioner, both politically and physically. He had supported the Americans in the War of Independence with French troops and wasted many millions of pounds on the campaign in other ways. The French soldiers who returned from the American war brought new ideas of freedom which rapidly found favour among the oppressed populace. Two old mediæval abuses survived to make the situation of the country unbearable; offices of all kinds were openly bought and sold, while taxation was not raised directly by the state but leased out to greedy tax-farmers who mulcted the public of far more than they paid into the national treasury. Added to all this was the flagrant extravagance of Marie Antoinette, the hated "Austrian." No set of circumstances could have suited the pens of France's chief literary men, Voltaire and Rousseau, both revolutionary-minded. The stinging sarcasm of Voltaire was aimed at all ancient shams and delusions: nothing was safe from his criticism. On the other hand Rousseau, sentimental and visionary, advocated a return to the "state of nature," a renewal of the Golden Age and the abolition of laws and states. Many Frenchmen took these Utopian ideas seriously and talked of setting up the reign of reason and humanity and demanded the destruction of old institutions. In this respect they differed from the English

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agitations for reform which usually had for their object the restoration of some ancient liberties. (Oman.)

The weakness of the king encouraged the revolutionaries and in due time the Bastille was stormed (14th July, 1789), all ancient despotic and feudal customs abolished, and Louis shut up in his own palace. These events were keenly followed in England where at first they met with general approval, because it looked as though France was about to institute a limited monarchy under constitutional government. This attitude, however, soon changed when the mobs resorted to violence and ushered in the Reign of Terror. Austria and Prussia became alarmed and began to concentrate their armies on the Rhine with a view to putting down the revolution upon which the French Assembly declared war on them in April, 1792. At the first encounter the French were defeated and on 23rd August, 1792, Longwy was captured, but their enemies made no further progress owing to discord among the generals. Encouraged by the inactivity of their opponents, the French assumed the offensive and checked them at Valmy (20th September, 1792) which is regarded as the date which definitely marks the launching of the revolutionary crusade against Europe.*

The attitude of the British Government towards the Revolution so far had been that of strict and even benevolent neutrality, but when the French declared their intention of invading Holland, Pitt, then Prime Minister, pledged himself to protect that country. Shortly afterwards the French Convention solemnly decreed that France would grant succour and fraternity to all nations that desired liberty, which, being translated into several foreign languages and broadcast throughout Europe, evoked many sympathetic replies, notably from certain Sociéties in London. Unpleasant symptoms of disaffection were discovered both in the British Army and the Militia: two officers, Lord Sempill of the Third Guards and Lord Edward Fitzgerald of the 54th Regiment, openly used treasonable

*Incidentally, "Valmy" is the earliest battle honour borne on the Colours of the French Army, "Jemmapes" (6th November, 1792) being the next. The earliest campaign to be commemorated in the British service is "Tangier, 1662-80"; in the Indian service it is "Arcot" (1751), and in the Old German Army, "Colberg, 1807."

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language and subscribed money to the French cause, and although they were dismissed the service, there was reason to believe that others had been led away by their example. The Government were now getting really alarmed and two-thirds of the Militia was called out on 1st December, 1792, for purposes of internal police, a measure which was welcomed by the country. France had been hoping not only to keep England from siding against her, but of actually creating a similar situation to her own within our shores; so that this public demonstration of antipathy against the Revolution dashed her hopes and made her go more cautiously on the Continent. This was the first rebuff the revolutionaries had experienced in their efforts to carry their gospel into other lands and other countries promptly followed our example. Matters were brought to a head when the execution of King Louis staggered all England. Pitt ordered Chauvelin to leave England at once and the First Convention declared war on England on 7th February, 1793. (Fortescue.)

In order to save the Dutch Republic from falling into the hands of the French the 1st Battalions of the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards, under Colonel Lake, were dispatched to Holland at the end of February, 1793. The Duke of York was Commander-in-Chief of the British portion of the allies. In March another brigade* under Major-General Ralph Abercromby joined the Duke: their quality was so poor that the Adjutant-General felt constrained to apologise to the Duke and to Abercromby for them as they were quite raw recruits, being either old men or weakly boys. This state of affairs was due to a civilian being in control who would not consult his military advisers. While these events were passing in Europe, Ireland, India and the West Indies were engaging our attention with the result that Great Britain was denuded of regular troops, a situation which was remedied by calling out additional militia, and, in Scotland, some Fencible regiments were raised.† The 78th Foot (now 2nd Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders) were

*14th, 37th and 53rd Regiments.

†Fencibles were regular troops enlisted for home service and for the duration of the war only.

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raised at this time. During May a Cavalry brigade* under General Ralph Dundas joined the Duke's force. The entire Allied force was now composed of British, Dutch, Austrians, Hessians and Hanoverians, among which co-operation was very difficult owing to jealousy among the commanders. The first move against the French was at Farmars† in May, 1793: the plan of attack provided for operations by no less than nine separate columns, which, says Fortescue, "was typically Austrian; that is to say, too full of science to leave room for sense." It was not until 28th July, that the objective was attained. The capture of Dunkirk had been one of the tasks assigned to the Duke of York from the outset of the campaign and early in August he separated from the remainder of the Allies in order to carry out this project. By the 13th he had assembled the whole of his command at Marchiennes on the Scarpe and on the 15th commenced his march on Dunkirk *viâ* Baisieux—Turcoing—Menin. On the morning of the 18th firing was heard at Lincelles, about two miles from Turcoing on the west of the road to Menin. It appears that the Dutch, under the Prince of Orange, had taken a French post at Lincelles and had left two weak battalions to hold it. The French, however, on being strongly reinforced, drove out the Dutch. Just as the Duke's force reached Menin, about 1 p.m., an A.D.C. from the Prince galloped up asking for assistance. Although they had just completed a severe march the Duke ordered the three battalions of Guards to Lincelles and they traversed the six miles in just over an hour. On their arrival there was not a Dutchman to be seen. Lake was in command and he assaulted the French at once, driving them from the village. They appear to have been a poor lot for the Guardsmen cuffed and jostled them as though they were a crowd of naughty boys, without condescending to kill them. At nightfall he was relieved by six battalions of Hessians.‡

*7th, 11th, 15th and 16th Light Dragoons.

†The Regimental March of The West Yorkshire Regiment, "Ca Ira," a French Revolutionary tune, dates from the battle of Farmars. As the old 14th Foot, the regiment formed part of Abercromby's brigade. During the action the French attacked so furiously that the young soldiers wavered a little. Colonel Doyle immediately dashed to the front and shouted "Come along, my lads, let's break the scoundrels to their own damned tune. Drummers, strike up 'Ca Ira'"! The effect was irresistible and the 14th overthrew their opponents and drove them from the field.

‡The Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards were granted the honour "Lincelles" for this action by Horse Guards letter dated 24th June, 1811.

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The French realised that England was the most dangerous member of the coalition against them and that to foil her before Dunkirk would, from its political results, be the most telling of all military operations; they therefore strengthened the opposition in that quarter, and actually forced the allies to withdraw, the British going to Nieuport in September, 1793.

The French plan for the operations to be resumed in the spring of 1794 was very ambitious, being no less than the complete annihilation of the allies by a movement designed to envelop both of their flanks. After some manœuvring the allies besieged Landrecies during which the action which gave the British Cavalry their next battle honour was fought.

"*Villers-en-Cauchies*," 24*th April*, 1794.

During the siege of Landrecies the British force was on the right of the allied line, a few miles West of Le Cateau and straddling the Le Cateau—Cambrai road at Inchy. On the 23rd April, 1794, intelligence reached the allies that a French force 15,000 strong had moved out from Cambrai in three columns, taking a north-easterly direction, had driven off the outposts at Haspres, Saultzoir and Montrecourt on the Selle and had crossed the river and pushed out patrols towards Le Quesnoy and Valenciennes. This information was distinctly disturbing because the Emperor Francis, who was returning from a visit to Brussels, was actually moving on a route not far from that occupied by the French light troops, whose intention appeared to be that of capturing him. In consequence of this the Austrian General Otto moved at once to St. Hilaire, about five miles north of Inchy, taking with him two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons and two of the Austrian Leopold Hussars. Reconnoitring* further north he discovered about 10,000 of the French near the village of Villers-en-Cauchies. He therefore fell back to St. Hilaire and sent a message to the Duke of York for reinforcements. The two squadrons of the 15th were commanded by Major William Aylett and numbered 160 rank and file; Major-General Sentheresky led the Leopold Hussars who numbered 112.

*One of the most important results of a reconnaissance on record was that at Villers-en-Cauchies." Beamish, p. 287.

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Late that night the 11th Light Dragoons, two squadrons of Austrian Zeschwitz Cuirassiers, and General Mansell's Heavy Brigade consisting of The Blues, 3rd Dragoon Guards and Royals—in all ten squadrons—joined General Otto, who early on the morning of the 24th April moved towards the French at Villers-en-Cauchies. The two squadrons of the 15th and the Leopold Hussars formed the advanced guard, General Otto intending and believing that the brigade under Mansell was following, which unfortunately they were not. As the ground was very undulating their absence was not noticed until it was too late to send them fresh orders. About 7 a.m. the advanced guard, moving along the low ground at Montrecourt came upon a French force nearly three times its own strength; taken by surprise on their flank the French fell back precipitately for about a quarter of a mile and then retired steadily, covered by skirmishers, on to their main body between Villers-en-Cauchies and Avesnes-le-Sec masking a force of unknown strength in their rear. About 8 a.m. Otto discovered that he had no support at hand, Mansell's brigade being nowhere in sight, and retreat was not to be thought of as the advanced squadrons were already committed too deeply to offensive action. He therefore called together the officers and told them of their desperate situation and that there was nothing for it but to attack, concluding his speech with: "Gentlemen, remember your numbers do not permit prisoners." The English and Austrian officers crossed their swords in pledge that they would charge home and it was agreed that the British should attack in front and the Austrians on the enemy's left flank towards Avesnes-le-Sec. When the officers repeated the speech to the men there was much cheering and several English and Austrian non-commissioned officers dashed forward and shook each others hands in pledge of mutual support. Captain Edward M. Ryan commanded the right squadron of the 15th and Captain Robert Pocklington the left. Many years after the event Pocklington described the dramatic manner in which Sentheresky set the little force in motion: "Sentheresky galloped up to me upon his fine Transylvanian charger," he writes, "and with great rapidity of speech, said 'Monsieur, gardez votre

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gauche,' then returned with speed to the right of the line and almost immediately gave the word 'Charge.'" (See Wylley, p. 96.)

Off they went at a smart trot breaking into a gallop at about one hundred and fifty yards from the French Cavalry, who opened a galling but comparatively ineffectual fire upon them. Just before contact was made the French cavalry suddenly wheeled outwards and retired at great speed, unmasking a line of French skirmishers and guns which poured in a furious cannonade. In the excitement of the moment some of the French gunners did not wait until their comrades had cleared the front and they killed several. The cannonade was, according to Pocklington, fairly innocuous, probably due to the fact that having gone over some ravines too rapidly the charges of grape had shifted and that, being new pieces, they were very smooth inside. With great impetuosity the 15th swept over the skirmishers and through the guns to come face to face with six French battalions, about 3,000 men, massed and ready to receive them. They poured a volley into the 15th and then, with front ranks kneeling, presented a bristling wall of bayonets three ranks deep to check their hurricane career. But this was useless for, faithful to their pledge, the squadrons went straight at them with an impetus that could not be checked, and even the stricken horses had sufficient momentum left to carry them into the French mass with destructive results. Aylett was bayoneted through the body and his horse was wounded in two places, Ryan's horse had his tongue shattered by grape-shot and the chargers of other officers also received wounds. One half of the French dispersed instantly and the other half fired another volley at the 15th and then broke up too. Behind the French infantry their cavalry were reforming; charging anew with sabres in hand, the British Dragoons and Austrian Hussars fell upon them, driving them with terrible havoc to the walls of Bouchain whose big guns gave shelter to the hunted remnant. During the rout the 15th dispersed a long line of fifty guns and ammunition-wagons which were retiring in a north-westerly direction. Had Mansell's brigade been at hand all of these might have been captured or destroyed.

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Pocklington now being in command and observing the enemy closing in on him from all sides, rallied his men and retired at a trot. The blue uniforms of the 15th led the French to mistake them for friends. On arrival at Villers-en-Cauchies Pocklington noticed that he was cut-off, the enemy blocking the way with infantry and artillery, although to the south of the village he could see the scarlet coats of Mansell's brigade. He therefore wheeled about to check his pursuers and then suddenly wheeled again towards the village and dashed through the French musketry and grape with little loss and rejoined his comrades.

In his dispatch the Duke of York, after describing the action, stated: "The gallantry displayed by these troops, but particularly by the 15th Regiment of Light Dragoons, does them the highest honour; and considering the danger of their situation, when left without support, the loss they experienced is not considerable."

The 10th French Hussars were annihilated: a farrier of the 15th killed twenty-two Frenchmen with his own sword: almost every man and horse of the 15th received an injury from shot or steel, 1 officer and 12 men being killed. The Leopold Hussars came off more lightly with only 10 men killed. The French casualities were 800 men killed and 400 wounded and 3 guns lost.

In honour of the occasion the Emperor of Germany ordered a gold medal to be specially struck for presentation to each officer of the 15th, and two years later they were also admitted to the Order of Maria Theresa.

This honour is borne solely by the 15th Hussars and when it was originally granted it was spelled "Villers-en-Couche," but by Army Order 216/1911 it was altered to its present form, "Villers-en-Cauchies."

"*Beaumont*," 26*th April*, 1794.

The 24th April, 1794, was a sad day for the French, but reinforcements soon made good their losses and offensive measures against the allies were begun at once. Various forces were put into motion and General Chappuis operating from Cambrai with 30,000 men was sent against the Duke of York, whilst other forces operated towards the east.

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Chappuis' force issued from Cambrai in two columns, Chappuis himself leading one along the Cambrai—Le Cateau road whilst the other moved on a parallel route south of him through the villages of Ligny and Bertry. The presence of a dense fog concealed his approach and he succeeded in driving back the Allies advanced posts from Inchy, Beaumont, Troisvilles, Bertry and Maurois, and formed up for attack behind the ridge upon which these villages stand. The noise of these outpost encounters soon gave the alarm to the main body of the Allies, who prepared to meet the enemy's main attack. Before the French had completed their formation the fog cleared and immediately disclosed to the Duke of York a great weakness in Chappuis' dispositions, i.e., his left flank was completely in the air. The Duke was quick to take advantage of this; he ordered a great demonstration of artillery against the French front; sent some light troops to engage their right and then assembled, unseen, all his cavalry in a fold of the ground on the French left about Inchy and Bethencourt. The squadrons were drawn up in three lines: six squadrons of Austrian Cuirassiers of Zeschwitz in the first, Mansell's brigade consisting of The Blues, 3rd Dragoons and Royals in the second, and the 1st and 5th Dragoon Guards and 16th Light Dragoons in the third, a total of nineteen squadrons under the command of General Otto.

Taking advantage of every fold in the ground Otto moved forward very cautiously. A body of French Cavalry was first encountered and immediately overthrown, Chappuis who was with them being taken prisoner. This was a good start for Otto. Presently the allies saw 20,000 French infantry facing east serenely unconscious of the trouble about to descend upon them from the north. Some unpleasant things had been said about Mansell's brigade for their absence from Villers-en-Cauchies and they were anxious to wipe out any misconception regarding their fighting ability. Mansell had been much stung by the imputation of cowardice and he meant to do or die now. Suddenly the trumpet blasts cut the air and the Frenchmen looked over their left shoulders in startled horror at the avalanche of wildly cheering cavalry charging down upon them. Their guns were hastily wheeled round and opened with grape at a furious rate, but all

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unheeded by the oncoming mass. Mansell had vowed he would never come back alive and so dashing on well ahead of his brigade plunged into the midst of the enemy, being immediately killed. His own son and A.D.C., Captain Mansell, was taken trying to extricate his father.* Colonel Vyse now assumed command of both brigades and led them on, and within a very few minutes the French were scattered southward in the greatest disorder, the sabres of the allies taking great toll among them.

Chappuis's other column had reached a point a little beyond Maurois but when they saw the rout of their comrades they commenced to retire. They might have carried out this movement in something like order had not a vigilant Austrian officer, Major Stepheicz, with two squadrons of the Archduke Ferdinand's and four of the 7th and 11th British Light Dragoons, been watching them. Losing no time he smashed into the rearguard and drove it on to the main body towards Maretz; a few miles further on he came upon the main body which he utterly dispersed, capturing ten guns. The shattered fragments of Chappuis' force made a wide detour and some eventually reached Cambrai. The French loss was heavy, 7,000 casualties, over 3,000 being killed and 350 prisoners taken together with 41 guns.

The allies casualties were :—British : 6 officers, 156 men and 289 horses killed, wounded and missing. Austrian : 9 officers, 228 men and 208 horses killed, wounded and missing. The Blues and 3rd Dragoon Guards suffered most heavily of the British regiments, and the determination of the 3rd to wipe away the stain of two days previously is shown in the fact that five out of the six officers who were casualties belonged to them. Mansell, who was their Colonel, was, as stated above, also killed.

"So ended the greatest day in the annals of the British horse, perhaps the greater since the glory of it was shared with the most renowned cavalry in Europe," writes Fortescue.

Among the papers taken with Chappuis was found a most important document relating to a formidable stroke about to fall upon Flanders, which largely accounts for the allies not following up their victory.

*General Mansell fell, whether fairly or not, it were hard to decide, for Captain Mansell recognised him after the battle in a ditch with his throat cut and in a state of complete nudity."—Combermere, p. 36.

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REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "BEAUMONT."

Granted under the authority of Army Order 211 of 1909.

Present Title	*Title at date of battle*	*Title when honour was granted*
Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)	Royal Regiment of Horse Guards	Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)
1st King's Dragoon Guards	1st (or the King's) Dragoon Guards	1st (King's) Dragoon Guards
3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards)	3rd (or Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards	3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards†
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards	5th Dragoon Guards	5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards†
1stThe Royal Dragoons	1st (or Royal) Dragoons	1st (Royal) Dragoons
7th Queen's Own Hussars	7th (or the Queen's Own) (Light) Dragoons	7th (Queen's Own) Hussars
11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own)	11th (Light) Dragoons	11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars
16th/5th Lancers	16th (or the Queen's) (Light) Dragoons	16th (The Queen's) Lancers†

† Granted to this regiment only of the amalgamated regiments.

"*Willems*," 10*th May*, 1794.

In spite of the disaster to one of his forces at Beaumont, Pichegru, the French Commander-in-Chief, continued his offensive against the Allies and by the beginning of May, 1794, had 40-50,000 men between Menin and Courtrai, facing south. Opposed to him in this part of the field was a combined Austro-British force totalling 40,000 men, General Clerfage being in command of the Austrians and the Duke of York the British. On the 10th May, Clerfage made a feeble attack on the French left at Courtrai and captured some outlying works. Pichegru left one division, Moreau's, to deal with him and attacked the Allies in force. The British were on the left of the line in an entrenched position between Hertain and Lamain against which, before daybreak, the French, about 30,000 strong, advanced in two columns, the stronger of the two following the Lille-Tournay road, the other a parallel route to the south through Bouvines and Cysoing upon Bachy as if to turn the Duke's left. The

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northern column succeeded in taking the Duke's advanced posts at Baisieux on the main road and the village of Camphin to the south of it, but the other was held up by two battalions and three squadrons under the command of an Austrian officer at Bachy. It now became clear to the Duke that there was a large gap in the enemy's line by which the right of their main body was uncovered. He lost no time in taking advantage of this and ordered sixteen squadrons of British Dragoons and two of Austrian Hussars under the command of Lieutenant-General Harcourt, to advance into the plain of Cysoing, by the low ground south of Lamain. As soon as the French noticed the threat to their flank they formed square in readiness for the shock. With the memory of Beaumont still fresh in their minds, they did not relish meeting such terrible and irresistible horsemen and so selected a difficult position for cavalry to operate against them with full effect, i.e., among fields of rape,* which is sown in ridges with trenches in between in the manner of celery, which naturally prevented anything in the way of a charge at full force, and consequently the squares remained unbroken although attacked no less than nine times. The French still held on to Camphin so the Duke sent a brigade of infantry against it from the north and another to take the same route as the cavalry had done, which caused them to withdraw in a northerly direction towards Willems. A little westward of Camphin our squadrons came under the fire of French batteries at Gruson on their left. The French cavalry covered the withdrawal of the squares. Opposite the Carabiniers was a regiment of French Carabiniers and the British regiment begged their Commanding Officer to be allowed to charge them. At that moment General Sir William Erskine rode up and Sir Thomas Chapman, the Commanding Officer, addressed him thus: "General, my boys are most anxious to charge their namesakes." "Sir Thomas," answered Sir William, "I fear you are not equal to do so, they are more than four to one of your men. However, if you are able, go on.† The Cavalry were reinforced by six more squadrons, but as continuous rain was falling the tillage made going very heavy, in fact, The Blues could not charge in

*Says Combermere—but Fortescue says "cole-seed."

†Combermere, p. 39.

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one place because their heavy horses sank knee-deep into the soft soil. Eventually the French cavalry were attacked on both flanks and driven from the field with great loss, the Carabiniers doing much havoc among their French namesakes. The French infantry still remained intact until, when just south of Willems, the battalion guns of the British infantry were brought into play against them and which fired with such good effect that the squares began to waver. The cavalry then charged again. An officer of The Greys, galloping at one of the largest squares, knocked down three men as he rode into it, wheeled his horse round and knocked down six more, and thus made a gap for the entry of his men. This square was soon broken and dispersed, a sight which demoralized the remainder and they became an easy prey to the British sabres. The French again suffered severely, losing about 2,000 killed, over 400 prisoners and 13 guns. The British loss was 37 men killed, 6 officers and 77 men wounded, 90 horses killed and 140 wounded and missing.

Fortescue remarks: "It is hardly necessary to call attention to the arm which was lacking on this day, or to point out that a single battery of horse artillery would have enabled the cavalry to break the squares at the first onset, would have increased the enemy's losses, and would have made the day's operations more decisive. Not for eighteen years was the British Cavalry destined again to ride over French battalions as they rode on this day; then Stapleton Cotton* was fated once more to be present, leading not a squadron of Carabiniers, but a whole division of horse to the charge at Salamanca."

*Afterwards Field Marshal Lord Combermere.

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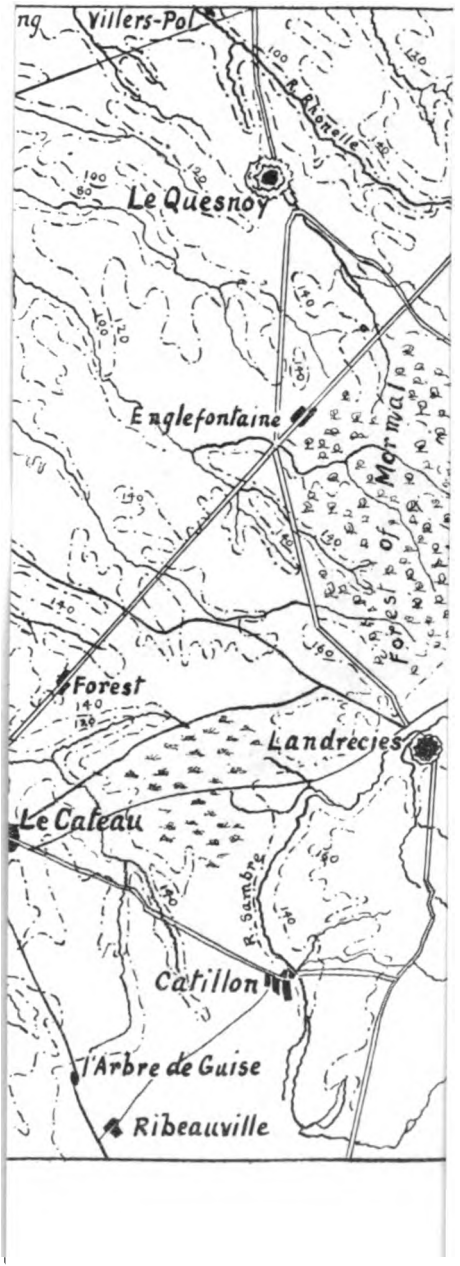

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Regiments Bearing the Honour "Willems."

Granted under the authority of Army Order 211 of 1909.

Present Title	*Title at date of battle*	*Title when honour was granted*
Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)	Royal Regiment of Horse Guards	Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)
The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)	2nd (or The Queen's) Dragoon Guards	2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays)
3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards)	3rd (or Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards	3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards
	6th Dragoon Guards	6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers)
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards	6th (or Inniskilling) Dragoons	6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons*
1st The Royal Dragoons	1st (or Royal) Dragoons	1st (Royal) Dragoons
The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)	2nd (or Royal North British) Dragoons	2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys)
7th Queen's Own Hussars	7th (or The Queen's Own) (Light) Dragoons	7th (Queen's Own) Hussars
11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own)	11th (Light) Dragoons	11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars
15th The King's Royal Hussars	15th (or The King's) (Light) Dragoons	15th (The King's) Hussars*
16th/5th Lancers	16th (or The Queen's) (Light) Dragoons	16th (The Queen's) Lancers*

* Granted to this regiment only of the amalgamated regiments.

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ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY AND MECHANIZATION

By Major (Bt. Lt.-Col.) R. S. Ellis, O.B.E., M.C., R.H.A.

FOREWORD.

In opening this short dissertation on a subject about which many thoughtless words have been spoken, the writer would like to make it clear to anyone sufficiently interested to read these lines that he claims to possess no pre-conceived ideas nor does he write with any prejudice against the ideas of those who have many times argued the problem both in official documents and in private conversation, and who hold opposite views.

The future has many changes in store and those who can only think of the past will undoubtedly be left behind in the race to find the best fighting organization. All that is necessary, in the writer's opinion, is that those who propose to make far-reaching changes should have a very clear conception of the working of that which they desire to wipe out and be quite sure that, in replacing the old with the new, they are not destroying something which cannot be replaced.

CAVALRY WORK.

Cavalry—on horses—has taken part in campaigns and performed duties of which no other arm has been capable. Its value, without going into details of military history or text books, has been unquestioned, and, although no one will dispute that modern inventions of aircraft and vehicles can assume a large part of what used to be the cavalryman's job, it cannot be believed that any responsible commander would care to undertake to-day a campaign, large or small, in any part of the world, without a mounted force at his disposal. The horse, as a unit of progression, cannot be replaced by any mechanized

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vehicle which can carry out entirely the peculiar attributes of an animal. That is an undisputed fact.

The writer therefore makes one general assumption on which the whole question hangs and that is that cavalry, mounted on horses, must remain as a portion of our army and that such a force requires artillery support.

It is co-operation of this nature with which this article attempts to deal.

ARTILLERY SUPPORT.

As a basis of discussion, it is as well to have in mind the following quotations from *Cavalry Training* :—

"The success of a cavalry action depends principally on speed."

"The best means of ensuring prompt combined action are close personal touch on the part of commanders throughout all operations."

"The Battery Commander may often with advantage leave one of his officers to control the fire of his battery while he accompanies the Cavalry Commander and keeps in touch with the rapidly changing situation."

"Sections are self-contained and available for use as independent fire units."

"The Artillery Commander must be in the closest touch with the cavalry."

The above quotations give a very good general idea of the handling of horse artillery and they may be conveniently classified under the following headings :—

(*a*) Mobility of B.C. and Staff.

(*b*) Quickness into action of the guns.

(*c*) Elasticity of the Battery Staff generally, which should be able quickly to be split up into small parties.

(*d*) Complete mobility of each section, including similar elasticity of its command and staff.

Taking each of these main headings in turn, it is as well to consider the comparison between a battery mounted on horses and a battery mechanized with vehicles known to exist at the moment.

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(*a*) *Mobility of B.C. and Staff.*

At the present moment, one of the greatest difficulties confronting a Battery Commander is the necessity for him to move with or catch up the Cavalry Commander in his reconnaissance prior to the formation of his plan. A Cavalry Commander thinks at a gallop, makes up his mind rapidly, and expects to find the officers to whom he wishes to explain his ideas at his elbow when his plan is formed.

Can one conceive that a Battery Commander, except on a horse, can keep in touch with a Cavalry Commander who moves over a considerable area in the shortest space of time? To delay the Cavalry Commander means also delaying the Machine Gun Officer. Machine guns take the longest time to get into action and the whole essence of cavalry action is speed.

To consider it from another point of view during an approach march. The place of a Battery Commander is close to his Cavalry Commander. Details must be discussed and plans of action considered. Is it at all possible that a man on a horse can converse with a man in a mechanized vehicle?

Again, to take a third case. The Battery Commander does not want a large staff with him but he must have one or two men whom he can send off quickly with messages or orders. If the B.C. and this party are in the same vehicle, how can they be separated?

If we think of them on motor bicycles, can they get across country?

At any rate, to fulfil what is required, the Battery Commander and his small party must be able to split up, each with his own means of movement.

Lastly, if we imagine the case of mechanical breakdown of the B.C.'s vehicle, can he rapidly transfer himself into or on to another and still be at the right spot at the right time?

(*b*) *Quickness into Action of the Guns.*

In Horse Artillery as we know it, the translation of orders for action into fire from the first gun has been brought by practice to a very quick speed. It is no doubt possible that very little time, if any, would be lost with guns drawn by tractors pro-

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viding that the ground and the obstacles are not too bad for driving. Probably in most country there would not be much difference between guns drawn by horses and guns drawn by tractors, but we must always consider the question of breakdown either mechanical or through enemy action. With teams of horses, normal casualties are fairly easily and quickly replaced. Is this so with tractors?

Again, to take another point. It is extremely valuable with mounted detachments to have odd men available for emergencies such as links with the Battery Leader, ground scouts, etc. To lose such elasticity of personnel would be a grave disadvantage for quick mobile work.

The above arguments are not of major importance but do materially affect procedure.

Lastly, the position of the guns in the column during an approach march is a very important consideration. The pace of cavalry is quite different to that of motor vehicles. The rapid disengagement of guns to manœuvre for coming into action on receipt of orders from the B.C. or Section Commander is essential. Both the means of sending such orders and the method by which they are rapidly executed must be considered in the problem of "Horse" versus "Mechanization."

(*c*) *Elasticity of the Battery Staff generally, which should be able quickly to be split up into small parties.*

A Battery Commander's Staff normally consists of three parties, including a group of signallers. These parties must be able to move and work separately and, in addition, individuals in these parties must, on occasions, be able to move separately. This is comparatively easy with horses but presents a very difficult problem with mechanized vehicles; which problem, unless it is capable of solution, will detract very considerably from the value of the artillery. It is almost impossible to stress too highly the importance of the above statement and it is impracticable on paper to give all the instances when elasticity is required to do the work required in a quick necessary way.

Also, as regards signal groups, there is no way in which communication under all circumstances can be opened and maintained with the speed required unless horses are used.

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Again, when it comes to the question of a F.O.O. Party, which is composed as a rule of a portion of a group, what prospects are there of being able to send forward such a party both for observation and intelligence work if they have to be moved all together in a noisy vehicle, the movement of which it is difficult to conceal?

(*d*) *Complete Mobility of each Section, including similar elasticity of its Commander and Staff.*

A very large portion of work of Horse Artillery during war is carried out with sections split up. Each of these sections is trained and organized to act as a complete unit, on the same lines as a complete battery, with, of course, modifications.

All the above arguments, greatly accentuated because of the possible triple expansion of a Battery Staff, which includes B.C.'s Party, G.P.O.'s Party, Captain's Party and Signal Groups, apply to this problem. Even if it were possible to solve the problems connected with a whole battery, can we still manage to divide the battery into three parts and still carry on, if mechanized, without detriment to the support of a cavalry force?

* * * * *

The above summary gives some idea of the difficulties confronting a Battery Commander in his endeavours to give adequate support to a moving force under rapidly changing conditions. The same results can in a measure be attained by a mechanized unit provided it can move over the ground covered by the cavalry. But these results will be gained more slowly, will very often have to be improvised, are liable to be haphazard and are largely at the mercy of the god (or goddess) of chance.

There are other aspects of the problem outside the actual procedure adopted inside the battery which must call for consideration and which would affect considerably the plans of the Cavalry Commander. These are many, and a few examples will bring out some of the difficulties.

MARCHING AND MANŒUVRE.

In the experience of the writer, it has always proved a very difficult task for a Cavalry Brigadier to march and manœuvre

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the fighting portion of his command if it consists of a mixture of horsed and mechanized units.

Almost invariably mechanized units have to march by a separate route to that of the horsed portion, with the result that protection is difficult and the timing of the march, so that all units arrive at the desired place at the same time, impossible.

Mechanized transport for cavalry machine guns has been abolished. The same difficulty which attended mechanization in this respect applies to the mechanization of the artillery.

It is conceivable that many situations are likely to arise during the manœuvre of a cavalry force, either just before or during contact with the enemy, when the dispositions of the cavalry compel a movement over country unsuitable to mechanized draught.

Under such conditions a sudden unforeseen emergency would catch the Cavalry Commander without his artillery support, and probably also without the escort detailed to protect mechanized guns in the process of finding another route over suitable country.

Cavalry formations will very often move at night—in fact, night marches are a very common occurrence. To carry these out across country as a combined force is almost impossible with mechanized guns, and any idea of surprise would have to be abandoned if the guns were drawn by petrol driven vehicles.

SUPPLY.

It is needless to go into details over the additional difficulties attendant on the supply of both forage and petrol to a rapidly moving force.

It must be remembered that in many theatres of war, especially in mobile operations, the horse is frequently independent of supply columns and this advantage is lost if it does not apply to the component parts of the same force. Supply by air for men alone is not a big problem. Regiments were thus supplied in 1918. First line transport on special occasions could be loaded with extra petrol for their own consumption, but fuel for tractors would be a very difficult problem. Any formation marching from 40 to 50 miles a day is putting a strain on the

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normal supply system. Cavalry are ready and will often be asked to do these distances. R.H.A. can do the same, but any complications of supply should be avoided.

DISTANCES.

The great advantage claimed for mechanization is the ability of mechanized units to cover large distances in a comparatively short time, provided that the going is good. This cannot be disputed. It is a self-evident fact.

But when we come to consider the employment of cavalry and the artillery used in support, we do not find that enormous distances come into the picture. The marching powers of cavalry are limited; its usefulness lies in a different sphere. A march of 60 miles is probably as much as cavalry is asked to do in exceptional circumstances. Normally 30 to 40 miles is a good average. The average pace over a long distance might be 4½ miles an hour including halts, or slightly less at night. The pace over shorter distances can be kept at 7 miles an hour, but seldom higher. All the above figures are within the compass of R.H.A. with horsed vehicles, provided that horse management is good and that trained officers are employed.

Recently the writer took part in a cavalry exercise in a desert country in which cavalry and guns carried out marches of 20, 33 and 31 miles on successive days. This was followed by 2 days' halt and the exercise was completed by a 60-mile march in 15 hours, beginning at 2 p.m. and ending at 5 a.m. The six days were lived under active service conditions, forage was limited and the last march was done without water.

No undue strain was placed on the horses and both men and horses after a day's rest were ready to repeat the performance.

An interesting feature of the exercise was the difficulty experienced in dealing with the mechanized transport. Over a portion of the journey, mechanized vehicles were unable to move owing to sand and hills, and other means of transport had to be evolved. For the night march, the transport had to wait and proceed by another route in daylight. Some vehicles broke down.

Admittedly this does not reflect adversely on tractor transport as none was employed, but it showed that horsed guns

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could do what the cavalry could do and arrive fresh at the finish.

FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS ABOUT GUNS.

Before closing these remarks on method of draught, it is not perhaps inopportune to mention the guns themselves, as it is obvious that soon the R.H.A. will have to be re-equipped.

In the writer's opinion, the R.H.A. with horses should supply what is often called "close support." For this work the 13-Pdr. is unsuitable. The ideal weapon will have a high trajectory, will fire a 20 lb. (approx.) H.E. shell, and does not need a greater range than 6,500 yards (approx.). It will not give a greater weight behind the team than the 13-Pdr. equipment.

Such guns will be able to go with cavalry, move as fast as is necessary, come into action with short communications and provide all the shell power necessary to assist the cavalry in mobile fighting.

As a second line of fire power, to be used as required to assist the action of cavalry when temporarily stabilized, it is suggested that a mechanized brigade of field guns should be permanently attached to cavalry. The action of such artillery would not depend on the mobile work of cavalry, and mechanized draught would be of great advantage in giving the guns the power of being able to move over suitable country and come up into action with little delay.

The detail of an organization as regards artillery of cavalry formations is not intended as a part of this article. Such a question involves not only what is considered as adequate support but depends on finance and other larger issues.

The points that the writer wishes to bring out can be summarized as the necessity for R.H.A. to remain "horsed" for immediate support of cavalry with additional fire power available in mechanized units.

NOTE.—The marches referred to in the above article were carried out by three squadrons 14/20th Hussars, each accompanied by a section (at war strength) from the Chestnut Troop, "B" Battery and the Rocket Troop R.H.A. The night march was 56 miles as the crow flies but 60 miles as marched at night.

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SOME FURTHER ASPECTS OF THE CASE

By Brigadier G. F. H. Brooke, D.S.O., M.C.

1. The development of mechanization continues to make such steady progress and its immense advantages are so universally recognized, that in the general enthusiasm, which these advantages call forth, it is as well to bear in mind the old adage, "Look before you leap."

No one can foresee the scientific evolution that the future holds in store for mechanization in an army, but as the situation stands at present, it is impossible for us to deny that, although mechanization, on the one hand, has engendered increased mobility, it may equally well be developed in the opposite direction. Mechanical trenching, mining, etc., and the rapid introduction of obstacles by this means must be anticipated, and inevitably the threat of A.F.V.'s will result in an increased proportion of armour-piercing weapons.

The military mind is being directed towards intensive measures against this new mobile arm. As innovations on these lines develop, the older arms must be ready to assist the new, as the tanks came to their assistance and demolished the enemy machine guns which had hitherto dominated the battlefield.

The above considerations affecting the mechanized arm and probable counter measures definitely calls for the co-operation of all arms to support each other.

It may thus be assumed that horse-mounted cavalry will remain a composite part of an army.

2. Despite the accepted advantages of mechanizing artillery, the problem arises, in our present state of development, as to the advisability of introducing mechanized weapons as a composite part of a Cavalry Brigade. Lieut.-Colonel Ellis's article emphasizes the difficulties connected with mechanization of R.H.A. which are not apparent at first sight.

3. The primary rôle of R.H.A. is to provide "close support" (a misused and misunderstood term) for cavalry.

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"Close support" entails constant verbal communication between (*a*) Commanders of troops engaged and (*b*) the gunner personnel responsible for producing and controlling the close support fire.

For this purpose both (*a*) and (*b*) must possess kindred means of progression.

It is evident that to provide the essential elasticity necessary for the allotment of procedure to individuals of the battery and section staffs that are required to work over the same ground as the mounted troops, the best form of locomotion at present is the horse, as mechanization in *its present stage* cannot deal with these conditions.

4. The presence of guns in action in close proximity of the troops, apart from the moral effect, is not necessary, and in the case of the present R.H.A. weapon this is seldom possible. Actually, it is the presence of the battery and section staff that is required. We must remember the lessons of 1914, *e.g.*, R.H.A. at Audregnies—5th Divisional Artillery at Le Cateau and the forward positions taken up by the French 75's at the commencement of the war. The supposition that close support meant guns adjacent to the troops in action resulted in unnecessary loss of artillery.

Apart from concealment the gun positions are obviously influenced by three factors.

(*a*) Configuration of the ground.
(*b*) Communication.
(*c*) Range.

(*a*) *Configuration of the Ground.*

The replacement of the 13 Pdr. by a light Howitzer possesses obvious advantages in this respect and certainly the shell power developed by a Howitzer is superior to that of a 13 Pdr., while the problems of crest clearance are eliminated.

In the event of cavalry operating with A.F.Vs., the howitzer providing smoke shell is a further advantage which is particularly adapted to arms (cavalry and tanks) of exceptional tactical mobility.

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Provided that excessive range is not demanded, can this weapon be produced for R.H.A. without adding to (preferably reducing) the weight behind the teams? Lieut.-Colonel Ellis claims that this is a feasible proposition. Possibly the gun carriage also could be lighter. This problem is being tackled to-day with regard to bodies and chassis in the motor industry.

(*b*) *Communications.*

For rapid support, at present short communication from the O.P. to the guns is essential. This is generally more feasible with howitzers.

As far as possible the gunner O.P. should be close to the Command post of the Cavalry Commander. This will normally be well in advance and consequently with the present type of gun and its flat trajectory, may necessitate unreasonably long communications—result, delay.

In time it is hoped that this difficulty will be overcome by wireless telephone from the O.P. This would probably have to be carried in a mechanical vehicle of the Austin 7 type which could be maintained within a R.H.A. Battery in the same way as they are in cavalry regiments, or it may even develop into a horse-carried instrument.

In war, however, one must have subsidiary means of communication in the event of wireless breakdown, when the howitzer in close proximity to the O.P. again proves advantageous. These conditions also facilitate calculations of range and switch.

The above considerations definitely point to the adoption of a light howitzer for R.H.A. plus the added efficiency of wireless control when this materializes.

(*c*) *Range.*

It may be claimed that long range targets are outside the rôle of close support artillery. But on occasions in the last War one can call to mind excellent targets being beyond the range of our 13 Pdrs. and *no other artillery available.*

The question then arises, is a longer range weapon of the howitzer type necessary? If so, it must be mechanized owing to the extra weight of the gun, and under those circumstances

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we will lose the true value of R.H.A. as a close support weapon.

Furthermore, a mechanized battery as a component part of a cavalry brigade adds to complications of maintenance, of economic speed under tactical conditions, especially at night, and of supply. In my opinion this problem of range could be best overcome if additional mechanized artillery was available, which at the same time could produce, as Colonel Ellis states, increased fire support when and where required, but which could not and is not expected to take the place of R.H.A. close support. This is analogous to the 3.7 How. close support and field batteries supporting infantry.

5. When cut adrift from the normal supply system, the men of my own regiment were fed by air in 1918 while the horses subsisted on the country and could have continued to do so. The problem presents no difficulties and the fact might well ensure liberty and radius of action which was otherwise denied.

6. Vulnerability from air attack: The balance would appear to be in favour of mechanization, but on the other hand a broken down vehicle or one damaged by fire, definitely puts the personnel carried, or the actual gun, out of action, whereas there is some latitude in replacing horses within the battery itself.

7. Any formation marching from 40 to 50 miles a day is putting a strain on the normal supply system.

Provided R.H.A. can compete with these distances they possess sufficient mobility for their present purpose. Any increase of the load behind the teams would reduce mobility all round. On the other hand mechanization of R.H.A. certainly ensures greater mobility and wider radius of action, actually in excess of the cavalry, but resultant disadvantages previously mentioned will arise.

8. Experiment alone can tell whether the difficulties connected with tractor-drawn guns and horse-mounted staffs can be overcome, should this policy be found inevitable.

9. In conclusion, as long as cavalry are horse-mounted, the advantages of horse-drawn artillery predominate, always, provided that a suitable gun is produced without increasing the load behind the teams.

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It is understood that the Remount Department foresee no difficulty in the supply of suitable horses for R.H.A.

If cavalry, as we know it at present, is done away with, it definitely points to the loss of certain opportunities and of the use of certain ground, with corresponding relief to an opponent, who can consequently eliminate certain courses of action against him and thus concentrate on fewer and more limited issues.

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TOURNAMENT POLO

Reading and Reporting the Game.

The Pony Factor.

By "Owner-of-one"

For the purposes of the writer's arguments and suggestions which follow, games may be classified into three distinct categories, viz. :—

A. Those in which the skill of the player is unaided and unhampered by opponents or other influences, *e.g.*, Golf.

B. Those in which the player performs as efficiently as his opponent permits. The majority of games both indoor and outdoor fall within this category.

C. Those in which the player's skill is aided or hampered, not only by his opponent but by a second element as well, *e.g.*, Polo, where the pony is all important, and perhaps cricket, where the luck of the toss has a marked influence on the run of the game under certain weather conditions.

There are undoubtedly others but with such the writer is not concerned, nor with categories *A* and *B* except in so far as noticing that, given the necessary knowledge, the intelligent reading and fair reporting of these categories presents no great difficulties.

It is, however, a very different matter where polo is concerned, and the object of this short essay is to point out, in the writer's opinion, where appreciations of polo matches usually fail to assess those matches at their true value, and to offer suggesions whereby non-witnesses can obtain a real impression of the game by reading an account thereof.

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It is a platitude to state that you cannot arrive at the desired spot without your pony. Yet how seldom is this appreciated. One frequently hears arguments between players as to whether pony power should be estimated at sixty, seventy, eighty per cent., etc., in comparison with the remaining elements of luck and skill. How such mathematical exactitude can be arrived at is difficult to fathom: as is the practical value of arriving at it at all. Given eight players each genuinely handicapped at three goals or more, it is the writer's opinion that the comparative skill of the respective teams of ponies is something closely approaching one hundred per cent. of the factors leading to defeat or victory.

A famous polo player recently wrote that when he saw a man hitting the ball well he invariably watched his pony and always found it to be a good performer. How very true, and yet how often will the majority of onlookers lament the inconsistency of this man when, on a subsequent day, he fails to hit the ball at all and his "good performer" is standing in a Veterinary Hospital.

Mount any four players truly handicapped at three goals each or more on a batch of ponies such as were played in England in 1930 by the Ashton brothers or such as those belonging to Mr. Sanford and oppose them to the team selected to represent England mounted on the type of pony generally seen played by scratch teams in local four-chukker tournaments. There could be little doubt as to the result of such an encounter and the selection committee would inevitably be submitted to a torrent of unwarranted abuse.

In 1925 the British Army played two matches against the American Army at Hurlingham, and lost them both. The late Captain J. P. Dening arrived from India to take part in the preliminary trials for these matches, accompanied by a string of really good ponies. He was eventually selected to play and appointed Captain of the team. His stud, however, met with a series of disasters and he was ultimately obliged to depend on what people were good enough to lend him. He played those matches on strange ponies and failed to do himself justice. His reputation as the magnificent player he undoubtedly was re-

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established itself two years later at Meadowbrook, but the disadvantages under which he laboured in 1925 were not generally realized at the time. The history of the game bristles with such examples. The pony is all important.

Reporting Polo.

It is generally difficult, frequently impossible to gain a true impression of a match from newspaper reports: particularly in India. The following is a not unfair though purely imaginary example of such a report and applicable in both England and India. The reader is invited to picture himself on seconded duty in Razmak or some such spot far from polo centres; his regiment, "The Whites," have just achieved their great ambition and entered the final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham in which they were opposed by "The Pinks." The exile is at the local Post Office when the mail arrives and tears open the paper to read the account of the match as he walks home, and this is what he reads:—

Opening paragraph—a few general remarks as to the state of the ground, the weather, the number of spectators and the fact that "Whites'" victory was due to the brilliance of their No. 1 (Captain A) who, in the last minute when the score-board read "Whites" 8, "Pinks" 9, scored two goals.

Then: Teams—"Whites," A, B, C and D.
"Pinks," W, X, Y and Z.

1ST CHUKKER:—"Pinks" were first on the move but were held up. They rallied, however, and after give-and-take play Z found the flags at the second attempt. Play became general until B broke away and equalized with a lofty drive. "Pinks" scored twice more in rapid succession through W and Y and then again from a forty-yard penalty for an infringement by D. "Pinks" were attacking as the chukker ended. Score: "Pinks" 4, "Whites" 1.

2ND CHUKKER:—Z initiated some attacks with splendid drives and from one of these W put his side further ahead—much mis-hitting by both sides ensued and play was for a time confined to mid-field. A penalty awarded to "Pinks" proved

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fruitless. Up and down play followed with Z dominating the game. A seemingly unable to disconcert his opponent. Finally Z galloped away to bang the ball through from close range. "Pinks" 6, "Whites" 1.

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Chukkers similar to the above with much praise lavished on A for hitting two goals in the last chukker.

It is all very meaningless. Essentials have been missed and a dozen interpretations could be read into that game according to the will or hope of each individual reader.

In this particular instance enough has been said to support the following true appreciations but which could not reasonably be deduced from the report by a non-witness.

In the first chukker "Pinks'" ponies were greatly superior to their opponents. "Whites" struggled hard against great odds and made no tactical errors. The penalty they incurred was due to a cross by D's mare, Alice, who had been so out-galloped that she was incapable of stopping herself when asked to do so. D's hitting out from behind had been lamentable.

In the second chukker, the game had been dominated by Z's Manifest—not by Z, who was responsible for a full share of the mis-hitting and failed to seize many of the opportunities offered him by his magnificent pony.

In the last chukker B rode Snowstorm for the third time. He (and she) made the openings for A to score his two goals which were results of taps from close range. A's play had been indifferent throughout.

Further Difficulties.

Big hitting is always an attractive feature of the game from the average onlooker's point of view, and, though often effective and brilliant, frequently produces faulty impressions and sometimes covers a "multitude of sins."

One frequently hears games described as indifferent or bad when what has really happened is that all eight players have performed so well (which presupposes that they have

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been well mounted) that no single individual has been allowed to shine.

After witnessing such a game and before announcing that we are itching to pit our side against either of these teams it might sometimes be wise to give a moment's thought to the following.

Picture a match in which eight players take part, each handicapped at ten goals, each at the top of his form and all equally and perfectly mounted. The ball will never be hit at all and spectators seats will empty rapidly.

A Suggestion.

The public for which polo reports cater is a small one, and real interest is chiefly confined to the half-dozen or so big tournaments held annually in England and India. To handicaps or local tournaments the suggestion which follows is considered inapplicable.

It is advocated that all ponies should wear saddle cloths with numbers corresponding to those shown against their names which should be included in the programme against the name of the player who is going to ride them. This would be for the benefit of those watching the game and in possession of a programme. As regards newspaper reports, the names of the eight ponies playing might be recorded at the beginning of the account of each chukker.

As the season progressed ponies would become as well known as the players they carried, and the keen reader of the report would associate goals for his team when Pegasus was carrying Smith, disaster when Ole Man River was carrying Brown.

Let us return to our match between "Pinks" and "Whites" and re-write the first chukker in accordance with the suggested idea.

"The final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament was played to-day between "Pinks" and "Whites." Five thousand spectators watched an exciting, well-fought match. The ground was fast and in excellent order, hardly cutting up at all.

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Teams:	"Whites"	No. 1 A	"Pinks"	W
		No. 2 B		X
		No. 3 C		Y
		Back D		Z

1ST CHUKKER. *Ponies.*

	"Whites."	"Pinks."
No. 1	Bill	Tommy
No. 2	Snowstorm	Pasha
No. 3	Mustard	Susan
Back	Alice	Mountebank

After a preliminary melée, Y tapped the ball clear and sent right into the goalmouth, B missing a palpable chance of hooking his stick. Z raced for the ball, Mountebank easily passing Alice, hit the goalpost from which his first shot rebounded and tapped through.

The two teams now settled down, well spaced out, paired off and in their correct places. For the first two minutes "Whites'" ponies, aided by that spur of excitement, which so often both in humans and animals produces that extra effort over and above their normal powers, appeared to hold their opponents; but then the strain began to tell, Snowstorm alone showing no signs of distress. In this period "Pinks" would certainly have scored had Pasha been prepared to accept a good bump from Mustard. Then Z attempted to meet a bumping ball and missed. Snowstorm was the quickest to take advantage and raced clear. B realized he could not risk an approach shot as Z and Mountebank were catching him. He tried a very long shot and it came off (1-1). Struggling gamely, and well ridden, "Whites'" ponies were now invariably that fatal quarter-length behind their opponents, but "Pinks'" shooting was inaccurate. D, however, was mis-timing his hit-outs and two of these were met, resulting in W and Y each scoring a goal (3-1). D, temporarily in desperation and rather wild, decided to cross the line of the ball, but, realizing too late that it could not be done, tried to pull out. Alice was exhausted, however, and could not respond. Susan crashed into her and Y made no mistake with the 40-yard hit (4-1). . . ."

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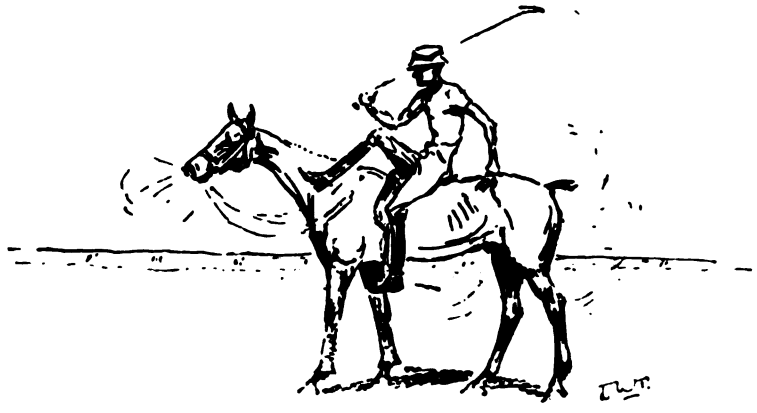
Rather a lengthy account perhaps and one which could undoubtedly be shortened by a skilful writer without missing the essentials; but surely preferable to the usual bald statements enumerating the goals as scored, but giving no real indication of the play which led up to them. Cannot one visualize that chukker from the throw-in to the trumpet's "G"? Cannot one imagine Alice's ears cock forward as she welcomes the sound of that "G" and D wondering anxiously what will happen if he has to play her again? Imagine the joy of Lieutenant Jones who owns and has lent Snowstorm to B and is himself doing orderly officer hundreds of miles away.

It is maintained that the small, interested public want to read all that, that they want to be given a chance to use their imaginations and see the game in their mind's eye.

Conclusion.

Hopes based on a large outlay of money or months of hard work and anxiety with young ponies are confirmed or shattered in one hour's battle. It is only natural then that we should rejoice when the hopes are confirmed, hope for better times when they are shattered. But are we not at times too prone, aided by the reports we read, to overdo the praise bestowed on the man who has played well, and to think too little of all that really matters who may be standing in her (or his) stable wondering why master was to-day so unsympathetic with her mouth, why he hit her so hard on the fetlock and, perhaps, whether he will do the same again to-morrow?



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OLD BROOD MARES

By Major-General Sir N. M. Smyth, V.C., K.C.B.

Tumut is 60 miles west of Canberra.

Tumut boasts that it has the oldest brood mare in the world producing foals. Through "Country Life" the challenge is thrown out by Tumut to every district, everywhere.

Here is the picture of this 42-year-old brood draught mare, taken in November, 1932. She is owned by Mr. Fred Lampe, Nebea, Coonamble, N.S.W.

In the year 1893 Mr. Lampe purchased this mare as a three-year-old from the late Mr. Geo. Goodman, the contractor who cut the road over the Talbingo Mountain between Tumut and Kiandra, the purchase being made at the time of the contract, which proves her age to be 42 years old.

She has up to date foaled 33 foals, two of which died young, and she is at present suckling the yearling shown in the photograph.

Despite the fact that for the first 18 or 20 years of her life she lived continually on the tableland country, near Kiandra, wintering in the snow, and rearing her foals often in snow many feet deep, she is to-day fat and active, and, although 42 years old, looks younger than most horses at 20.

She is still unbroken, except that she has been taught to lead. She has only been mated with draught stallions and produced some excellent farm horses. She failed to produce a foal last September or October, but is in foal again now.

Mr. Austen, of Lake Midgeon, went to some trouble to ascertain if there was another mare of her age in England

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Mr. H. FRED LAMPE'S 42 YEAR OLD AUSTRALIAN BROOD MARE, NOV. 1932

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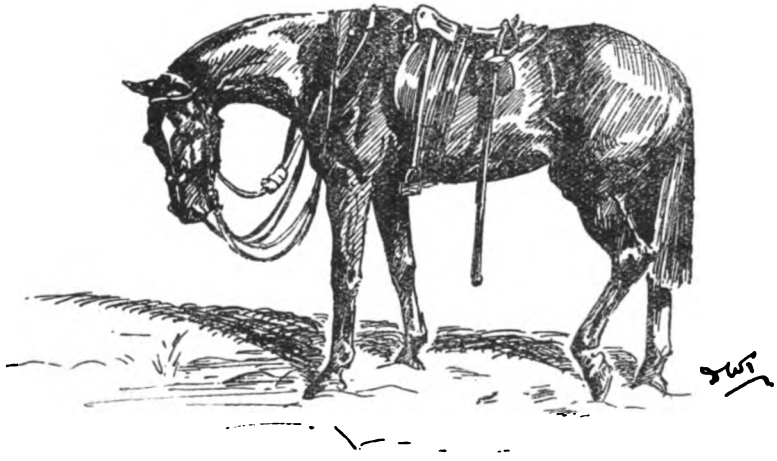
producing foals, but so far has not been able to hear of one. He believes this mare to be the world's record.

Extracts from "Contributions to our Knowledge of the Duration of Life in Vertebrate Animals," by Major Stanley S. Flower, O.B.E., F.L.S., F.Z.S. From the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, 1931 :—

> "The literature on the subject of the life of horses is too great to be included in this paper. A summary from notes collected and enquiries made will only be given. . . . Horses of from 8 to 15 years old have been found most enduring in long campaigns. . . . Edwards Crisp (1860, p. 177) writes: 'I know of an instance of a Suffolk Cart Mare that bore a foal when 42 years of age.' . . . Lord Rothschild, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., told me September 21st, 1919, that he knew of a pony that had lived in France for 54 years, and that he was satisfied as to the authenticity of the facts.
>
> "The oldest age claimed for a horse, a Manchester Canal Horse which died November 27th, 1822, is 62 years."

* * * * *



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THE MAGYAR PLAINSMAN.

WHEN Arpad, a thousand years ago, led the conquering Magyars over the Carpathian passes down on to the plains of the Tisza and Danube, the warlike hunters and horsemen no doubt found here conditions similar to those of the Steppes from which they had migrated. Here they settled, and from here they made their wild forays over the more civilized parts of Europe. Of the migrants there were two types, the wiry chestnut-haired, blue-eyed people from beyond the Urals and the Turki tribes, the first hunters and cattle breeders, the second more inclined to agriculture. They brought with them the grey long-horned cattle, descendants of which are still common in Hungary. It was natural that the hunters found the vast plain congenial, and still to-day, on the broad acres of the bare puszta, such as has not even to-day been brought under the plough, you have the descendants of Magyar horsemen watching over large troops of untamed horses, herds of grey cattle, curly-haired sheep and pigs.

The men of the puszta fall into three categories and each keeps distinct and apart. There are the horsemen, fine fellows and splendid riders who for the most part of the year live out in the open, disdaining cover and sleeping in their sheepskin cloaks under the stars. Wild riding they have sometimes and, when a thunderstorm frightens a troop of from 200 to 500 horses, it is a risky business holding them together. Strangely enough the riding equipment of the Csikos, or Puszta horseman is very crude; the bridle is plaited rope, the saddle is only called by that name by courtesy, for it is just a piece of canvas padded to almost half-inch thickness to which stirrup leathers are attached. This is thrown loosely over the mount. It is never fastened by girth or otherwise, so when on the rough ground the horseman is thrown,

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CSIKOSOK.
Cowboys of the Hortobagy Puszta in Festival dress.
HUNGARY.

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he flings clear saddle and all and avoids thereby being dragged into the troop of horses to be kicked to death. He has a stock whip, of course, plaited by himself, and a lasso which he uses skilfully from the ground as his forbears have done for hundreds of years. These were the men who gave us the light cavalry known as Hussars and in all probability they also introduced the stirrup into Europe.

The second class is that of the cattlemen who tend the large herds of cattle which spend the warmer months on the plains, fine sturdy fellows who pad about barefooted; and the third class is that of the shepherds. The pig herders are generally lads and do not count.

The first two classes spend all the year in the plains, except in the most severe weather, living a very primitive life, but the shepherds stay out the whole year round. Therefore, the shepherds' mud brick hut is better furnished than those of the others. Perhaps it will have a bedstead, and a stove, and likely enough wife and family will live out here, too. But the horsemen and herders have no elaborate furniture in their huts which are used chiefly to house their belongings and food. Cooking is done in a reed contraption open to the skies and the chief utensil is a great pot, hung from a bough over a dried dung fire. There being practically no wood or other fuel on the puszta, the manure is collected and used for this purpose. It is called appropriately, " belfa " or belly-wood.

Despite the rough primitive life, the Magyar plainsmen are courteous intelligent men, somewhat taciturn, naturally, holding themselves somewhat aloof when strangers appear, but of distinctive character and bearing.

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THE FOX HUNTER'S FAITH

Article I.—Every man shall present himself at the place of meeting quietly, suitably clothed, and in good time. He who rides his hunter steadily thereto is better than he who uses a hack. He who drives tandem for display or who uses any manner of engine or machine, except as a necessity, is an abomination.

Article II.—Every man shall first salute and speak words of comfort to the huntsman and whippers-in, knowing full well that they have hard work to perform. He shall then count the hounds and examine them with great joy, but in a quiet manner. He shall then likewise cheerfully salute his friends. He that shall say that the day will be a bad scenting one, or in any manner endeavour to prophesy evil is an abomination.

Article III.—It is acceptable that those of experience shall, at all times, give explanation and encouragement by word and deed to all young persons, so that fox hunting may continue in the land from generation to generation. He who thinks he knows, when he knows not, is an abomination.

Article IV.—Every man shall remember that the ground he passes over is not his own property. Whosoever uses not due care and consideration is an abomination.

Article V.—He who talks loudly or who leaps unnecessarily is an abomination. He who wears a mackintosh on wet days or who uses any other device for making a mountebank of himself, or who in any way causes inconvenience to any hound or hunt servant is an abomination.

Article VI.—If it be possible, let every true believer abstain from all meat and drink, save only such as is necessary to sustain life. Let the whole day be kept as a special fasting and strengthening of the mind for the chase. In the evening he shall

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partake of suitable meat and drink, and on the evening after a good day he shall have a special allowance.

Article VII.—He who, of his own freewill, goes home before the hounds do, or who is displeased with the day, or who is not fully uplifted, joyful and thankful because of the day, is an abomination.

Article VIII.—Whosoever kills or takes a fox by other means save by hunting is an abomination; may his dwelling become desolate and his possessions a desert; may his mind be filled with bitterness and his body with pain.

Article IX.—Whosoever lives as a cheerful good neighbour, striving to help and encourage his friends at all times, and who hunts on foot if he has not a horse, and by whose behaviour the scarlet is never brought into dishonour; may he live long and be happy, and may his possessions be as the sand by the seashore for multitude.

Article X.—And may all men, rich and poor, have equal rights and pleasures in the chase if they devoutly agree to these articles.

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NOTES

Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo

The Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo takes place in the Stadium, Woolwich Common, every evening from July 15th till July 22nd, 1933, inclusive.

The Tattoo will begin at 8.45 p.m. and finish at 11.40 p.m.

The items in this year's programme include:—

R.H.A. Musical Drive by "F" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery; Musical Ride by The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards); An historical Artillery episode "Saving of the Guns at Maiwand"; Highland Dancing and Pipes of The Black Watch; Motor Cyclists and Mounted Despatch Riders in daring exhibitions, performed by the Royal Corps of Signals; Light Artillery Gun Competition by the 3rd Light Brigade, R.A.; "Toy Soldiers" in a new "game"; Horsemanship Displays; Physical Training and Drill Displays by Royal Artillery Recruits; A thrilling and polished gymnastic exhibition by Army Physical Training Instructors; The Massed Trumpeters and Boys' Bands; Massed Bands of the Royal Artillery, The Queen's Bays and The Black Watch; and as a closing spectacle an historical repetition of a scene at the Siege of Badajoz, 1812, will be enacted.

Prices of Tickets (including tax).

Reserved and Covered Seats.	Reserved Open Air Seats.
6s. and 4s. 6d. 3s. 6d.	2s. 6d.
Unreserved Open Air Seats.	Standing. Children.
2s.	1s. 6d.

Car Parks under R.A.C. supervision.

Reserved Car Park Tickets, 5s. Unreserved, 2s. 6d.
Charabancs, 2s. Motor Cycles, 1s. Cycles, 6d.

Tickets on sale June 1st. Apply:—
Tattoo Office, R.A. Barracks, Woolwich, S.E.18.
Phone: Woolwich 2258.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

"The Army Quarterly" contains besides a number of historical articles on the Great War in its various aspects, and other earlier campaigns in India, Canada and the Peninsula, a brief memoir and appreciation of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, who, as all the world knows, began his military career as a cavalry trooper. Sir James Edmonds, who knew him well from his days as a Staff College student, to the time of his death, stresses his wide knowledge, his quickness of comprehension, and his vivid imagination, always tempered by common sense and practical realization of what was possible and what not. "A great man," he writes, "whose greatness did not tend to diminish when one came in close contact with him." Also worthy of perusal are the second part of Captain Liddell Hart's article on "Mind and Machine," dealing with the training of the Tank Brigade last year, and—for those who like their literary fare light—Colonel de Watteville's historical sketch of the origin and development of military married quarters.

"Fighting Forces" for April contains no less than three articles on Disarmament, the pick being perhaps Captain Liddell Hart's review of Lord Davies' book pleading for the establishment of an international police force under League of Nations control. Both the article and the book which forms the subject of it are well worth study by every progressive soldier. Cavalry readers will probably, however, turn first to the concluding article of the series by Major Burne on the last phase of the Palestine campaign, where five unusual situations that at one time or another confronted commanders of mounted troops are described and discussed. The lighter side of the magazine is, as usual, full of life and laughter.

The "Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research" has as its first feature a continuation of the illustrated article

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on British cavalry troopers' swords from 1853 to the Great War; there were no less than seven patterns introduced at one time or another during these sixty years, none of them, it would seem, entirely satisfactory. The remainder of the number is mainly of purely historical interest.

The current "Royal Artillery Journal" is an admirable number. Admiral Richmond discourses amusingly and interestingly on "Combined Operations," and three most excellent historical articles deal with the German capture of Mont Kemmel in April, 1918, the work of the late Lord Methuen in the South African War, and Marlborough's battle of Malplaquet. There is also an illuminating description by Major Reynolds of the present situation of Germany under Nazi rule.

The "Royal Engineers Journal" on the other hand is seriously technical, too much so, it is to be feared for the unlearned general reader, apart from a brief but readable little centenary article on General Gordon.

The same must be said of the "R.A.M.C. Journal" as regards the bulk of its contents; but there is intermingled with it a seasoning of easier reading for the laymen—a cheerful little narrative of Indian travel in "Down South," and a consideration of the medical aspects of the Waterloo campaign among them.

The "Yorkshire Hussars' Magazine," of which Colonel Preston, a sub-editor and frequent contributor to the CAVALRY JOURNAL, is editor, in a most creditable production, and of interest to other than purely regimental readers, if only for Colonel Preston's own contribution to its pages, a series of accounts of cavalry actions of the Great War, the chosen episode for the April number being the battle of Romani.

Two numbers of the "Canadian Defence Quarterly" are to hand; in the January issue Flight-Lieut. Walker finishes his series on the campaigns of the Mongols, and there are topical articles of interest, one, on the Lytton Report, being of special value. The April number includes the Prize Essay on the protection of rearward services and headquarters in modern war by Major Burns, and a valuable account, well mapped, of the capture of Valenciennes by the Canadian Corps in November,

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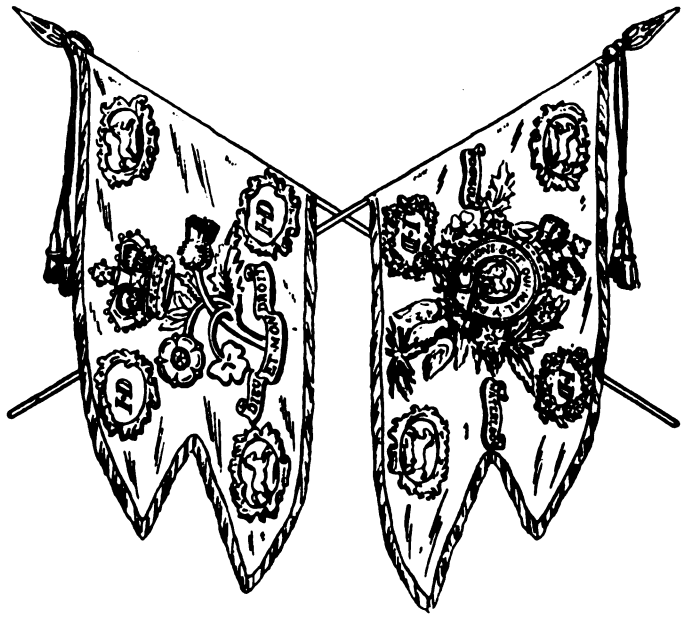
1918, contributed by Major-General McNaughton, who at the time commanded the Corps Heavy Artillery.

The "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution of India" "features" topical events largely in its pages, among the topics dealt with being the Disarmament Conference and the present world situation. Of special interest to our readers should be Captain Webb's paper on thesis in the "Maintenance of a Cavalry Brigade with Mechanized Transport," in which the difficulties peculiar to Indian conditions caused by the change over from horse transport are fully gone into.

The second number of the new "Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps" fully lives up to its inaugural standard. Disarmament is once more prominent; and another article gives an admirable description of the evacuation of Gallipoli from the point of view of an infantry regimental officer.

Of the contents of the "Royal Air Force Quarterly" only the concluding instalment of Major-General Fuller's essay on "Xenophon and the Art of War" and some notes on "Psychology and Leadership" by Flight-Lieut. Stanbridge are likely to have special appeal for Army readers.



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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

In two numbers of the "Revue de Cavalerie" (Jan.-Feb., March-April) the main item of interest is the continuation of Lieutenant-Colonel Pugens' articles on the defence of the gap between the Army Corps of Kluck and Bülow during 6th-9th September, 1914. The narrative begins with the 8th September, when the German cavalry was slowly retreating before the British infantry and cavalry round about Boitron. The British were so slow that the Germans extricated themselves from a difficult situation; but Conneau's cavalry (French) did little more. Nevertheless, the German 5th Cavalry Division was fairly defeated by the British; it was only saved by the Jägers of the Guard. Unfortunately the Allies then lost contact. Elsewhere the day passed without very much of noteworthy incident. On page 29 of the article is a valuable table showing the state of all the bridges leading across the Marne on 8th-9th September.

The 9th September found the gap wide and yawning between the two German Armies. Colonel Pugens begins by commenting on the impressions of the German Army Commanders and their efforts to close the breach, which were totally ineffectual. The fighting is related in detail and the advance of the British 3rd Division is given credit for much good work. Finally, the German 5th Cavalry Division was outmatched and fled. It was then that Marwitz, commanding the German 2nd Cavalry Corps learnt that the British were across the R. Marne at Charley; the position was now critical, and it is Colonel Pugens' conclusion that the inexplicable delays that slowed down the British and French advance saved the German from a disaster. Their defence of the gap had failed.

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In the Jan.-Feb. number Captain Rumilly's articles on divisional and corps cavalry lose much of their interest, as they tail off into illustrations of his previous opinions by means of concrete cases which have rather the flavour of a tactical text-book; but they should prove of interest to readers who care for this type of instructional matter. Sir Frederick Pile's lecture to the R.U.S.I. on armoured vehicles is translated in full.

In the March-April number there is a good article on the employment with cavalry of tanks carried on lorries. These tanks clearly suffer from many limitations and it is not altogether a satisfactory combination. But even so they are said to have great openings, and the author holds that, in future, when cavalry can be accompanied by tanks not carried on lorries, still further progress should be realized. There are two other brief articles of interest—one on the use of cold steel; the other deals with fire of machine-guns from light tanks on the move.

In the "Revue Militaire Française" there is the beginning of a series of articles on the events leading up to the so-called "Race to the Sea" by Capitaine Mousset. The first article is written in some detail and presents the facts from the German point of view. The days which form the subject of the discussion are the 15th and 16th September. Falkenhayn's plan is first discussed, and it is shown how that was modified as the result of von Bülow's views. Bülow at that moment was commanding the German Second Army on the Aisne and favoured the idea of a counter-offensive between Soissons and Reims. There was no possibility of achieving their purpose in view of the gap that had taken place between his Army and Kluck's First Army. Kluck did not prove a willing subordinate and in the end disobeyed German Headquarters. The Battle of the Aisne on 15th-16th September was Bülow's battle. In the meantime the movement to the west was beginning, and the German Sixth Army was on the move from Lorraine to the West to prolong Kluck's right.

In the "United States Cavalry Journal" there is an article on "Bacterial Warfare" by Major Leon A. Fox, which is well worthy of study. After reviewing in detail intestinal, respiratory and insect-transmitted diseases, the author

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examines the "infective processes" and finally states his belief that "it is highly questionable whether biologic agents are suited for warfare." The whole thesis is well argued and the main difficulty which the author foresees in the use of bacterial media is the question of distribution and administration. He discusses among other things the possibility of using anthrax as a destructive agent, but concludes that "I question if we need fear greater danger from this organization than contamination of wounds." Similarly, his arguments are applied to bacterial toxins. He is sceptical of such statements as that an aeroplane could carry sufficient *botulinus* toxin to destroy an entire city. So it could if the conditions for administering the toxin were ideal; but that cannot happen in war unless a whole city were obedient and willing victims to the process.

The Austrian "Militär-Wissenschaftliche Mitteilungen" for February has a historical study on "Strategic Penetration" in which the chief actions of this kind during the World-War are discussed, *i.e.*, the German break-through at Gorlice in 1915; the Brusilov offensive of 1918; the Rumanian débâcle in 1916; the German offensive of March, 1918, and others down to the break of the Bulgar front at the close of the War: a good article. The March number contains a review on mechanization and motorization in all armies. It is historical in compass, but critical deductions abound. The final conclusion is that armies of the future will not consist solely of "tank-flats," but will comprise armoured formations on a liberal scale and that infantry and cavalry formations will survive. Each type of formation must be employed for different tasks.

Among the Swiss reviews, the "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militärzeitug" for March contains a well-informed, critical summary of the Japanese land forces and their work in Manchuria and North China, 1931-32. The author considers that the military commanders acted without reference to the actual wishes of their government on several occasions. He also expresses the conviction that the Japanese cavalry did good work, and that the day for cavalry is not yet over. The "Schweizerische Monatschrift" continues, through the February-March-April numbers, its most interesting special articles

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by P. Curti on automatic fire-arms. The first of these two numbers deal with pistols; the third discusses chiefly the Lewis gun; all three are profusely illustrated with diagrams. General von Miska has a brief but interesting article on "Why the World-War was lost" in which he deals with the defects and failings of the Austro-Hungarian of 1914. He considers that the faulty concentrative plan and weaknesses of leadership were not so much responsible for its failure as its defects of organization and training, mainly the former.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Kate Coventry" and "Katerfelto." By G. J. Whyte-Melville. (Published by Country Life, Ltd.) 6s. each.

The above two books form a further contribution to the latest edition of the works of that famous sporting novelist Whyte-Melville. "Market Harborough" and "Riding Recollections" were reviewed on page 313 of the April 1933 number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

"Kate Coventry" was written in 1856 after the author's return from the Crimean War, in which he served as a volunteer in the Turkish Contingent. In this novel, the heroine was not only a great sportswoman and rider to hounds, but one, who, at that period, was distinctly advanced and forward. A visit to the stables by female society was not considered proper: "very bold and unladylike and unfeminine . . . . . for owning that I do indeed enjoy paying my favourites a visit in their comfortable quarters. 'Autre temps autre moeurs.'" Although the book is really a portrayal of sporting episodes and of sporting personalities, yet a strain of romance runs throughout its pages.

"Katerfelto," written in 1875, is a novel of a different calibre. The period is that of the Jacobite unrest in the West Country and describes the life, both sporting and amorous, of John Garnet, a follower of the exiled Stuarts. The hero, having undertaken a roadway robbery for political purposes, assumes the rôle of "Galloping Jack," who has already been executed officially as a highwayman on Tyburn Hill. His adventures are made more impressive by his improper possession of a famous grey stallion Katerfelto, which was a horse rare in speed, courage and stamina. The author is thoroughly at home in describing the life and ways of the stag and many pages are devoted to stag-hunting on Exmoor.

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Whereas the social and sporting adventures of Kate Coventry can be devoured a few pages at a time, "Katerfelto" has a greater thrill running throughout and it is difficult to lay the latter book down without wishing to know the final fate of John Garnet, and his associates, both human and equine.

O. J. F. F.

"Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life.'" By Lord Baden Powell. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.) Published at 12s. 6d.

The many friends and admirers of the "Chief Scout" will welcome this vivid and interesting story of a remarkable career; simply told, and packed with anecdotes and adventures. His passion for scouting and "man-mastership" are the threads which link all the events in his life, from youthful enterprises in sport and acting and "stalking masters in the copse" to his establishment of a world brotherhood.

From one sprang a trained observation, and from the other a deep study of character, and it is interesting to note the use his growing experience made of them through the campaigns in Zululand and Matabeleland—through the South African War, and his great task of forming the South African Constabulary which followed it. Throughout his increasingly distinguished appointments we can see the link strengthening between the ingenuity and originality of the scout, and the efficiency of the cavalry officer.

The culmination of what he calls his "first life" is his appointment as Inspector General of Cavalry—the Blue Riband of the Cavalry Service, leaving him a Lieutenant-General on its completion—"at the top of the Cavalry tree."

The Command of the Territorial forces of the Northumbrian Division followed, during which "Boy Scouting" was born. The rapid growth of the Scout movement forced its originator to decide that his duty lay with this new adventure, so he sent in his request to retire from the Army in 1910.

The rest of the book is concerned with Lord Baden Powell's "second life"—the miraculous spread of Scouting and Guiding, its use during the War, its effect on the training of young people towards common sense, and unselfishness, and the spirit of

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brotherhood which unites all creeds, all colours, and finally—all nationalities throughout the world.

Illustrated by many black and white sketches by the author this book should be read by young and old alike, as it shows how confidence and common sense backed by the intelligent use of eyes and ears are essential to every soldier and scout and finally should inspire everyone to emulate the varied deeds, many activities and great enthusiasm of the Chief Scout.

G. A. M. T.

"A Very Gallant Gentleman." By L. C. Bernacchi. (Published by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.) Price 8s. 6d.

Cavalry Officers of pre-war days all remember with pride, Lawrence Oates of the Inniskillings, and will never forget the tragic and gallant end of his career. We welcome this opportunity of studying his life from boyhood and so learn the secret of mentality which led to the final "walk to death" for the sake of his comrades. The story is well told and gives a most graphic description of the conquest of the South Pole. Cavalry officers have been prepared to rough it since time immemorial when duty called, and in their sports the greater the danger, the more they have appeared to like it. The experiences of Oates surpass any performance that even the hardest of riders can imagine. None should fail to read this great record. When times are bad and things look blackest, remember Oates and his motto of "no surrender."

"Polo Pony Training, with some hints on the game." By Major-General F. W. Ramsay, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Published by Gale & Polden.) 3s. 6d.

The author states that his book "is written solely as a guide to young Infantry officers, and that there is nothing new in it, that is not described in the standard books on equitation." It is, however, well worth reading and although there may be nothing new, some of the hints will certainly be useful even to the most experienced polo player. The illustrations are excellent and the book is produced at such a low price that it should prove a useful addition to any polo library.

T. T. P.

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"The Disappearance of Cropton"; "Beating the Nobblers"; "A Rank Outsider." By J. Fairfax Blakebrough. (Allan.) 2s. 6d. net.

Here we have three good racing stories, the work of a new author, who, alike in the simple unsophisticated manner of his pleasant style, and in good knowledge of his subject, may fairly rank in the direct line of descent from the late Mr. Nat Gould, who in fact is said once to have expressed to the author, Major Fairfax Blakebrough, envy of his profound knowledge of Turf matters. Each is full of the breathless fascination of horse racing, and the plots are based on the interplay of the numerous undercurrents of sharp practices, and petty villainy that too often underlie that most British of sporting institutions. Readers who desire thrills in plenty, and the ultimate triumph of the right man, the right girl, and the right horse, will find all they look for within the covers of these three books.

"The Master of Murder." By Tod Robbins. (Allan.) 2s. 6d.

The author fully lives up to his title, "a master of the macabre" in this exciting story of crime and detection. It tells of the running to earth and bringing to book of the brilliant young genius, Burgess Martin, whom some strange kink of nature had turned from a potential artistic and literary light of the first order, first to murder, then to madness and finally to suicide. It is a study in the psychology of the insane, interwoven with one of detective work, that will certainly give the reader his full measure of thrills and horrors, if he likes—and who among us does not not?—a proper supply of these at the appropriate time and place—which is not a lonely house late at night.

"The Concise Ludendorff Memoirs." (Hutchinson.) 12s. 6d.

The idea of republishing in condensed form the voluminous personal memoirs of General Ludendorff, first issued by Messrs. Hutchinson in 1919, was a good one, for the testimony of the man who, more than any one individual, incarnated the stupendous military achievement of Germany in the Great War in resisting for four years a world in arms, could hardly fail to be of prime

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historical value and personal interest. No doubt many readers, who at the time were deterred from a study of the original by its portentous length, will be glad to have a condensed edition of the larger work. Unfortunately the task of reduction has not been too well done; it seems to have consisted in the main of the use of a large pair of scissors and a paste pot, ruthlessly employed merely to excise whatever the compiler thought superfluous to the main story. Some attempt at a brief analysis of the parts omitted would have added considerably to the coherence and even flow of the narrative. None the less, most of which was historically useful in the story as first written appears to have remained untouched; and with its 300 pages, and 34 maps, the book must be considered excellent value for its price.

"Grant and Lee." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) 10s. 6d.

In this study on personality and generalship General Fuller returns to the American Civil War and to Grant, evidently a favourite hero of his, for he has already published one biography of him. In this volume, however, he is concerned less with the actual narrative of his campaigns and battles, which are adequately but only briefly summarized, than with the man himself, and especially with the contrast between him and his great opponent, Lee. In Grant he sees a man, seemingly ordinary and undistinguished, at his best only in times of crises, but then suddenly transformed into a genius of common sense; a commander always taking the larger view, imperturbable, of the highest physical and moral courage, self reliant, resolute, a great leader of men because he knew so well how to command himself. All this, however, might have been gathered from General Fuller's earlier life of Grant; his study of Lee is therefore the more interesting as being novel. He regards the great Confederate leader as being definitely his famous rival's inferior; his failure, he considers, must be attributed first and foremost to the fact that he never succeeded in retrieving a broad conspectus of the war as a whole, being obsessed with the situation in the Eastern theatre alone—or at least, if he

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ever achieved it, he failed to impress his views on the political authorities of the Confederacy, to whom he always kept himself in undue subservience. As a commander, though of undoubted genius, he failed to enforce discipline, unduly neglected administrative considerations, and left too much to his subordinates, who after the death of Stonewall Jackson, were not capable of meeting the demands laid upon them by Lee's methods of command. However much or little these novel and arresting views may commend themselves to the reader, General Fuller supports them with a wealth of evidence, and his arguments in their favour carry great weight. The book carries an ample furniture of maps and plans, and is as readable and fascinating as we have come to expect from its gifted author—so much so that even a reviewer found himself unable to abstain from devouring it at one sitting—than which perhaps there can be no higher praise.

E. W. S.

"What is the Territorial Army?" By Colonel G. R. Codrington, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., T.D., with a foreword by General Sir Charles Harington. (Sefton Praed.) 4s. 6d.

This book is a short introduction to the Territorial Army, written for the Regular soldier, by a Territorial officer with twenty-five years' experience of his subject.

There is no doubt that the Regular soldier is now getting to know much more about the Territorial Army than was the case a few years ago, mainly on account of the more frequent attachments and consequent increased social activities between the two branches of the Army. Nevertheless, there is no book that will give a guide to a regular soldier who has not been in contact with the T.A., and here "the long-felt want," as Sir Charles Harington calls it, has been supplied.

We find a sketch of the history of the T.A. followed by chapters on the organization, finance, conditions of service, training and finally the Territorial spirit, all set out in a very readable way showing the Territorial difficulties, and warning the Regular of the difficulties he may meet. The author has made frequent references to the official regulations for the benefit of those who want to study questions in more detail.

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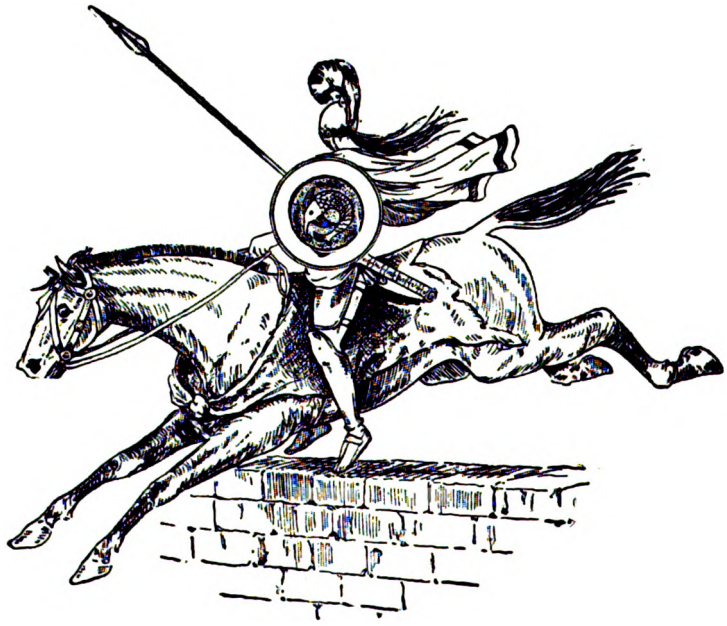
One of the most important facts which he emphasizes early in the book is that no two Territorial units are alike. A soldier can go from one unit to another in the Regular Army and very soon adapt himself to such minor differences as exist, but knowledge of one T.A. unit does not mean acquaintance with the T.A. as a whole.

In the chapter on training there is much useful information, and suggestions as to how to overcome the difficulty of making training properly progressive and at the same time allow the unit to "get on."

From the point of view of recruiting, the author advocates "education on the Duty of National Service" rather than advertising such things as "the social side."

Undoubtedly a very useful and instructive book, which any Regular soldier will do well to study, even if he has considerable experience of the subject. Further, it is not only a book for the professional soldier but also for anyone who wishes to know something of England's unique possession, the Territorial Army.



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SPORTING NEWS

ALDERSHOT BONA-FIDE MILITARY MEETING, APRIL, 1933

The April Meeting will long be remembered, for it was, in many ways, the most successful ever held at Tweseldown. The weather was, in contrast to the March Meeting, perfect, and the sun shone gloriously on both days. The attendance was very large indeed.

The finest riding of the Meeting was seen in the fourth race on Saturday, for the R.A. Challenge Cup. Mr. E. B. Skey on the favourite, Monk's Orb, by clever horsemanship was able to keep just in front, although Mr. Williams Wynn on Church Bay made a very strong challenge.

The following are the details of the two days' races :—

FRIDAY'S RESULTS :

THE DAVID CAMPBELL CUP, value 30 sov. (presented by General Sir David G. M. Campbell, K.C.B., A.D.C.), with 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Major G. A. Kelly's (R.A.V.C.) Clanwilliam (Mr. Dalzell).
(2) Capt. M. P. Ansell's (5th Innis. D.G.) Leopard III (Owner).
(3) Mr. J. W. Hurndall's (14th/20th Hussars) Splash II (Owner).

Also ran :—Mr. V. D. G. Campbell's (Camerons) Mouse IV (Owner) ; Mr. J. R. Cochrane's (R.A.) El Morro (Owner) ; Major E. G. L. Cullum's (R.A.) Gay Boy III (Mr. Ireland Smith) ; Mr. W. L. Newell's (R.A.) The Empress II (Owner) ; Mr. H. M. V. Nicoll's (R.A.) William the Silent (Owner).

Won by eight lengths ; bad third.

JACK MYTTON CUP, value 20 sov., with 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. C. Heber-Percy's (W. G'ds.) American Lady (Owner).
(2) Mr. N. Foster's (C. G'ds.) Edgar III (Capt. Erskine).
(3) Major E. H. de Stacpoole's (R. Scots) Magnesian (Mr. D. Eykyn).

Also ran :—Mr. R. M. S. Curry's (Devon R.) Matterhorn (Mr. E. Bols) ; Mr. W. V. Marshall's (North'n R.) Auld Lang Syne (Owner) ; Capt. J. B. Phillips' (R.A.) Walrus II (Mr. R. A. Dawson) ; Mr. K. J. Garner Smith's (Seaforth) Runaway Boy (Owner) ; Mr. G. R. A. Vallance's (K.O.Y.L.I.) The Builder (Owner) ; Mr. W. V. Wingfield-Stratford's (S. G'ds.) Chessy (Mr. R. C. Petre).

Won by two lengths ; six lengths between second and third.

FARNBOROUGH OPEN CUP, value 20 sov., with 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. J. A. Akroyd-Hunt's (R.H.A.) Spick and Span III (Owner).
(2) Mr. J. E. L. Morris' (R.A.) Cuddle (Mr. E. B. Skey).
(3) Lieut.-Col. T. H. Sebag-Montefiore's (R.H.A.) Irish Guardsman (Mr. H. L. Phillips).

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Also ran :—Lieut.-Col. G. C. A. Breitmeyer's (7th H.) Lilford III (Capt. N. L. L. Palmer) ; Mr. N. G. F. Dunne's (8th H.) Coronet (Owner) ; Capt. H. S. Ford's (5th Innis. D.G.) Shoreman (Owner) ; Mr. P. Herbert's (3rd D.G.) Battalion (Owner) ; Mr. I. F. Low's (K.O.Y.L.I.) Ide (Mr. G. R. A. Vallance) ; Mr. O. T. M. Raymont's (R.W. Fus.) Arosa (Owner) ; Baron de Robeck's (R.H.A.) Copthorne (Owner) ; Mr. Smyly's (13th/18th H.) Placid (Owner) ; Major E. J. L. Speed's (L.G.) Lutoi (Owner) ; Mr. J. E. Swetenham's (5th Innis. D.G.) Grave Polly (Owner) ; Capt. D. Swinburne's (R.U. Rif.) Afloat (Owner) ; Mr. W. Haughton Watson's (3rd D.G.) The Satrap III (Owner).

Won by two lengths ; short head between second and third.

JORROCKS OPEN HEAVYWEIGHT RACE of 20 sov. to the winner. Three Miles, two furlongs.

(1) Major E. J. L. Speed's (L.G.) Young William (Owner).
(2) Mr. A. I. C. Cameron's (7th H.) Drumbanagher (Mr. F. Cundell).
(3) Capt. Hugo Beddington's (R.A.) Dungarvan (Owner).

Also ran :—Major H. O. N. Brownfield's (R. Can. Arty.) Micro Henry (Owner) ; Mr. G. Dollar's (5th Innis. D.G.) Satinwood (Owner) ; Mr. G. P. Dunphie's (R.H.A.) Fethard (Owner) ; Capt. A. R. Koe's (Hampshire R.) Koko (Owner) ; Major H. Lumsden's (12th L.) Vital (Owner) ; Mr. E. C. W. Myers' (R.E.) Old Bailey (Owner) ; Capt. C. H. Norton's (R.A.) Atlas III (Mr. G. S. K. Johnston) ; Mr. R. M. Archer Shee's (3rd D.G.) The Dandy III (Owner) ; Mr. W. Haughton Watson's (3rd D.G.) Lonsdale (Owner) ; Mr. M. West's (Oxf. and Bucks. L.I.) Neoshora (Owner) ; Capt. W. S. Wise's (R.E.) Dick VI (Mr. C. J. Godfrey).

Won by two lengths ; ten lengths between second and third.

SUBALTERNS' OPEN RACE of 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. P. G. Evelyn's (Gren. G'ds.) Red Sunset (Owner).
(2) Mr. G. R. Trotter's (The Greys) Salvo (Owner).
(3) Mr. W. A. Turner's (The Bays) Tuva (Owner).

Also ran :—Mr. J. A. Akroyd Hunt's (R.H.A.) Con Cagne (Owner) ; Mr. J. E. T. Leigh's (4th/7th D.G.) Astrologer (Owner) ; Mr. S. G. Massey Lynch's (R.A.M.C.) Windover (Owner) ; Mr. M. S. B. Vernon's (Gren. G'ds.) Crimson Veil (Owner).

Won by two lengths ; four lengths between second and third.

NOVICES' OPEN RACE of 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. B. Pinney's (R.H.A.) Hatchett (Owner).
(2) Mr. G. P. Roberts' Chilbombe (Owner).
(3) Capt. Thorne's (Oxf. and Bucks. L.I.) Rover (Mr. Binny).

Also ran :—Mr. J. D. Adams' (R.A.) Marshal Ney (Owner) ; Mr. C. H. A. Barnes' (R.A.) Buckeen (Owner) ; Capt. H. S. J. Bourke's (R.A.) Enthusiastic Polly (Mr. Hemans) ; Mr. J. S. Carter's (The King's R.) Yodel (Owner) ; Mr. J. E. Gurney's (W. G'ds.) Miss Breadsall (Owner) ; Major G. H. Hay's (R. Scots) Public Property (Mr. H. C. Harland) ; Mr. W. Kevill-Davies' (7th H.) Liberty IV (Owner) ; Mr. H. M. Lewis' (R.A.) Young Pretender II (Owner) ; Mr. I. F. Low's (K.O.Y.L.I.) Honour II (Mr. R. H. Bower) ; Capt. A. W. Malcolm's (W. G'ds.) Conquest III (Owner) ; Mr. E. P. Rice's (R.A.V.C.) Easy Money II (Owner) ; Mr. D. N. Stewart's (The Greys) Jock XI (Owner) ; Mr. R. H. L. Wheeler's (R.H.A.) Night Watchman (Owner) ; Mr. J. M. Wood's (R.A.) Electricity II (Owner) ; Capt. W. B. Wright's (R.A.) Bullet III (Mr. F. B. Pinchard).

Won by three lengths ; head between second and third.

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SATURDAY'S RESULTS:

8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS ST. PATRICK'S CHALLENGE CUP, value 100 sov., with 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. J. C. Vernon Miller's Speedyman (Mr. S. H. Vernon).
(2) Mr. C. Goulburn's Gandhi (Owner).
(3) Mr. J. D. Harbord's Comet II (Mr. N. G. F. Dunne).

Also ran:—Mr. P. H. V. de Clermont's Jelloid (Owner); Mr. C. E. R. Duff's Loud Speaker II (Owner); Mr. W. G. Lowther's Solomon V (Owner); Sir Edward Malet's Sam II (Owner).

Won by a lenght; three lengths between second and third.

THE BROCK HILL HUNTERS' RACE of 20 sov. to the winner. Three Miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. P. M. Wiggin's (11th H.) Royal Gift (Mr. A. Scott).
(2) Capt. L. Misa's (4th/7th D.G.) Co-Optimist (Mr. R. Frink).
(3) Major E. H. Barker's (K.R.R.C.) Student Prince (Capt. F. W. Byass).

Also ran:—Capt. G. A. Cattley's (3rd D.G.) Seefin (Owner); Mr. J. R. Cochrane's (R.A.) El Morro (Mr. G. P. Gregson); Major J. Harrison's (R.A.V.C.) Gay Mask (Mr. F. Cundell); Mr. G. P. Roberts' Chilcombe (Owner); Mr. R. Strutt's (C. G'ds.) Gulliver II (Owner); Mr. G. R. A. Vallance's (K.O.Y.L.I.) The Builder (Owner); Mr. R. C. Warlow-Harry's (R.A.) Glenbrook (Owner).

Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

ALDERSHOT OPEN CUP, value 50 sov., with 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Major H. Lumsden's (12th L.) Silver Gill (Owner).
(2) Mr. J. C. Carter's (The King's R.) Blue Carpet (Owner).
(3) Mr. M. W. Bruce's (R.A.) Potters Bar (Owner).

Also ran:—Capt. T. Rigby's (R.A.) Pamperer (Capt. J. Graham); Mr. A. W. A. Smith's (C. G'ds.) Astlor (Owner); Mr. G. R. Trotter's (The Greys) Salvo (Owner); Mr. J. E. Upton's (R.A.) Silver Toss (Owner).

Won by four lengths; two lengths between second and third.

ROYAL ARTILLERY HUNTERS' CHALLENGE CUP, value 50 sov., with 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. E. B. Skey's Monk's Orb (Owner).
(2) Mr. O. W. Williams Wynn's Church Bay (Owner).
(3) Capt. H. Beddington's Acragar (Owner).

Also ran:—Mr. C. C. Ll. Browne's Jimmy-go-Gently (Owner); Mr. G. Colchester's Sandy Point (Owner).

OPEN CHARGERS' RACE of 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. R. J. Kirton's (R.H.A.) Footlight II (Owner).
(2) Lieut.-Col. Nigel Fargus' (R. Scots) Prism II (Mr. D. Eykyn).
(3) Mr. M. H. E. Lope's (The Greys) A.30 (Owner).

Also ran:—Capt. F. W. Byass' (7th H.) Foxglove IV (Owner); Mr. C. B. A. Bernard's (Oxf. and Bucks. L.I.) Bachelor's Girl II (Owner); Mr. A. I. C. Cameron's (7th H.) Bella (Owner); Mr. J. Knapp's (R.A.) Grafton II (Owner); Mr. J. H. S. Lacey's (R.E.) Lady Luck VI (Owner); Mr. I. R. McIntosh's (R.A.) Spinelli II (Owner); Mr. E. C. W. Myers' (R.E.) Mehitabel (Owner).

Won by two lengths; bad third.

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MAIDEN RACE of 20 sov. to the winner. Three miles, two furlongs.

(1) Mr. R. A. Phayre's (R.H.A.) Khartoum (Mr. R. H. L. Wheeler).
(2) Mr. L. J. Livingstone-Learmonth's (R.A.) Roshane (Owner).
(3) Mr. C. Heber-Percy's (W. G'ds.) Balmy II (Owner).

Also ran :—Capt. J. R. Allen's (R.A.S.C.) Coal Tar (Mr. D. Heneker); Major P. A. Arden's (R.A.S.C.) Santrose (Owner); Mr. J. M. A. Chestnutt's (R.A.) Blue Cap III (Owner); Capt. F. E. H. Ferguson's (R.A.) Harlequin V (Mr. Hope); Major G. H. Hay's (R. Scots) Anzac VI (Owner); Mr. A. G. Hiddingh's (D.W.R.) Onyx IV (Owner); Mr. R. C. Hulbert's (R.A.) Furioso (Owner); Mr. J. E. T. Leigh's (4th/7th D.G.) War Dance (Owner); Mr. I. F. Low's (K.O.Y.L.I.) Ide (Mr. G. R. A. Vallance); Mr. H. M. V. Nicoll's William the Silent (Owner); Mr. G. B. Wells' (R.H.A.) Tango VIII (Owner); Capt. C. A. White's (K.R.R.C.) Jaygeedee (Owner).

Won by a length; bad third.

INDIA

MEANEE DAY DISPLAY BY THE SCINDE HORSE
(14th Prince of Wales' Own Cavalry)

The Scinde Horse celebrated the 90th Anniversary of the Battle of Meanee with a display at Bolarum, Deccan.

On the 17th February, 1843, the regiment, forming part of a force of 2,000 men under the orders of Sir Charles Napier, defeated, after a hotly contested engagement, a body of 18,000 Baluchis at Meanee some ten miles from Hyderabad (Sind). In the course of the battle, the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry and the Scinde Horse charged the right flank of the enemy; the charge proving successful, the regiment captured the enemy's principal standard which it is privileged to carry to this day.

The presence of "N" Battery, The Eagle Troop, R.H.A., in the station, not only afforded an opportunity of cementing a friendship begun as long ago as the Battle of Hyderabad (1843), but also added a most spectacular event to the programme. The Eagle Troop carried out in full dress a Musical Drive which was both thrilling and picturesque. Both units were present at this battle when "N" Battery, in recognition of their services, received the title of " The Eagle Troop," and permission to wear an eagle as a badge.

The display opened with the ceremony of the annual attestation of recruits. Two troops, dressed in the former full dress of the regiment, having escorted the standard into the arena, all recruits who had passed into the ranks during the preceding twelve months took their oath of allegiance.

The mounted Tug of War and Wrestling on Horseback followed, and were won by " H.Q." Wing. In the I.O's ring and peg, Risaldar Aghaz Khan was successful with a couple of very good runs.

The Eagle Troop then carried out their Musical Drive which was succeeded by a Musical Ride by the regiment. Some new movements were introduced,

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amongst which were included the " Sir Roger de Coverley " and the "Waltz," both of which proved to be very popular with the spectators.

The final item—a display of Trick Riding—included one or two features which, it is believed, are unique. The actors at times displayed remarkable efficiency—when, for instance, they repeatedly smashed bottles with revolver ammunition while at full gallop—while at tent pegging they were regrettably bad. The "play" however only served as a foil to a clever clown, who scored a direct hit on the bottle while firing in the opposite direction and took all four pegs at one " strike."

The last act purported to be an incident on the frontier with our friend the clown in the leading role. A troop attacked the enemy but, as it encountered heavy fire, they made their horses lie down and replied. Having gained fire superiority the troop charged, leaving three "dead" horses on the ground. The enemy retired in confusion and the clown rapidly became a veterinary officer. Two "cases" were raised by willing assistants and placed on beds. The patients were covered with bed sheets and evacuated to the hospital. The bed sheets appeared to have remarkable curative qualities as, when they were removed, both horses galloped away unhurt. The troop leader's (now the veterinary officer's) horse, was a hopeless case, and even the tip, well known to veterinary officers, of jumping on a horses's flank to ascertain whether he is alive or dead, failed to elicit movement. However, as a last resort, the veterinary officer charmed him to life by a blast on his whistle.

The programme concluded with the March off of the Standard.

Those who have had the advantage of witnessing the display at either Quetta or Secunderabad hope that the next relief will move the regiment closer to Delhi, and give residents of the United Provinces an opportunity of witnessing a novel and interesting entertainment.

THE INDIAN CAVALRY CHASE, 1933

The Indian Cavalry Chase (distance 2 miles) for which a Challenge Cup, which cannot be won outright, is presented by the late Colonel Broom, was run at Meerut on the last day of the Spring Meeting, March 4th, 1933.

Entries were poor, only four horses being entered :—

Major J. C. Walker's (3rd Cavalry) br. e. g. Wedding Day, 12—8.
Captain L. M. H. Benn's (Probyn's Horse) gr. e. m. Galtee Princess.
Mr. W. F. Lamb's (Sam Browne's Cavalry) ch. aust. g. Moon Magic, 10—2.
Mr. H. N. MacLaurin's (Skinner's Horse) Half Note, 12—10.

Galtee Princess was lame and did not run.

From a good start all jumped the first fence together. Moon Magic then took the lead, which he maintained throughout the race. Half Note hit the third fence very hard, but made a good recovery. At the sixth fence Moon Magic, well in the lead, stood back too far and blundered through, recovering well after a bad peck on landing. About five furlongs from home Half Note made a great effort, drawing nearly up to Moon Magic, but was unable to catch

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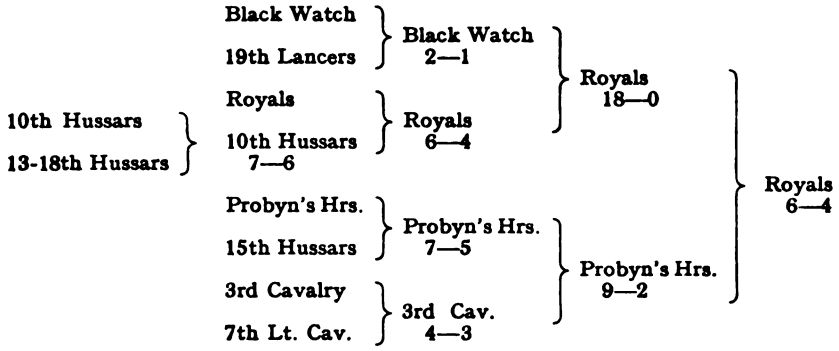
him, and hit the last fence but one very hard indeed. From now on it was Moon Magic's race, which he won comfortably by 10 lengths from Half Note with Wedding Day 15 lengths behind for third place.

The small number of entries in this race was very disappointing. This is partly due to the rule recently made by the R.C.T.C. that no privately purchased English or Australian horses could be registered in India, unless they had been previously registered in England or Australia. In 1932, the R.C.T.C. modified this rule, and they will now register English and Australian horses (not previously registered in either of those countries), provided that they have originally been purchased from Government, and that a certificate to this effect, signed by the Director of Remounts, is produced.

By the courtesy of the Editor of "The Field."

THE SUBALTERNS' POLO TOURNAMENT, 1933

Played at Meerut on 24th February, 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th and 15th March.



Owing to the necessity of avoiding clashing with games in the Inter-Regimental, and the fact that rain delayed the start of that tournament, the Subalterns' was drawn out over nearly three weeks.

The 10th Hussars beat the 13/18th Hussars after a good game in which the 13/18th Hussars missed several chances in front of goal in the last two chukkers. The 10th were perhaps not quite at the top of their form, but Archer-Shee played a steady game at back, while Butler was good for the losers.

Of the matches in the second round, those between the 3rd Cavalry and the 7th Light Cavalry, and the Black Watch and the 19th Lancers were poor games. The 19th were very unfortunate in not having the services of Critchley, who was sick. The Royals beat the 10th Hussars after a good game which left the general impression that the better side won. One of the best games in this tournament was that between Probyn's Horse and the 15th Hussars. Mytton scored a brilliant goal for the 15th Hussars almost from the throw-in, but they were unable to maintain their advantage, though the game all through was fairly even. Todd played a fine game for Probyn's and Leat was good for the 15th.

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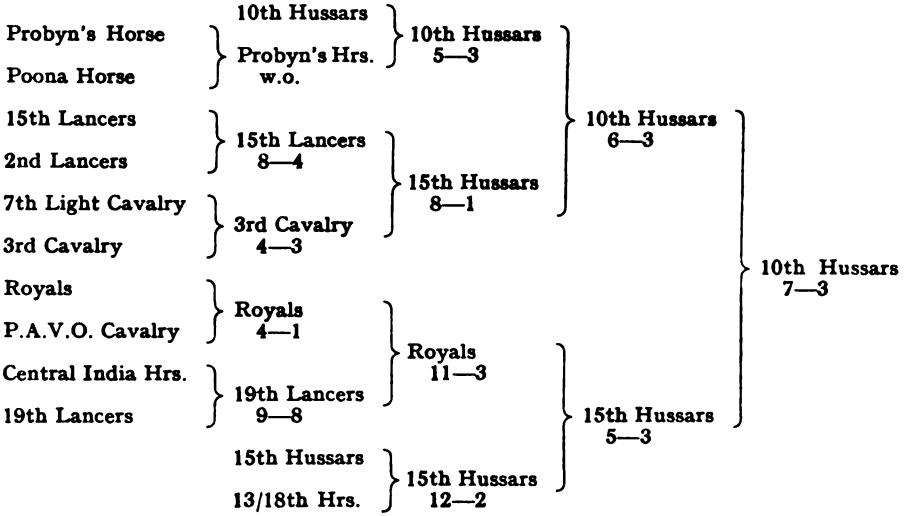
The semi-final games need little description, Probyn's Horse beat the 3rd Cavalry quite comfortably, while it was only a question of how many goals the Royals would score against the Black Watch.

The final was a really good, fast, galloping game, in which the polo was of a very high standard for a Subaltern's Tournament. Probyn's went off with a great rush, scoring two goals in the first chukker, after which the Royals settled down, and gradually drew ahead to win a well deserved victory by 6 goals to 4. Todd played a great game for the losers and Critchley was brilliant at times. For the winners, Heathcoat-Amory at No. 2 got through a great deal of work. Scott, No. 3, was not at the top of his form, though he was of infinite value to his side. Calvert at No. 1 was quick and always dangerous whilst Hermon at back was very steady and played a sound game for his side.

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT, 1933

Played at Meerut on 1st, 3rd, 6th and 8th March.



The Poona Horse scratched, giving Probyn's Horse a walk over into the 2nd round. The 15th Lancers were without that fine player, Captain C. E. Pert, who had sustained an injury to his back, but they were too good for the 2nd Lancers, in spite of the fact that the latter had the best of the game for the first two and a half chukkers. The 3rd Cavalry beat the 7th Light Cavalry after a ding-dong struggle, which was characterised by indifferent shooting at goal.

The result of the game between The Royals and the P.A.V.O. came as a surprise to most of the onlookers. The Royals are a very well mounted, well drilled side, and well deserved their victory, Scott, their No. 3, being brilliant. The P.A.V.O. were weak in front and Carr-White never found his form, though Sanger at back played a great game.

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The 19th Lancers had a grim struggle with the Central India Horse, whose side had been reconstructed since last year, owing to the absence of Williams and George. In Alexander they have a useful substitute for Williams at back, but have not yet found a No. 2 to take George's place.

Probyn's Horse, winners of this year's Indian Cavalry Tournament, were regarded by many people as likely winners, and considerable interest centered round their game against the 10th Hussars in the 2nd round. The 10th attacked from the moment the ball was thrown in, and literally bustled Probyn's off their feet at the start, scoring 3 goals in the first chukker. Probyn's rallied somewhat in the second chukker, and from then on the game was fairly even, in fact, had Probyn's made the most of their chances, the result might have been different. The scores in the other three matches in this round describe the games fairly accurately.

In the semi-finals, the issue of the match between the 10th Hussars and the 15th Lancers was never in doubt, in spite of valiant efforts made by Atkinson, who played a great losing game, ably assisted by Loring. The Royals fought hard against the 15th Hussars, who were slightly the better team, though failure on the part of The Royals to score off two forty-yard hits probably made a great difference to the game.

In the final the 10th Hussars maintained their high standard of polo and won a convincing victory over the 15th Hussars, thus breaking, for the first time since the war, a long succession of Indian Cavalry victories.

The 10th Hussars are a team who have improved out of all knowledge. Their experiment of moving Dawnay, Gairdner and Harvey up one in the side and bringing in Archer-Shee at back was fully justified by results. They are now a well balanced, well mounted, and extremely hard riding side, possessing what so many teams lack—a really strong attack. Harvey must be one of the best No. 1's in the country, Gairdner brilliant, Dawnay safe, and at the same time quick on the ball, and Archer-Shee a great hitter. So long as these four remain together, they will always be a formidable combination.

THE EQUITATION SCHOOL HORSE SHOW, 1933
SAUGOR

The Equitation School Horse Show, affiliated to the National Horse Breeding and Show Society of India, was held on 14th and 16th March in " Leicestershire."

All the Classes were exceptionally well filled and the quality of the exhibits well above the average. The Handy Hunter Competition, which this year was an Open event for the first time, attracted an entry of eighty-eight, and an eliminating round was necessary, the final being run off over an entirely different course on 15th March.

Squadron Sergeant Major W. Frisby, 10th Royal Hussars, brought off a fine double by securing the first two places both in the Open Jumping and the Handy Hunter Competition, and thus winning the Cups presented by Their Excellencies The Viceroy and The Commander-in-Chief.

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Captain H. D. Caldecott, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, won the prizes for the Best Horse and the Best Pony in the Show with his chestnut Australian gelding Sunstorm and his dun Indian mare Minnie Mouse.

The Committee were very fortunate in having the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Carlisle, R.A., Lieutenant-Colonel T. S. Jobson, Army Remount Department, Major S. W. Marriott, R.A.V.C., and Major R. G. MacGregor, The Poona Horse, as Judges.

In addition to the Challenge Cup for British Officers' Jumping, presented by the Officers, 2nd Lancers, a new Challenge Cup was given this year for Indian Officers and N.C.'s Jumping by Lieutenant-Colonel Abdul Jabber Khan and the Officers, 3rd Golconda Lancers.

Cups were also presented by Their Excellencies The Viceroy, The Governor of the Central Provinces, The Commander-in-Chief, His Exalted Highness The Nizam of Hyderabad, His Highness The Maharajah of Jodhpur, His Highness The Maharajah of Patiala, His Highness The Maharajah of Bhavnagar, and The Officers of the Equitation School Staff.

CLASS I. CANTONMENT TONGA PONIES

1st, Hussain; 2nd, Gulab.

A fair class. Most marks were given for condition of ponies which, on the whole, were well cared for.

CLASS II. POLICE PONIES

1st, Sowar Munna Lal; 2nd, Sowar Laxmi Narayan.

CLASS III. CHARGERS—I.O's AND TROOP HORSES—I.O.R's

1st, Risaldar Mangal Singh, Jodhpur Risala, b. Aust. g., Roman Nose; 2nd, L/Naik Wariam Singh, 11th Mtn. Bty., R.A., ch. Ind. g., Savanda.

Twenty exhibits were judged. A good class.

CLASS IV. TROOP HORSES—BRITISH N.C.O's

1st, Corporal R. Walker, 1st The Royal Dragoons, bl. Aust. g., Royal; 2nd, Corporal F. H. Mills, 13th/18th Hussars, bl. Aust. g., Hit-the-Deck.

A very good class of troop horses, showing quality and substance. Sixteen competitors.

CLASS V. HORSES OR PONIES—OPEN TO STATES FORCE STUDENTS

1st, Risaldar Kesri Singh, Bikaner Lancers, b. Aust. g., Prince; 2nd, Lieutenant Hazoora Singh, 1st Rajindra Lancers, b. Aust. g., Sher.

A fair class, the winner outstanding.

CLASS VI. PIGSTICKERS

1st, Lieutenant T. L. Hughes, 20th Lancers, dun. Ind. g., Hobby Horse; 2nd, Lieutenant W. F. Butler, 13th/18th Hussars, b. Ind. g., Freddie.

A good level class.

CLASS VII. JUMPING—INDIAN OFFICER AND N.C.O. STUDENTS

The Golconda Cup

1st, L/Dafadar Ahmed Nawaz Khan, 19th K.G.O. Lancers, b. Aust. g., Free Lance; 2nd, L/Dafadar Sarup Singh, The Royal Deccan Horse, b. Aust. g., Tej Case.

A fair class. The winner completed the course with one fault.

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CLASS VIII. JUMPING—BRITISH N.C.O. STUDENTS

1st, Corporal G. A. Allston, 1st Indian Divisional Signals, br. Aust. g., Ego; 2nd, Corporal P. A. Hammond, 10th Royal Hussars, br. Aust. m., Biddy.

A fair class. The jumping in the final was not so good as in the eliminating round.

CLASS IX. JUMPING—BRITISH AND STATES FORCE OFFICER STUDENTS

The 2nd Lancers Cup

1st, Lieutenant O. C. H. Burton, 3rd Field Battery, R.A., b. Aust. m., Papyrus; 2nd, Lieutenant W. F. Butler, 13th/18th Hussars, ch. Ind. g., Ginger.

A high standard of jumping throughout, the winner doing two clear rounds.

CLASS X. JUMPING—EQUITATION SCHOOL STAFF

1st, Captain H. D. Caldecott, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, dun, Ind. g., Tiger; 2nd, Sqn. Sgt.-Major W. Frisby, 10th Royal Hussars, gr. Ind. g., Silver Dawn.

Captain H. D. Caldecott and Sqn. Sgt.-Major W. Frisby each did a clear round and the former won on the jump off with raised fences.

CLASS XI. JUMPING

(*Open for a Cup presented by His Excellency The Viceroy*)

1st, Sqn. Sgt.-Major W. Frisby, 10th Royal Hussars, gr. Ind. g., Silver Dawn; 2nd, Sqn. Sgt.-Major W. Frisby, 10th Royal Hussars, gr. Ind. g., Grey Sprite.

There were thirty competitors in this class. The final was over an unusual and difficult course. Sqn. Sgt.-Major Frisby did extremely well to get first and second on his two horses.

CLASS XII. HANDY HUNTER COMPETITION

(*For a Cup presented by His Excellency The Commander-in-Chief*)

1st, Sqn. Sgt.-Major W. Frisby, 10th Royal Hussars, gr. Ind. g., Silver Dawn; 2nd, Sqn. Sgt.-Major W. Frisby, 10th Royal Hussars, gr. Ind. g., Grey Sprite.

A very well-filled class and a high standard throughout. The winner did two exceptionally good rounds.

CLASS XIV. PONIES LIKELY TO MAKE POLO PONIES

1st, Captain R. W. Peters, The Central India Horse, b. Aust. m., Susan; 2nd, Lieutenant R. G. P. Kilkelly, The Poona Horse, ch. Ind. g., The Bachha.

A class of ten. The winner an outstanding polo pony type with great scope and quality.

CLASS XV. POLO PONIES—LIGHT WEIGHT

1st, Lieutenant W. F. Butler, 13th/18th Hussars, b. Aust. m., Tallulah; 2nd, Lieutenant T. L. Hughes, 20th Lancers, bl. Aust. g., Satin.

A fair class, the winner outstanding.

CLASS XVI. POLO PONIES—HEAVY WEIGHT

1st, Lieutenant A. Browne, The Poona Horse, gr. Aust. g., Rhino; 2nd, Major R. G. MacGregor, The Poona Horse, ch. Aust. g., Goldrush.

A class of ten. The winner a nice looking weight-carrier.

CLASS XVII. HORSES IN HAND

1st, Captain H. D. Caldecott, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, ch. Aust. g., Sunstorm; 2nd, Lieutenant H. N. MacLaurin, Skinner's Horse, gr. Eng. g., Nicholas Baghshawe.

This class filled well, sixteen horses appearing in the ring. Sunstorm won again for the second year.

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CLASS XVIII. OFFICERS' CHARGERS

1st, Lieutenant D. Ross, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, b. Aust. g., Waif; 2nd, Lieutenant D. H. Browne, 1st The Royal Dragoons, b. Ind. g., Kangaroo.

A fair class. The first three outstanding.

CLASS XIX. BEST STABLE OF THREE

1st, Captain H. D. Caldecott, 13th D.C.O. Lancers; 2nd, Lieut.-Colonel R. Dening, M.C., 19th K.G.O. Lancers.

This was an exceptionally good class, well above the average.

CLASS XX. LADIES' HACKS

1st, Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Carlisle, Royal Artillery, b. Ind. g., King's Messenger; 2nd, Captain R. Wilson, Skinner's Horse, br. Ind. g., Raffle.

A good and well-filled class. The winner a very nice horse and up to weight.

CLASS XXII. BEST PONY IN THE SHOW

(*For a Cup presented by His Excellency The Governor of the Central Provinces*)

Captain H. D. Caldecott, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, dun, Ind. m., Minnie Mouse;

The Judges found difficulty in deciding between the winner and Lieutenant W. F. Butler's Tallulah. Minnie Mouse is a particularly symmetrical pony.

CLASS XXIII. BEST HORSE IN THE SHOW

Captain H. D. Caldecott, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, ch. Aust. g., Sunstorm.

Last year's winner. A very high class horse.

SAUGOR POLO

FIRST ROUND MATCHES OF THE C.I.H. TOURNAMENT

Three matches were played on Monday, 13th March, in the first round of the C.I.H. Tournament, and both of the visiting sides passed into the semi-finals.

The Poona Horse from Jhansi had little difficulty in beating the Yokels, but the Nerbudda Vale, a Gunner-15th Lancer team from Jubbulpore, had to fight hard to beat the Bouffs. This latter game was most exciting, and the score was level at the end of the 7½ minutes of the fourth chukker. The Jubbulpore side, however, scored before the end of the chukker.

In the third game, the Dodos defeated the Waifs easily. Both these teams were local ones.

Details of the play is as follows:—

1*st Match*:—POONA HORSE *v.* THE YOKELS (Received 2 goals).

1st Chukker: Not an interesting chukker. Both sides seemed unable to get going, and the play was very sticky. The Poona Horse succeeded in opening the scoring at the end of the chukker. Score: Poona Horse 1; Yokels 2.

2nd Chukker: The Poona Horse added two more goals through Anno Khan and MacGregor. The chukker ended with the Yokels pressing. Score: Poona Horse 3; Yokels 2.

3rd Chukker: Hitting had improved by now, and the play was much more open. The Yokels failed to score from a 40 yards hit awarded them. Later, the Poona Horse were given a 60 yards hit, which Macgregor put through the goal. Score: Poona Horse 4; Yokels 2.

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4th Chukker: A good run down the field by Anno Khan resulted in Kilkelly scoring. There was no further scoring, and the Poona Horse finished the winners by 5 goals to 2.

TEAMS

Poona Horse	*Yokels*
Mr. A. H. S. Browne	Mr. D. Ross
Mr. R. G. P. Kilkelly	Capt. G. L. G. Barrington
Major R. G. MacGregor	Capt. Habib Ahmed
Ris. Major Anno Khan	Mr. G. A. E. Peyton

Umpires: Major C. H. H. Eales and Mr. Nasir Mirza Beg.

2nd Match:—THE DODOS *v.* THE WAIFS (Received 3½ goals).

This match was a very one-sided one with the Dodos scoring nine times without reply. The Dodos were always pressing, and the Waifs had little chance against a better side. For the losers, Mr. Johnson played a good game.

TEAMS

The Dodos	*The Waifs*
Capt. H. F. McKillop	Mr. Khalid Jan
Mr. W. F. Butler	Mr. A. F. Johnson
Lieut.-Colonel R. Dening	Mr. S. H. M. Battye
Mr. D. H. Browne	Mr. K. C. O. Bastyan

Umpires: Major R. G. MacGregor and Captain R. W. Peters.

3rd Match:—NERBUDDA VALE *v.* THE BOUFFS. The teams started level on handicap.

1st Chukker: Nerbudda Vale scored almost at once and then continued to press, but failed to score again. The Bouffs had two good runs by Ridley and Peters, but in each case the shot at goal just went wide. Score: Nerbudda Vale 1; Bouffs 0.

2nd Chukker: A good run by Fell failed to materialise, but a few moments later the Vale scored through Topham from a difficult angle. The Bouffs replied with a goal from a good run down the field by Goulder, Ridley putting the ball through. The Nerbudda Vale scored from a 60 yards hit due to the Bouffs hitting behind. Score: Nerbudda Vale 3; Bouffs 1.

3rd Chukker: The Bouffs started going this chukker, and levelled the score with goals from Caldecott and Ridley. A very exciting chukker. Score: Nerbudda Vale 3; Bouffs 3.

4th Chukker: Pantin gave his side the lead after a good run down the field. Spectacular runs by both sides followed, until Ridley equalised with a good shot. The score was still level at the end of the 7½ minutes and in the ensuring play, Pantin got away and scored. Play was very good from both sides, Pantin being the outstanding player. Score: Nerbudda Vale 5; Bouffs 4.

TEAMS

Nerbudda Vale	*Bouffs*
Mr. R. H. Hannay	Mr. C. W. Ridley
Mr. J. H. Fell	Capt. H. D. Caldecott
Capt. J. V. Topham	Capt. Goulder
Mr. D. E. Pantin	Capt. R. W. Peters

Umpires: Lieut.-Colonel R. Dening and Mr. G. A. E. Peyton

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C.I.H. Low Handicap Polo Tournament

Saugor, 15th March, 1933.

The semi-finals of the C.I.H. Low Handicap Tournament resulted in wins for the Dodos and Poona Horse respectively.

In the first match the Dodos beat the Nerbudda Vale (who received one goal on the handicap) by 9 goals to 2.

The teams were :—

Dodos	*Nerbudda Vale*
(1) Capt. H. F. McKillop	(1) Mr. R. H. Hannay
(2) Mr. W. F. Butler	(2) Mr. J. H. Fell
(3) Lt.-Col. R. Dening	(3) Capt. J. V. Topham
(back) Mr. D. H. Browne	(back) Mr. D. E. Pantin

Umpires : Major R. G. Macgregor and Mr. G. A. E. Peyton.

In the second march of the day, the Poona Horse defeated "Impulsion" by 2 goals to 1. Both teams were level in the handicap. The Poona Horse scored once in the first chukker and again in the second, while "Impulsion" scored their only goal in the third chukker. Both teams were particularly strong in defence.

Teams

Poona Horse	*Impulsion*
(1) Mr. A. H. S. Browne	(1) Jem. Farzand Ali
(2) Mr. R. G. P. Kilkelly	(2) Mr. G. H. Carr
(3) Major R. G. MacGregor	(3) Mr. Nasir Mirza Beg
(back) Ris. Major Anno Khan	(back) Mr. Ajit Singh

Umpires : Lieut.-Colonel R. Dening and Captain R. W. Peters.

Subsidiary Tournament

The Bouffs defeated the Waifs very easily by 10 goals to 2½ which the Waifs received on the handicap.

The teams were :—

The Bouffs	*The Waifs*
(1) Mr. C. W. Ridley	(1) Mr. Khalid Jan
(2) Capt. H. D. Caldecott	(2) Mr. A. F. Johnson
(3) Capt. C. Goulder	(3) Mr. S. H. M. Battye
(back) Capt. R. W. Peters	(back) Mr. K. C. O. Bastyan

Umpires : Major C. H. H. Eales and Mr. Nasir Mirza Beg.

Finals of Saugor Polo. Saugor, 17th March, 1933

In the finals of the C.I.H. Low Handicap Tournament, the Dodos, a Saugor team, defeated the Poona Horse by 6 goals to 3. The Poona Horse received one goal on the handicap.

1st Chukker : The Dodos attacked from the throw-in and scored early through Butler and play continued in the visitor's half until D. H. Browne put the ball through the goals again for the Dodos after the bugle. Score : The Dodos 2 ; The Poona Horse 1.

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2nd Chukker : An up and down chukker in which MacGregor levelled the score with a long goal, and another soon after from Ris. Major Anno Khan gave the Poona Horse the lead. Score : The Dodos 2 ; The Poona Horse 3.

3rd Chukker : The Dodos attacked and hit behind, then a nice backhander from D. H. Browne brought the score level. Attacking again the Dodos were brought into the lead by a long goal from Colonel Dening. Score : The Dodos 4 ; The Poona Horse 3.

4th Chukker : Colonel Dening increased the Dodo's lead at the beginning and end of this chukker. Final score : The Dodos 6 ; The Poona Horse 3.

TEAMS

The Dodos	*The Poona Horse*
(1) Capt. H. F. McKillop	(1) Mr. A. H. S. Browne
(2) Mr. W. F. Butler	(2) Mr. R. G. P. Kilkelly
(3) Lieut.-Col. R. Dening	(3) Major R. G. Macgregor
(back) Mr. D. H. Browne	(back) Ris. Major Anno Khan

Umpires : Major C. H. H. Eales and Captain R. W. Peters.

SUBSIDIARY TOURNAMENT FINALS

The Bouffs who gave the Yokels 2 goals on the handicap defeated them by 5 to 4. Both sides scored in the first chukker, and in the third chukker the Bouffs pressed, raising their score to 4. The Yokels pressed in the last chukker and equalised the score but a minute before time the Bouffs scored again, settling the issue.

Fine score : The Bouffs 5 ; The Yokels 4.

TEAMS

The Bouffs	*The Yokels*
(1) Mr. C. W. Ridley	(1) Mr. D. Ross
(2) Capt. H. D. Caldecott	(2) Capt. G. L. G. Barrington
(3) Capt. C. Goulder	(3) Capt. Habib Ahmed
(back) Capt. R. W. Peters	(back) Mr. G. A. E. Peyton

Umpires : Lieut.-Colonel R. Dening and Mr. Nasir Mirza Beg.

CHARGER TEST FOR THE PROBYN'S HORSE CUP

APRIL, 1933

This test was held at the Equitation School, Saugor, on April 3rd, 4th and 5th, and was originally initiated with the object of encouraging students attending courses to obtain and train horses of the right stamp for Cavalry and R.A. chargers.

The test consisted of a Horsemastership Test, a Handy Hunter Course combining the use of the sword, and a Manege Test.

The Horsemastership Test took place on the first day, and consisted of a ride of 40 miles at an average speed of not less than 8 miles an hour, starting with a circuit of the chase course at 15 miles an hour.

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On completion of the ride horses were judged for loss of condition, galls, etc.

The Handy Hunter Course took place on the second day, the course being about a mile and a half over a varied country. Two groups of dummies being encountered which had to be attacked with the sword.

Refusals, faults and lack of energy in the use of the sword were heavily penalised.

On the morning of the third day the manners and training of the horse was tested by certain exercises in the manege.

Winner :—Lieut. D. Ross, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, B. Aust. G. Waif. A really good performer throughout all portions of the test.

THE KADIR CUP, 1933

The sixty-first Kadir Cup Meeting was held on March 20th, 21st and 22nd, as in former years, at Sherpur Sujmana near Meerut, general arrangements for the Main, Ladies, Horse and Elephant baghs being similar to those made by General Wardrop, when he first moved the Camp there.

It was a great pleasure to everyone to see General Wardrop competing again—a notable exception to the rule, as set out by himself in his book, regarding the age up to which a man can go hard after pig.

The Cup was won by Captain The Hon. A. Grenfell, 9th Lancers, on Australian Star, both man and horse being deservedly well known in the pig-sticking world.

There was some anxiety as to whether the supply of pig would be sufficient for the very large entry of one hundred and twenty horses, and it was feared that the second nominations might have to be cancelled ; luckily it was not necessary to do so. Actually one hundred and twelve horses competed, sixty being first nominations ; these were divided into twenty-eight heats of four in the first round, eight of three and one of four in the second round, three heats of three in the semi-finals, and a heat of three for the final.

The country was in good order but a considerable area had been burnt by cattle-men to produce young grass for the large numbers of cattle that now inhabit the Ganges Kadir. The Honorary Secretary, Captain P. H. J. Tuck, R.A., with a number of helpers, had been out a week ahead, making the preliminary arrangements, and beating the surrounding thick jungles in order to move the pig into the country to be hunted. There was a severe hailstorm on the evening of the 19th which entirely whitened the ground, but, beyond turning the road into the camp into a quagmire, no serious damage was done.

On the first day the country about Bastaura was beaten with a good show of pig, twenty-one heats being decided after a long day. The day's

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sport was marred by the death, from a spear wound, of Prawn, a previous Kadir Cup finalist and a winner of the Hog Hunters' Race.

On the second day the country west of Sherpur Village was beaten. Pig were scarce until a thick patch by the bank of the Ganges was reached. The remaining heats of the first round, and nine heats of the second round, were decided. On one occasion the Honorary Secretary, in his eagerness to get through as many heats as possible, attempted, luckily without success, to put a heat on to what turned out to be a large panther.

For the semi-finals and finals on the 22nd the country west of Sujmana jheel was beaten, the line starting at about 8.30 and moving north. The cover was at first very thin and no pig were forthcoming, but later sufficient pig were found. One very fine boar was unfortunately lost owing to the umpire falling when trying to re-slip his heat, in thick grass, after a check.

The first semi-final, consisting of Captain Harvey's The Battler, Captain Richards' Centaur, and Captain Mitchell's Ichabod, was slipped from a stand-still on to a small boar. Captain Richards got on from the start, and kept his place in a long jinking hunt, Centaur hunting the pig magnificently. Richards just failed to spear, and the pig jinked sharp back across Harvey, who missed. Mitchell behind then took the pig along the edge of a nullah and speared.

The line then turned back along the nullah south of Sherpur. Close to Mirampur a big boar jumped up; on this was slipped the second semi-final, consisting of Captain Grenfell's Australian Star, Captain Harvey's The Spider, and Captain Cleeve's Second String. Harvey got on well in heavy grass but lost, the pig then being picked up by the umpire, who unfortunately fell before he could re-slip, and the pig was finally lost. The heat was slipped again on a small boar in thick grass, Harvey cutting out all the work. The pig was lost three times, the heat being re-slipped. Harvey was again on all the time but failed to spear. The pig eventually jinked straight back on to Grenfell, who speared.

The line then beat back, and soon the third semi-final, consisting of Captain Mockler's Bob, Captain Atherton's Sligo, and Lieut.-Colonel Norrie's The Panther, was slipped on a small boar in thick grass. Norrie was on from the start and kept with the pig for the first two jinks. A third jink let in Atherton. The pig then jinked completely about, and let in Mockler well ahead of the others. His attempt to spear only missed by inches. Norrie then came up and speared quickly. A long jinking hunt.

After a short rest the line continued with the three finalists on the line, Captain Wooldridge umpiring. The heat was slipped, almost immediately, on a twenty-nine inch boar which broke at the extreme end of the line and, unfortunately for the spectators, took a line away from the elephants. The heat had a long gallop up before they could be slipped; this increased the odds against the heaviest weight. Norrie, on the fastest horse, was first up, and kept on to the pig in a good fast hunt for the first half-mile. The pig

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jinked left, letting in Grenfell, who delivered a light spear at his first attempt, Norrie spearing a moment later.

HOG HUNTERS' RACES

After lunch and the usual photograph at Sherpur Bagh, the Heavy and Lightweight Hog Hunters' Races were run over a course of about three and a half miles of fair hunting country. The course was unknown to the competitors, and marked by elephants as turning points. In the Heavyweight race Captain Adye's Bay Leaf, a previous winner, fell when leading not far from home, and Captain Roddick on his Bedsocks just beat Mr. Ferguson-Davie, who had led over the final nullah. In the Lightweight, there was a great struggle between Captain Harvey on Tiger Tim and Captain Atherton on Refugee, the latter just winning.

The success of the Meeting was due to the hard work of the Honorary Secretary and his helpers, and to P. W. Marsh, Esq., C.I.E., I.C.S., Commissioner of Meerut, and other members of the I.C.S., particularly in the matter of getting elephants. Forty elephants came to the Meeting, having been kindly lent by H.H. The Nawab of Rampur and other Indian gentlemen of the surrounding districts. The Meerut Tent Club Staff worked exceedingly well under the leadership of Babu, the head shikari, ably seconded by Naji Ullah on the "Q" side. The sight of the one-armed Babu, mounted on a camel controlling a line of a hundred and fifty coolies and forty elephants will not be easily forgotten.

RESULTS:

	Second Round Winners	
Capt. Cleeve	Royal Engineers	Second String
Capt. The Hon. A. Grenfell	9th Lancers	Australian Star
Capt. Atherton	Deccan Horse	Sligo
Capt. Harvey	10th Hussars	Spider and Battler
Capt. Mockler	Royal Artillery	Bob
Lieut.-Col. Norrie	10th Hussars	The Panther
Capt. Richards	Royal Artillery	Centaur
Capt. Mitchell	15th Hussars	Ichabod
	Semi-finalists	
Capt. Harvey	10th Hussars	Battler
Capt. Richards	Royal Artillery	Centaur
Capt. Mitchell	15th Hussars	Ichabod
Capt. The Hon. A. Grenfell	9th Lancers	Australian Star
Capt. Harvey	10th Hussars	The Spider
Capt. Cleeve	Royal Engineers	Second String
Capt. Mockler	Royal Artillery	Bob
Capt. Atherton	Deccan Horse	Sligo
Lieut.-Col. Norrie	10th Hussars	The Panther
	Finalists	
Capt. The Hon. A. Grenfell	9th Lancers	Australian Star (Winner)
Capt. Mitchell	15th Lancers	Ichabod
Lieut.-Col. Norrie	10th Hussars	The Panther

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HOG HUNTERS' RACES

Heavyweight			
(1)	Capt. Roddick	10th Hussars	Bed Socks
(2)	Mr. Ferguson-Davie	Royal Artillery	Squeaker
(3)	Capt. Boord	10th Hussars	M.G.
Lightweight			
(1)	Capt. Atherton	Viceroy's Bodyguard	Refugee
(2)	Capt. Harvey	10th Hussars	Tiger Tim
(3)	Mr. Llewellen-Palmer	10th Hussars	The Cat

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PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER
THE ROYAL DRAGOONS, 1832

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PORTRAIT OF A CAVALRY OFFICER.

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS, 1832.

THE original of this picture is an oil painting, the property of Brig.-General Ernest Makins, who has kindly allowed us to reproduce it in the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

The date of the portrait is about 1832, and shows in great detail, an officer and trumpeter, in review order. The royal cypher of William IV. is clearly shown on the shabraque. The uniform of the heavy Dragoon regiments was still very handsome, though shorn of much of the gold lace, that literally covered the dress jacket in the George IV. period.

The owner of the picture is most anxious to discover the identity of the portrait, if by chance any reader of the CAVALRY JOURNAL should recognize it.

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1933

EDITORIAL.

For some time past a justifiable criticism of the Journal has been that some of the articles are too archaic and savour too much of past deeds of the Cavalry and no attempt is made to enable readers to keep abreast of Cavalry thoughts, deeds and problems; that accounts of obscure incidents in the history of individual regiments, though excellent for Regimental Journals are not of sufficient general interest; that the Journal does not really represent the modern thought of Cavalry soldiers, our present doctrine and future faith.

The above criticisms are the result of an appeal to some of our readers, to tell us candidly their own individual opinions and we are very grateful to those who have sent them.

Against these we have the opinion of Lord Baden-Powell, one of our first Editors, who considers that the Cavalry Journal of to-day is of a very much higher standard than in pre-war days.

The correction of these criticisms lies largely in the hands of past and present officers. The Editor cannot believe that there is any dearth of officers capable of writing articles. Is there perhaps a feeling that it is not worth while writing serious articles for the Cavalry Journal? Or is it that we are afraid of putting forth ideas that may not find favour?

* * * * *

The main difficulty is the very varied type of reader who has to be catered for. A large number of subscribers are retired

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officers of both the Indian and British cavalry, who naturally do not appreciate the same type of literature as the last joined subaltern.

The Journal is taken in by nearly every mounted unit of the Empire and also by a number of cavalry regiments in foreign countries. They all want to know what other units are doing. The improved standard of some of the compositions is no doubt the result of a decision, made after the War, to pay for certain articles. Finances do not admit of payment for more than a limited number of articles in each issue, and is only made to those who, as it were, come under the heading of "professional writers." It is hoped therefore that, wherever possible, cavalry officers will send us "free" articles. When sending in contributions, authors should state definitely whether they are "free" or "on payment."

Where preferred authors may write under a "nom de plume" but the value of an article is enormously enhanced if it appears under the author's own name . Many writers who have not the confidence of their own literary powers are afraid to put their names, but as no article will be published which is not considered really worthy of publication, they may rest assured that publication will bring "kudos" to the author.

* * * * *

For the guidance of those officers who feel inclined to write articles the following notes are published. Articles need not to be confined to military subjects; in fact an article on almost any subject if interesting and fairly well written, will be gladly accepted.

The Journal is roughly divided into three sections:—

1. The serious military section.
2. The travel and lighter-reading section.
3. The sporting section.

1. The Serious Military Section.

We feel sure that what we need principally is more about Cavalry: character studies of Cavalry leaders of the past; critical and analytical studies of Cavalry actions; articles on the method of training and general doctrines of foreign countries

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and more especially for those Cavalry officers abroad, well-informed accounts of Cavalry exercises in England and of the progress of mechanization in so far as it affects the Cavalry; accounts of training, manœuvres and minor operations in our Dominions, Colonies, protectorates and mandated territories.

2. THE TRAVEL AND LIGHTER-READING SECTION.

Articles on a variety of subjects are required for this section, such as accounts of shikar trips, shooting, fishing, hunting, travel, pig-sticking, polo, etc. Photographs would be welcomed and would add to the interest of an article.

3. THE SPORTING SECTION.

This is much the weakest section of the Journal and should be the best. What is required is not just a short account of the inter-regimental or of some up-country station polo tournament in India but a good summary of the whole season's open Polo Tournaments; a critical study of all teams and many individuals written by the best available polo critics and accounts of important Horse Shows such as Aldershot, Tidworth and the North of India (Rawal Pindi).

Finally, it is only by the co-operation of Cavalry officers themselves that the standard of the Journal can be improved.

* * * * *

At the beginning of September the 1st Cavalry Brigade marched to Tidworth, camping at Windmill Hill and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade moved out from Tidworth and camped at Heytesbury.

These two brigades took part in the various exercises in conjunction with the 2nd and 3rd Divisions and from 5th to 7th September an inter-Cavalry Brigade exercise was carried out.

One Squadron 8th Hussars and the Royal Horse Guards as Divisional Cavalry to the 2nd and 3rd Divisions respectively took part in the various Divisional and Command exercises.

It is hoped in the next number to include a short account of the inter-Cavalry Brigade exercise.

* * * * *

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The following moves of Cavalry Regiments will take place during the trooping season :—

UNIT	FROM	TO	DATE OF MOVEMENT
The Greys	Tidworth	Edinburgh	20/10/33
9th Lancers	Edinburgh	Tidworth	20/10/33
8th Hussars	Hounslow	Egypt	19/12/33
7th Hussars	Aldershot	Hounslow	Between 21/12/33 and 30/1/34
14th/20th Hussars	Egypt	India	End of December
The Bays	Shorncliffe	Aldershot	1/2/34
15th The King's Royal Hussars	India	Shorncliffe	6/2/34 (date of arrival)

It is unfortunate for all concerned that the change over to and from Egypt and India should be so late.

* * * * *

YEOMANRY CAMPS.

The failure last year to hold camps, which were cancelled as a measure of economy, does not seem in any way to have dampened enthusiasm or to have reduced numbers. All regiments turned out in full force for their annual training. Almost without exception they enjoyed perfect weather and seemed to have selected excellent sites, not always an easy matter, when shortage of money prohibits a move too far afield. Good training areas were obtained by the willing co-operation of local landowners and farmers, so that this last training season may be counted as one of the most successful.

At the end of these notes will be found the situation and date of each camp. Dates had to be fixed to suit local conditions, so that each regiment trained on its own—an advantage perhaps this year with so many new men in camp. It would be a good thing if occasionally regiments could be near each other for their annual camps, since this would certainly add to the interest and foster the spirit of competition.

Horses, which in most cases were supplied by a contractor and often went from one camp to another, were seldom trained

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in the military sense; this year also there were more men than usual, who had received very little riding school training. In spite of this, by the end of camp many regiments could do squadron, or even regimental drill and manœuvre, as if they had been practising it for months. Some also managed to organize musical rides and trick riding displays. One cannot help wondering what would be the feelings of the regular officer, were he told to take out the 3rd class riding school recruits on partially trained remounts for a regimental drill parade. And yet this is what the yeomanry have to do, and remarkably well they do it. Such a thing is only possible because of the remarkable keenness and enthusiasm of everyone.

It is too much to hope that next year the weather will again be so kind. But it will take more than a downpour of rain to damp enthusiasm, so that there seems no reason why the successful camps of this year should not be repeated. And for this we wish all regiments the very best of luck.

Places and Dates of Camps.

Regiment.	Place.	Date.
Ayrshire Yeomanry.	Doonfoot, Ayrshire.	3rd-17th June.
Cheshire Yeomanry.	Eaton Park, Chester.	30th July-13th August.
Lanarkshire Yeomanry.	Hawick, Roxburgh.	15th-29th July.
Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.	Dinarth Hall, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.	9th-23rd July.
Leicester Yeomanry.	Lubenham, Leicestershire.	21st May-7th June.
Northumberland Hussars.	Fourstones, Northumberland.	17th June-2nd July.
Nottinghamshire Yeomanry.	Welbeck Park, Notts.	2nd-18th June.
Shropshire Yeomanry.	Porthcawl, S. Wales.	13th-27th May.
North Somerset Yeomanry.	Budleigh Salterton, South Devon.	12th-20th May.
Staffordshire Yeomanry.	Byrkeley Park, Burton-on-Trent.	28th May-11th June.
Warwickshire Yeomanry.	Warwick Park, Warwick.	26th May-9th June.
Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry.	Sparsholt, Nr. Winchester.	14th-28th May.
Yorkshire Dragoons.	Chatsworth, Nr. Matlock, Derby.	27th May-10th June.
Yorkshire Hussars.	Richmond, Yorks.	17th June-1st July.

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THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH–APRIL, 1918

By Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars

Part VII

The Casualties

The losses sustained by the Cavalry Corps during the battle (21st March to 7th April, 1918) are given below, but unfortunately detailed figures for the brigades of the 1st Cavalry Division are not available.

	Officers			Other Ranks		
1st Cavalry Division:	*Killed*	*Wounded*	*Missing*	*Killed*	*Wounded*	*Missing*
Divisional Troops ..						
1st Cavalry Brigade ..						
2nd Cavalry Brigade ..						
9th Cavalry Brigade ..						
Total	14	64	9	166	801	295
2nd Cavalry Division:						
Divisional Troops ..	1	2	–	11	42	7
3rd Cavalry Brigade ..	9	23	2	55	327	79
4th Cavalry Brigade ..	3	18	2	60	330	32
5th Cavalry Brigade ..	4	20	–	53	318	46
Total	17	63	4	179	1,017	164
3rd Cavalry Division:						
Divisional Troops ..	–	3	–	10	25	7
6th Cavalry Brigade ..	3	22	–	47	215	42
7th Cavalry Brigade ..	–	12	1	30	178	44
Canadian Cavalry Brigade	6	24	–	106	444	130
Total	9	61	1	193	862	223
Grand Total ..	40	188	14	538	2,680	682

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It will be seen that the losses are spread more or less evenly over the three divisions, and the figures work out roughly at an average of about 125–130 casualties per regiment and 60–65 per machine gun squadron, which cannot be considered excessive in view of the severity of the fighting and of the valuable services which the cavalry rendered. The casualties of various individual units on particular days have been given in former articles of this series.

We have already noted that, when the Cavalry Corps was reduced from five divisions to three shortly before the battle,[1] four yeomanry regiments—Leicestershire, North Somerset, Bedfordshire and Essex—were sent to the base for conversion into machine gun battalions. Luckily they had not yet been so converted, and were now used instead to make good the casualties in the cavalry divisions: in some cases the yeomanry were attached to regiments as complete squadrons; for instance, the Leicestershire Yeomanry sent a squadron to each of the regiments in the 3rd Cavalry Brigade. As all these yeomen had served for over three years in the Cavalry Corps, they were fully trained cavalrymen: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and by a strange turn of Fortune's wheel, the German attack enabled these four regiments of yeomanry to finish the War as mounted troops, even if not as complete units. It is also interesting to note that the Northumberland Hussars (III Corps cavalry regiment) were remounted on horses during the summer. They had been turned into cyclists just before the battle, and one squadron had been hastily provided with horses on 24th March, as already related.[2]

The German Offensive on the Lys

When the enemy launched his offensive on the Lys front on 9th April, the three cavalry divisions were immediately sent up north to the First Army area and remained there for some days; they were not, however, called upon to take any active part, although certain machine gun units were lent to infantry divisions and helped to hold support lines.

[1] See *Cavalry Journal*, April, 1932, p. 171.
[2] See *Cavalry Journal*, October, 1932, p. 483.

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Lessons Learnt from the Battle

When we remember that the whole of the cavalry in France had been simultaneously engaged in open fighting for the first time since October, 1914, it is easy to realise that many valuable lessons were brought out. Immediately after the close of the battle, all C.O.s were asked to furnish reports, and divisional commanders then held conferences at which the various tactical and administrative questions were discussed, the conclusions arrived at being afterwards circulated for future guidance. Many of the lessons learnt apply equally to-day.

Cavalry not to be used merely as infantry.—Undoubtedly the most important point brought out by this battle was that, even though cavalry may be dismounted, their horses must not (except in quiet periods of trench-warfare) be more than two or three miles away at the very most. In former articles of this series we have seen how at the start of the operations "dismounted brigades" were formed, which were attached to infantry brigades and divisions, the horses being sent in some cases 15 miles to the rear: thus depriving the cavalry of their greatest asset, mobility.

Of course, it is easy enough to be wise after the event; the various cavalry and other higher commanders had to deal with a very critical situation as it appeared to them at the time, and one has to recall that from November, 1914, to March, 1918—more than three years—every attempt to make a real "gap," and restore open warfare, had failed. The costly French and British offensives of 1915, 1916 and 1917 had failed to breach the German line to any appreciable extent; the Germans at Verdun in February, 1916, had equally failed to breach the French line. Therefore, although it was known that the Germans would attack in strength in March, 1918, it is not surprising that many of our generals never believed that our defensive lines would be broken on a wide front and that open fighting would result.

During the long period of trench warfare, it had been the custom from time to time to use the British cavalry for holding portions of the front line: their horses were left in billets many

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miles behind, they were sent up to the line by train or bus, and for the time being were regarded absolutely as infantry. This was quite legitimate during the so-called "quiet" periods when there was no prospect of open fighting for months to come; it helped the infantry to some extent, and the casualties sustained by the cavalry in the trenches were not such as to impair their efficiency if they were called upon in their proper role later.[1] On these occasions it was usual for the Cavalry Corps to take over a sector from an infantry division; the cavalry divisional commanders took it in turns to command the dismounted force, to which each regiment contributed about 6 officers and 150 men. This arrangement, like most makeshifts, was not entirely satisfactory from the point of view of command, as it entailed so many men being under officers other than their own. For example, if the 5th Cavalry Brigade formed a dismounted party, with (say) the C.O. of the 20th Hussars in command, only a third of his force would be 20th Hussars; the other two-thirds would be supplied by the Scots Greys and 12th Lancers. Similarly the 20th Hussars' dismounted men might be under Captain X, but only a third of his men would belong to his own squadron, and so on. It is easy to understand that improvised commands like these might work better in stationary trench warfare, and all together under a cavalry divisional general, than in critical open fighting and split up under infantry divisional generals who had never set eyes on them before, and whose staffs, already under a great strain, often found it difficult to send orders to them. Even so, as will be noted presently, the dismounted cavalry fought much better in this battle than many infantry formations.

When, therefore, on the 21st March the three cavalry divisions were called upon to help the III and XIX Corps, it was natural that the commanders of those corps should say in effect: "If we use these extra rifles and machine guns to reinforce our hard-pressed infantry divisions, we have a good chance of holding up the Germans in the battle zone"—and it was equally natural for the cavalry commanders to agree, and

[1] In the Second Battle of Ypres (May, 1915), however, several cavalry brigades suffered heavy losses.

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form dismounted brigades as they had so often done during the past three years. Apparently no general said: "Although I think we can stop the enemy in the battle zone, he may possibly succeed in breaking through. If he does, we shall need mounted troops; so even if we use the cavalry in the trenches to start with, we must keep their horses handy so that we can remount them quickly if necessary."

Readers of the former articles will remember that the led horses were sent so far to the rear that it was five days before some of the cavalry brigades were capable of acting as mounted troops, and that in the meantime the need for cavalry, as such, had become so urgent that "scratch" mounted forces had to be hastily improvised from the personnel with the led horses.

Once the dismounted men had rejoined their horses, all three cavalry divisions were able to do far more valuable work. The story has shown how they were rushed from one part of the front to another to fill gaps and act as mobile reserves, and although practically all their actual fighting was on foot, the horses were not more than a mile or two behind, and certain units were held ready to act mounted at short notice. For example, during the 1st Cavalry Division's operations south of the Somme from 27th March to 3rd April, a mounted force varying from a regiment to a brigade was kept in hand as a mobile reserve whilst the remainder of the division was engaged in the front line. This mounted force proved of the greatest assistance, as from it patrols or squadrons could be sent to points where the situation was uncertain.

To sum up, then, this battle proved conclusively that dismounted cavalry should not be used merely as infantry, and that they gave the best results when kept under their own divisional and brigade commanders.

Mounted Action.—There were only two instances of shock action, namely the charge of the 6th Cavalry Brigade composite squadron near Villeselve on 24th March, and that of a squadron of Lord Strathcona's Horse at Moreuil Wood on the 30th. Both these charges were delivered at short notice without any covering fire, against infantry with rifles and machine guns: and it

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is important to note that although severe losses were sustained, in each case the charge was driven home, inflicting even heavier casualties on the enemy and stopping his advance for a considerable period, apart from the moral effect.

It was shown that opportunities for shock action could still occur in a modern battle, though they might be few. The best formation was in waves at least 100 yards apart, and the men well extended, say 100 yards per troop.

Mounted Patrols.—These did most valuable work throughout, and showed the utmost self-reliance and bravery. It was found that 1 subaltern officer and 9 other ranks was a suitable size for a reconnoitring patrol, and that nothing was gained by keeping a patrol out after dark. Patrols were especially useful for locating the exact flanks of a gap in the line when the cavalry were ordered up to fill it. It was proved that the training given in regiments in this important duty had been on thoroughly sound lines. A detailed account of the adventures of one patrol was given in a former article of this series.

Mounted Formations under Fire.—The most suitable formation was found to be troop columns, well opened out and at irregular distances and intervals.[1] In this formation, for example, the 19th Hussars on the 23rd March, near Pargny, moved a mile and a half under artillery fire without a single casualty, and on the 31st, near Rifle Wood, another regiment, galloping forward under rifle, machine gun and shell fire, lost only one horse killed and three or four wounded.

On the other hand, the 7th Dragoon Guards, going up into action from Gentelles Wood on the 1st April, rode forward in echelon of squadrons with each squadron in line, and considered that they presented less of a target in that formation.

Led Horses.—Although when a regiment dismounted for action it was usual to leave one man to four horses, it was found that the horsemastership suffered somewhat if the dismounted party was away more than a certain number of hours; the horses could not be properly looked after by so few men for long periods. Watering and feeding were difficult, and horses

[1] The present-day "Artillery Formation," in which each troop opens out into a diamond formation of sections, was not—so far as the writer knows—used in this battle.

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were kept saddled up unnecessarily long. It was decided that the led horses should be in charge of a senior officer with others to help him, and that he must be kept informed of the tactical situation so that he could arrange to water, feed, and off-saddle. A proportion of mounted orderlies should also be left with the O.C. led horses.

Dismounted Action.—The cavalryman's kit was found to be unsuitable for long periods of fighting or marching on foot, and in fact was not designed for that purpose; this is an additional reason for not using cavalry as infantry.

But as regards the actual fighting, the dismounted cavalry compared very favourably with the infantry. On no single occasion during these operations were cavalry driven back by a frontal attack: they only vacated a position when ordered to do so in consequence of withdrawals by people on their flanks.

There were three methods of holding a line when mixed up with infantry:—

(1) Strong troop posts in tactical points;
(2) Complete squadrons in certain sectors;
(3) Leaving the infantry to hold the line, and using the cavalry in close support to counter-attack or encourage the infantry.

It was found that (1) or (2) was the best, preferably (1) combined with a reserve to act as in (3). The cavalry stiffened the line and gave heart to tired or disorganised infantry.

When advancing to fill a gap, it was found best to send mounted patrols on ahead to locate the exact flanks of the gap—another reason for retaining some mounted men even when the bulk of a cavalry formation is dismounted.

Strong posts with Hotchkiss rifles, ahead of the main defensive line, were found useful. This policy was aggressive, it economised patrols and helped to break up any hostile attack before it reached the main trench line. The 1st Cavalry Division obtained good results in this way when holding the Hamel sector.

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As to digging in, the 3rd Cavalry Division at Villers-Bretonneux on 4th April found that good cover was provided by rifle pits 4 ft. 6 in. deep, 3 ft. wide and anything up to 25 ft. long. These were sited chequerwise according to the ground.

There is no doubt that one reason why the cavalry did so well in this dismounted fighting, was that they still had a fair proportion of their pre-war officers and N.C.O.s They had not, like the infantry, been wiped out time after time in the costly offensive battles of the previous three years, and had therefore been able to continue progressive training in open warfare, whereas the infantry had been prone to train their men only in trench weapons and tactics. One cavalry officer wrote afterwards :—

> " Our infantry seemed very helpless and ignorant of what was going on. Units seldom knew what was happening on their flanks, and as the unknown is more frightening than the known, thought the situation was worse than it was.
>
> " When an order to retire came, they did not know where to retire to, so often drifted too far. The men were all right, but a controlling hand was wanted.
>
> " Brigade and battalion staffs cannot control on their feet—yet infantry officers were never seen on horses, whereas German officers, apparently company commanders, were often seen riding about. Mounted officers should have been sent back to reconnoitre the next position and stop the troops on it, which officers on foot with the men cannot do. Corps cyclists would have been most useful, but apparently were not used at all.
>
> " The old divisional cavalry squadron would have been better still, but enough mounted men cannot now be found without reducing the strength of the Cavalry Corps."[1]

It was noteworthy that the appearance of even small parties of mounted men had a good moral effect on our infantry, who

[1] However, during the final advance of October-November, 1918, the 2nd Cavalry Division was split up to provide divisional cavalry squadrons.

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in trench warfare so seldom saw a horse within rifle range in daylight, that the mere appearance of a man on a horse gave the impression that there could not be much danger—though in actual fact a horseman can cross fire-swept ground more safely than a man on foot. On several occasions retiring infantry turned and went forward again on seeing our cavalry advancing. The various rumours of German cavalry were alarming, and a patrol of real live Uhlans might well have caused a panic.

It was found inadvisable for cavalry to retire mounted when mixed up with infantry, as the latter were apt to become demoralised and retire too far—this happened with the French infantry at Dives on the 26th March. If the cavalry had their horses, it was better to send these back first, and then retire on foot after them, as was done with good results at the Bois des Essarts on the same date.

Naturally it was very much better if the cavalry could hold a position by themselves without any other troops, as they could then use their horses to make a quick withdrawal; but in these operations this was seldom possible; they found themselves, far more often, filling gaps in a line held by infantry.

Any dismounted counter-attacks delivered by the cavalrymen (as at Hervilly on the 22nd March by the 9th Cavalry Brigade) were invariably successful, though being purely local and not meant to hold the ground permanently, they had no lasting results.

A word may be said here about the German infantry. According to cavalry accounts, though they were certainly good at finding gaps and weak spots and dribbling men through, they were very "sticky" when up against determined and organised opposition, and the British trooper, though fighting under very uninspiring conditions, was left with the impression that he was far the better man.

Artillery.—It has previously been noted that nearly all the R.H.A. batteries had been lent to infantry divisions before the battle, and that in most cases their cavalry brigades did not see them again until after it was over. This was due to the same cause as the dismounting of the regiments on the 21st

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March, namely the failure to foresee that open fighting would follow. As things turned out, the batteries would have been far more use with the cavalry brigades. The slight increase in gun-power which a divisional artillery gained by the loan of one or two horse batteries, was largely offset by the difficulty of keeping them supplied, in the stress of a great battle, with their special 13-pdr. ammunition. Again, when one battery (namely Y Battery, R.H.A.) *was* returned to the 1st Cavalry Division on the 23rd March, it had an additional strain thrown on it because it was the only artillery the division had.

Liaison between the front line and the artillery proved to be very difficult when once the cut-and-dried telephone system broke down, as it did for instance at Hervilly, at Montauban and at Warfusée-Abancourt. There were cases of our own troops being shelled continuously, and of excellent targets being let off. It was afterwards suggested that a coloured light, constant for all cavalry, would be useful to show the positions of cavalry, also some pre-arranged signal—say two or three lights—to lengthen the range.

Battery commanders complained of the ridiculously small supply of cable—so small that they often did not dare to put out telephone lines. The cost of D1 or D2 cable, it was pointed out, was inconsiderable compared with the cost of shells. It was suggested that the system of supply of cable for mobile warfare should be the same as that of ammunition; that a larger quantity should be held in forward echelon; and that the efficiency of R.H.A. would then be doubled, especially in a rearguard action.

Machine Guns.—The nine machine gun squadrons found that the Vickers gun proved itself once again to be a thoroughly reliable weapon; that their pack-saddlery and other equipment was all that could be wished; and that their training had been on sound lines. The operations, nevertheless, brought out many important points.

Machine guns, it was reckoned, lost 75 per cent. of their efficiency if they were not mobile, and when dismounted brigades were formed at the commencement of the battle, the

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M.G. Squadrons were even more handicapped than the regiments, for they had heavier weights to carry. In one case a brigade was sent up by bus without pack-horses: certain machine gunners were told off to act with a regiment which, they were told, was "a little way down the road." Actually, the regiment had gone on five miles further by bus, and the machine gunners had to man-handle their guns, tripods, belt-boxes, etc., that distance. On another occasion four guns were sent on foot to support an infantry brigade two miles away: on arrival there, the brigade allotted them to a battalion three miles further forward! The present writer, who at that time commanded the 8th Machine Gun Squadron (3rd Cavalry Division), for two days had only four guns in action out of twelve owing to lack of belt-filled ammunition; many belt-boxes having had to be abandoned because the men simply could not carry them all.

It was decided in consequence that even when a machine gun squadron was dismounted, some pack horses must be retained; and if the men were sent by bus, the packs must be sent on after them. The loss of horses must be risked to obviate the fatigue to the men.

Some reports revealed a certain lack of co-operation between the machine guns and the regiments with whom they were operating. Regimental commanders did not always give full information to machine gun officers prior to a movement, with the result that the latter did not know what was required of them. It has to be remembered that most of the Machine Gun Corps officers were temporary subalterns, some of them very junior, who did not like to "butt in" and ask the C.O. of a regiment what he intended to do, especially when he obviously had so much to think about.[1] It was not always realised that when machine guns were attached to a unit, it became, so to speak, a small mixed force and had to be commanded as such.

Near Villers-Bretonneux on the night April 4th/5th, for example, a regiment was relieved but the C.O. omitted to tell the machine gun officer under his orders that the relief was

[1] This is a strong reason for machine guns being an integral part of a regiment or battalion, rather than a separate corps as in 1916-1919.

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taking place: the result was that the machine guns stayed on in the front line, and their led horses suffered unnecessary casualties through waiting all night in a shelled area, thinking that the trench party were coming out.

One or two instances were reported of guns being grouped some way behind the line for indirect fire—no doubt a legacy of trench warfare. This practice used up too much ammunition with doubtful results, and was certainly not to be recommended in open or semi-open fighting. In this connection it may be noted that the amount of belt-filled ammunition carried on pack—2,000 rounds per gun—always proved sufficient when operating as cavalry, but some reports recommended extra belt-boxes in a limber in rear, say at brigade headquarters.

Now and then there was a tendency to leave the M.G. squadrons in the line even though the cavalry brigade or division had been relieved—this was done for one night when the 1st Cavalry Division handed over the front line north of the Somme to an Australian brigade on the 27th March, owing to the non-arrival of the Australian machine guns in time. It was decided afterwards that this tendency to separate cavalry machine guns from their brigade or division should not be encouraged, for whatever the rôle of a cavalry division or brigade might be, this rôle was liable to be changed very suddenly.

The following were examples of good work by the scouts (Nos. 5)[1] of machine gun teams:—

(1) On 25th March at Bernafay Wood, four enemy machine guns were spotted by ours in the Montauban trenches, and were knocked out in quick succession.

(2) At Rifle Wood on 1st April a scout saw a German crawl up to a manure heap, followed by another and then by four more: a hostile machine gun soon started firing, but the spot having been previously located, one of our machine guns promptly laid on it and immediately knocked out the German gun team.

[1] During the war a cavalry M.G. "team" comprised six men: No. 1 the firer; No. 2 his assistant; Nos. 3 and 4 ammunition carriers; No. 5 scout; and No. 6 range-taker. All these men dismounted when the gun went into action, the horse-holders and pack-leaders (who were not numbered) remaining with the horses.

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It was found advisable to detail men to watch specially for the approach of German M.G.s, which made skilful use of the ground.

Hotchkiss Guns.—Each regiment had 12 of these, which rendered valuable service on many occasions: one instance was quoted (3rd Cavalry Division at Villers-Bretonneux) of the enemy being checked by Hotchkiss fire at 2,000 yards range. These weapons were, however, very susceptible to mud and dirt, and it is interesting to note that when, once or twice, Hotchkiss gunners managed to secure Lewis guns abandoned by the infantry, they preferred the Lewis, which they reported to be :—

More accurate at longer ranges; capable of producing a greater volume of fire; less liable to stoppages; and more easily carried when loaded. It was further pointed out that the Hotchkiss pack-saddle would need very slight alteration to carry a Lewis, and that production would be facilitated if the infantry and cavalry both had the Lewis, just as their M.G. units both had the Vickers. However, no alteration was made, and the Hotchkiss continued in use until the end of the War.[1]

Transport.—It was found that the limbered G.S. wagons with units were insufficient to carry their rations and forage up to the areas in which they were fighting: wagons were, therefore, found from the Light Section Reserve Park, which had the result of disorganising that unit and making it immobile. It was, therefore, proposed that the Heavy Section Reserve Park —which was never wanted—should be withdrawn from a cavalry division, and that the Light Section should be increased by 23 limbers for delivering rations and forage to units, as under :—

	No. of limbers	*Total per Cavalry Division*
Cavalry Div. H.Q. and Signal Squadron	1	1
Field Squadron R.E.	1	1
Each Cavalry Brigade H.Q.	1	3
Each Cavalry Regiment	1	9
Each Battery R.H.A.	2	6
Each Cavalry Field Ambulance ..	1	3
		23

[1] It was finally done away with in the cavalry in 1926.

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The writer does not know whether or not this recommendation was carried into effect. The machine gun squadrons, it was found, needed no extra wagons as they already had 18 limbers, 6 of which became empty when the guns and belt-boxes were transferred to pack.

Communications.—A cavalry divisional signal squadron had insufficient means to do the work required of it, the principal difficulty being to find enough men simultaneously for (*a*) laying cable; (*b*) mounted despatch riders; and (*c*) visual signalling. They could not do all three at once, although the situation sometimes demanded it, and there were many cases of men suffering severely from lack of sleep. Cable wagons would have been invaluable but were not available; nor could any increase be made in the establishment of a signal squadron owing to the general shortage of both men and horses in the Army in 1918.

Wireless was not used at all during the operations. As to telephones, arrangements could be made through the nearest infantry division to get through to corps headquarters, but it meant laying out the cable by hand which took some time. It was found impossible to lay lines forward of divisional headquarters, and the only reliable means of communication to brigades and regiments was by D.R's. on horses: motor-cyclists could not be depended on owing to the ground, though further back they did most devoted service and worked to breaking point. Visual signalling also was not used, largely because the men were used as D.R's. instead—this occurred in Harman's Detachment (March 23–27).

Instances were reported of brigade and divisional report centres being difficult to find. It was laid down in consequence that even though a commander himself might move, the report centre, headquarters or advanced headquarters should remain stationary as long as it could. If it was off the road, the way to it from the road should be marked; and when the report centre did have to move, a connecting post must be left to direct messengers to the new centre. It saved much trouble if the staffs could forecast the probable moves. The two

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essentials of a report centre were, first that from it the commander could have a good view of the ground, and secondly that it was easy to communicate with ; it was by no means easy in some cases to combine these requirements.

Aeroplanes.—These operations brought out very clearly the limitations of aircraft when used for purposes of reconnaissance. The first few mornings of the battle were all foggy, and it was also found that what seemed only a slight mist to troops on the ground, was enough to hide movement from aerial observation. Further, much of the fighting—especially in the southern half of the battle-front near Noyon—was in country so thickly wooded that very little could be seen from the air even in clear weather ; and cases were reported of aeroplanes dropping messages which could not be found although seen to fall from the machine.

The enemy's advance, moreover, was so rapid that several aerodromes behind our front had to pack up their impedimenta and move further back, which meant that a number of machines were debarred from flying for considerable periods.

Medical.—Evacuation of wounded was difficult, as it often is in a retreat, but very few were left. There was a shortage of stretchers, some of which were probably lost during the first two days with the dismounted brigades. In some cases the firing line was weakened by unwounded men taking wounded comrades back ; it was found best to keep wounded in some more or less covered spot near the firing line until things were quieter, and then move them back, every effort being made to get motor or horse ambulances as far forward as possible. Some units complained that the cavalry field ambulances did not provide enough bearers, but a C.F.A. in fact had insufficient strength to do this.

It was recognised that it has a bad moral effect if men think they will be left to the enemy when they become casualties, but in actual fact very few were so left, and the medical arrangements on the whole were good.

Liaison with the French.—This was bad, chiefly because hardly one French general or staff officer could speak a word

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of English. The French interpreters attached to British units were no use for the purpose, as they were only sergeants in their own army and their military knowledge was quite inadequate. All liaison work had to be done by French-speaking British officers, who rendered most valuable service under circumstances which required considerable tact, for it will be remembered that as the French came into the southern flank of the battle-line, their generals assumed responsibility for directing the operations, although they knew less about the local situation than did the British commanders.

Conclusion

It is a curious and regrettable fact that the services rendered by the cavalry in France in March and April, 1918, have never been properly appreciated, even in the most expert circles. One can see this to-day whenever the old question of reducing the cavalry is brought up in the Press or in Parliament. Even those who may be called "pro-cavalry" are accustomed to point only to the Palestine campaign; and when their opponents retort that cavalry were useless on the Western Front, content themselves by saying that the conditions on the Western Front are most unlikely to recur in any future war. They say in effect, "We still need cavalry because our next fighting may be in countries like South Africa or Palestine. We quite agree that cavalry would be no use if the next war is to be like the last one as we knew it in France."

Such an argument ignores what the cavalry did in the main theatre in 1914 and again in 1918. The value of their services on certain occasions in the first and last years of the War is in no way lessened by the fact that there was little or no scope for them in 1915, 1916 or 1917. Again, though there was much scope for mounted troops in Palestine, we must remember that the issues there were far less important, and that the final defeat of the Turks—so largely a cavalry achievement—did not come until the Germans were on the high road to defeat also.

In March–April, 1918, in France, the stakes were desperate and vital. If we lost that battle, we lost the War: and who can say that we should not have lost it but for our three

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divisions of cavalry? There were several moments in the battle, especially when the German tide rolled nearer and nearer to Amiens, when the situation was critical in the last degree. If the 1st Cavalry Division had not crossed to the south bank of the Somme on the evening of the 27th March; if the Canadian Brigade and 2nd Cavalry Division had not hurried up to Moreuil Wood two days later; if the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades had not ridden to Villers-Bretonneux on the 4th April —might not the gaps in the line at those places, filled by the cavalrymen in the nick of time, have proved fatal?

The C.-in-C., in his despatch dated 20th July, 1918, dealing with this battle, wrote:—

> "Without the assistance of mounted troops, skilfully handled and gallantly led, the enemy could scarcely have been prevented from breaking through the long and thinly-held front."

whilst in his final despatch (21st March, 1919), referring to the same operations, he wrote:—

> "Frequently, when it was impossible to move forward other troops in time, our mounted troops were able to fill gaps in our line and restore the situation."

On 10th October, 1921, Earl Haig was presented with the freedom of the city of Canterbury, and in his speech on that occasion he again alluded to the services of the cavalry in the spring of 1918, remarking that:—

> "On our own side we had then no more than three divisions of cavalry in an army of some sixty divisions but . . . those three cavalry divisions did work that was invaluable, not because it required greater bravery and skill, because the bravery and skill of the infantry and other arms were unsurpassable, but because it was work that only cavalry could do. . . . Cavalry is a special arm, and it is not every occasion on which it can be used; but when it is wanted, it is wanted very badly."

* * * * *

Surely we may claim without exaggeration that in this tremendous battle which began on the 21st March, 1918, the British cavalry rendered the best service to their country and Empire that can be recorded in all their annals.

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AN EYE FOR A HORSE

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

Part IV.

General Survey.
(*Part* II.)

THE SHOULDER AND PASTERN.

The next thing to note is the slope of the shoulder, which consists of *two* bones—scapula and humerus—and to study these in conjunction with the whole column of bones of the foreleg. The theory of the sloping shoulder can be seen in Fig. 27. Here the angles are made clearer by the lines drawn along the axes of the bones. The theory and practice of the matter are that the further back the rider's weight is placed from the point of support (the foot on the ground) the more comfortable he will be and the more surefooted the horse. This figure shows a shoulder of normal shape with the remainder of the bones in harmony. If we look at the dotted lines in the same figure it will be seen that the shoulder and pastern are more upright and the humerus more nearly horizontal or longer. By this means the mechanical disadvantage of the upright shoulder, heavy chest, and steep pastern can be noted. With this altered set of angles the point of support comes nearer to the centre of gravity, which is equivalent to saying that the centre of gravity of the horse, and with it the rider's weight, are moved further forward. The bones so placed are, it is true, capable of bearing a greater weight passively with comparatively less muscular effort, but in movement concussion will be greater and there will be less comfort to the rider because of the absence of that spring which is ensured by the angular placing of the important portions of the limb.

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The advantages of a sloping pastern and shoulder combined with a symmetrical placing of the remainder of the bones of the foreleg are these. Concussion during movement is lessened: the repeated hammer blows of the hoofs on the ground have to be absorbed in some way and if they are transmitted up a more or less vertical column the material of which that column is made must suffer. The evil effect of concussion is inflammation of the periosteum (the membrane that covers the bone), the articular ligaments and cartilage. It is the cannon-bone and the structures below that suffer in the foreleg and the result is a bony deposit remaining after the subsidence of the inflammation. These bony deposits on the foreleg are called by various names, dependent on their position; viz., splint, ringbone and the ossified lateral cartilage known as side-bone.

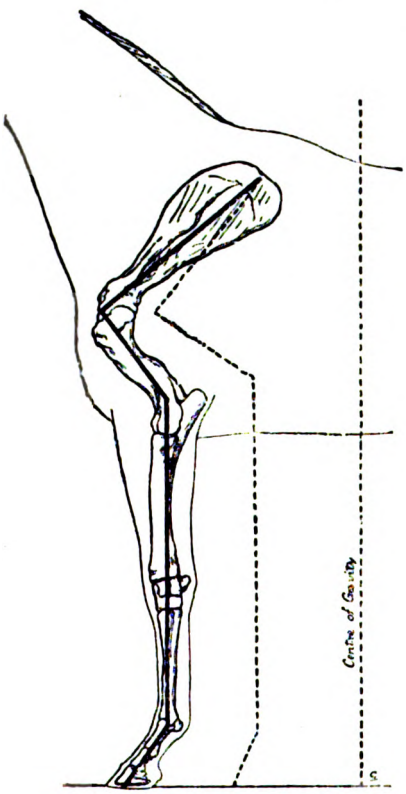

FIG. 27

An asymmetrical foreleg also predisposes the tendons and ligaments to strain, and the consequent inflammation leaves some alteration in structure, generally some degree of shortening. The most common result of this is upright pastern, overshot fetlock-joint and bowed knees [Plate XXIV, Fig. (*d*)].

The spring created by a well-designed shoulder-blade, humerus and pastern should be obvious if Fig. 27 is studied from the point of view of applied mechanics. In addition to the relief from concussion enjoyed by the horse, the rider also feels the advantage of being carried by this system of springs. There will be an absence of jar and a gain in elasticity. Moreover, the weight of the rider together with the centre of gravity

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of the horse are further behind the point of support, which we have seen is the hoof on the ground. The result of all this is that not only is the rider given a feeling of comfort and security but the horse will actually be more surefooted.

The muscles of the shoulder while being well developed should be long and lean. With a shoulder-blade deficient in muscle the saddle will not stay in its place.

It is, however, a matter for speculation whether or not pace is affected by a sloping shoulder and pastern. The modern jockey, in his desire for extreme speed, nullifies any advantage the sloping shoulder and pastern may give, by throwing his weight as far forward as possible (Fig 21).[1] It is true that this frees the hind limb (where the mechanism of propulsion is situated) from weight, and it must be the racing man's theory that this advantage outweighs any obtained from a sloping shoulder.

In the hunter, however, a sloping shoulder and pastern are of paramount importance, since in jumping the straightening of the angles of the forelimb raises the forehand to the requisite height preparatory to the leap. The greater the angles made by the bones of these parts with each other, the greater the play or coil of the spring and the greater the scope for free movement. Another point for consideration in the hunter is the unevenness of the ground traversed, the comparatively great weight to be carried and the length of time the horse is under the saddle, often six or eight hours, sometimes even longer.

A very long and sloping pastern does, however, militate against quick starting and is therefore a doubtful advantage in a polo pony: "The time taken to raise himself into a galloping position involves loss of time and undue muscular effort."[2] In choosing a polo pony that happy medium in the slope of the pastern is the thing to aim at.

Depth.

An important consideration in a weight carrier is depth and this is another point that is judged in a view from the side. Depth is the vertical distance from A to B (Fig. 28). Seventy-

1 Cavalry Journal, July, 1933. Page 377.
2 "Bridle Wise."

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six inches is a large girth even for a 16-hand horse measured at AB, and seventy about the average for a polo pony.

A horse of good depth is said to have "good heart room," otherwise he is "shallow" or "has no middle piece."

The vertical distance from the brisket to the ground should be short. A desirable dimension here is that the lowest point of the girth should be equidistant between the top of the withers and the ground (Fig. 28). In horsy language this is called "low to the ground" and the converse is "leggy" or "on the leg."

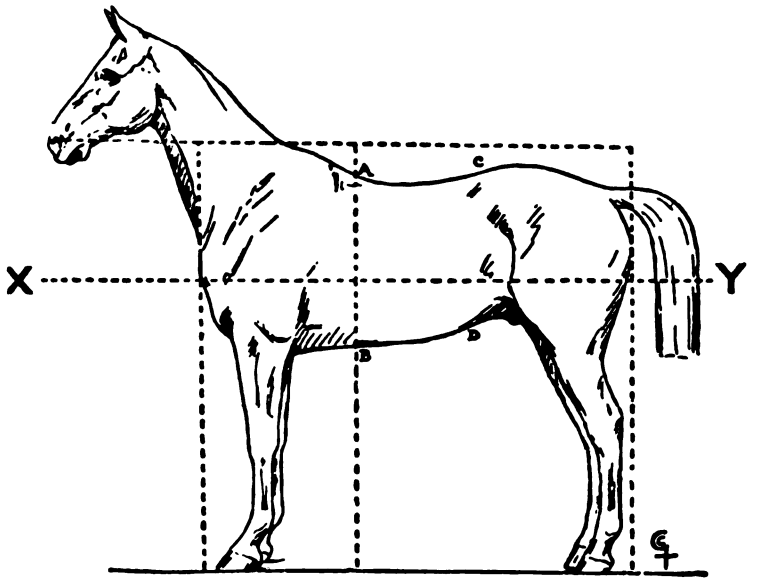

FIG. 28

A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF FOUR NOTABLE SADDLE HORSES (THOROUGHBRED, ARAB, POLO PONY AND HUNTER)
showing the carriage, poise and stance of a well-proportioned horse standing alertly at attention. The point at which AB and XY intersect is the centre of gravity.

Further, to ensure a vigorous constitution and a capacity for health, the depth at the back ribs should also be considerable —CD, Fig. 28. There are vital organs here as well as under A and B, where the heart and lungs are situated. A horse that "runs up light" is objectionable also for the reason that with a

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"herring-gutted" animal there is the difficulty in keeping the saddle in its place [Plate XIX, Fig. (*e*)]. Not only has such a horse to be very tightly girthed, but a breaststrap may also be necessary. This tight girthing adds to a horse's discomfort and will cause him to tire more quickly, and the constriction of the breaststrap must interfere, if only slightly, with the movement of his shoulders. However infinitesimal this interference, it becomes considerable when multiplied by the number of strides taken by a horse in the course of a day's hunting or by a pony in two or three chukkers of polo.

Fig. 29 will demonstrate the theoretical as well as the practical reason for general depth making for strength. If we place a weight on a 2 in. plank laid flat between two supports, resistance is small (although there will be spring) compared with the

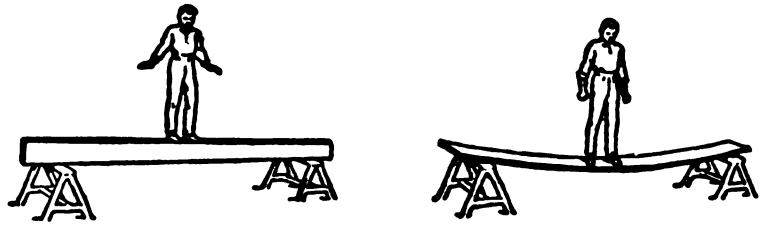

FIG. 29

rigid strength of a plank of the same dimensions resting on its edge, in which case there will be no tendency to sag.

The distance between the last rib and the hip-bone should be short, not more than a hand's breadth. It is often longer in mares. An animal "slack" in this region is difficult to build up and keep in condition.

The Back.

A back unduly hollow, although it makes for comfort [Plate XIX, Fig. (*a*)], is a weakness, and although convexity undoubtedly makes for strength, an outline as in Plate XIX, Fig. (*b*), and known as "hog back" or "roach back," is unyielding, and it is a point of conformation that makes a horse uncomfortable to ride on account of harsh and rough movements. It must, however, be borne in mind that with old age the back tends

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to become hollow owing to enfeeblement and the consequent stretching of the ligaments connecting the vertebræ. The muscles along each side of the back in a healthy young horse should be higher than the bones of the spine, which should look as if it formed a groove between them.

The back should look as if a saddle would sit in position almost without girths, and the set of the saddle should be such that the shoulder muscles can work freely in front of the rider's knee. Further, a rider should be able to sit upright in the saddle and not be tilted forward.

The line of the back, which rises slightly to the croup, should be almost straight. Any dip in front of the croup is a weakness [Plate XIX, Fig. (*f*)].

The Top Outline.

The outline of the neck, withers, back, loins, and tail is a series of beautiful curves from the poll to the end of the dock. One is tempted to avoid the difficulty of describing this subtle line by saying that it should take the form most suitable for carrying a man in comfort. The perfection of these curves has been arrived at by evolution guided by man's wisdom. The steady elimination from the stud, through countless generations, of animals found by practical experience to be of unsuitable make and shape, has produced the modern saddle horse. If this process has been slow it is because of the diversified aims of breeders mentioned in Part I.

The Withers.

The withers should be prominent without being like a knife-edge and should run well into the back. Withers of this conformation will necessitate comparatively slack girthing and are thus of great importance with a horse intended for a side-saddle. A well-developed wither is necessary to give room for a long shoulder-blade with which, however, it must not be confused; a high wither does not necessarily mean a long shoulder-blade although it is a desirable point of conformation. Indeed a horse with a very low wither should not be bought.

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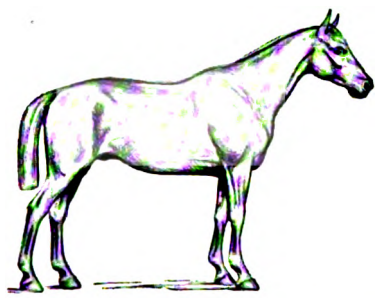
PLATE XIX.

(*a*) SWAN NECK, HOLLOW BACK AND GOOSE RUMP

(*b*) PREDISPOSITION TO WHISTLING AND ROACH BACK



(*c*) BODY TOO HEAVY FOR LEGS; LEGS COMMON AND TIED-IN BELOW THE KNEE

(*d*) WELL-SHAPED THOROUGHBRED BUT SOMEWHAT "LEGGY" OR "ON THE LEG"

(*e*) HERRING-GUTTED; PROMINENT WITHER

(*f*) EWE NECK; UPRIGHT SHOULDER WEAK BACK

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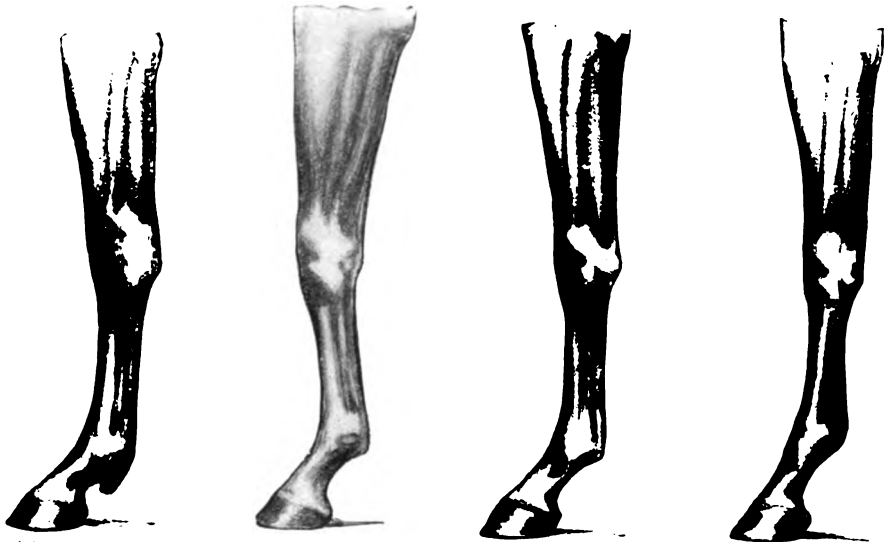
PLATE XX.

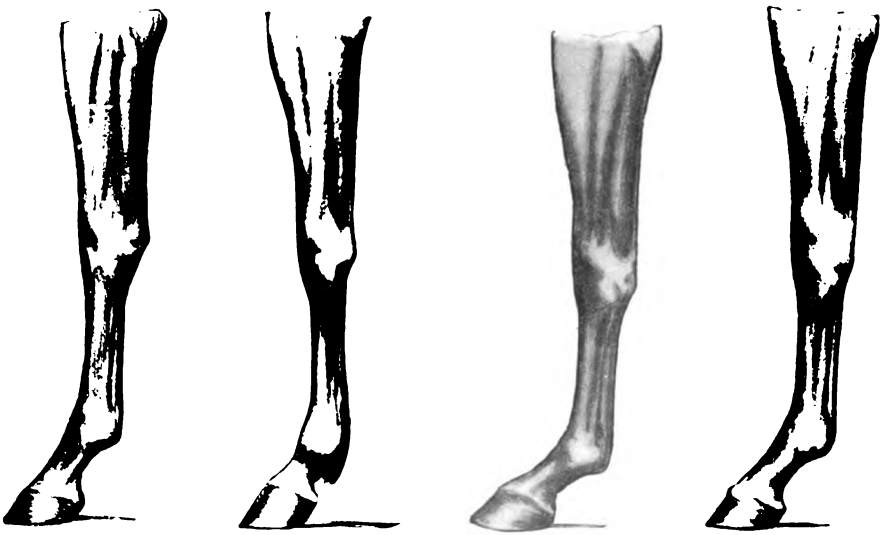


(*a*) BACK AT THE KNEES

(*b*) OVER AT THE KNEES

(*c*) GOOD FORELEG

(*d*) TIED-IN BELOW KNEE; UPRIGHT PASTERN



(*e*) LARGE TRAPEZIUS

(*f*) LIGHT BONE, HAIRY HEEL, BLOCKY FOOT

(*g*) VERY SLOPING PASTERN

(*h*) SMALL TRAPEZIUS; LEG OTHERWISE GOOD

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The Pelvis and Quarters.

The next point to notice is the angle of the pelvis (the quarters) as viewed from the side. Here in Fig. 30 the same method has been adopted as with the foreleg. The dotted line shows how the efficiency of the hind leg, taken as a whole, is altered by varying the angles of the different bones. Unlike the foreleg, the attachments of the hind leg to the trunk are by means of joints (bone to bone), and the muscular sling of the shoulder which suspends the trunk to the forelegs is absent.

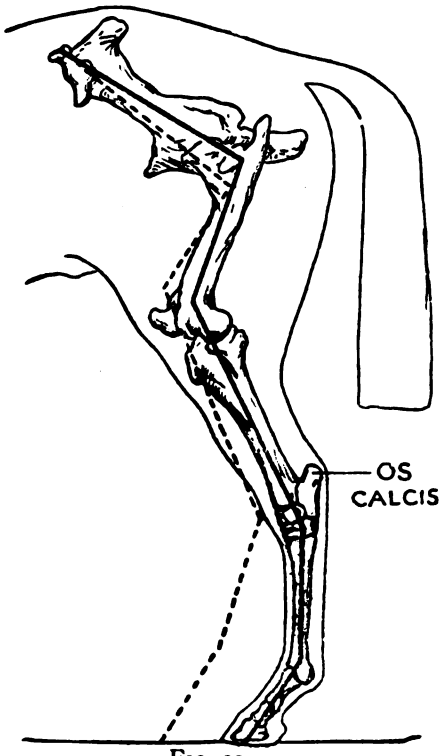

FIG. 30

The pelvis should be long and tend to the horizontal, thus making for speed. The pelvis is not an easy point to judge and, like the shoulder, must be considered with the rest of the limb as a whole. The Thoroughbred galloping horse [Plate XIX, Fig. (*d*)] with a long horizontal pelvis may be beaten in jumping power by some goose-rumped animal, a conformation that helps to put a horse in the best position for jumping. [Plate XIX, Fig. (*a*).] The droop in the pelvis is therefore not so undesirable in a hunter although it has a tendency to diminish speed.

If the shoulder is sloping and the croup long and horizontal and if these points are combined with well-shaped limbs, the back will appear short compared to the supporting base, which is the distance between the forefeet and the hind feet. This is what is known in horsy language as "standing over a lot of ground."

Although a short back means strength this shortness must be derived from a sloping shoulder and long pelvis. If the fore and hind feet are too close together it is a conformation associated

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with lack of speed and faulty action. There is not room for the hind legs to be advanced without a tendency to overreach.

The Knee and Hock to the Ground.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of correct conformation of the lower extremities. The knees and hocks and the region from these points downwards, are the most frequent seats of unsoundness, and faulty conformation here predisposes the horse to nearly all the disabling ills to which he is heir.

Still viewing the horse from the side we have first to notice the line from the radius or forearm to the ground. Plate XX, Fig. (*a*), shows a horse "back at the knees," a decided weakness. Plate XX, Fig. (*b*), is the reverse of this and is known as "over at the knees." By many horsemen this is not considered so objectionable, probably because many good Thoroughbreds are so made. Feeding from the ground forces a horse to brace his

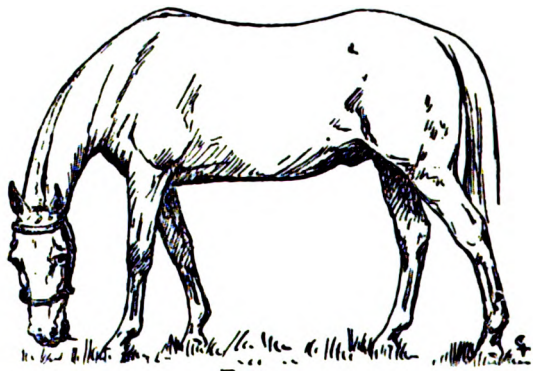

FIG. 31

HORSE GRAZING, SHOWING THE KNEE, AND FORELEG GENERALLY, WELL BRACED

knees in order to reach his food; conversely if a horse has to reach up for his food he has to pull on the back tendons of his forelegs to raise himself by straightening his pasterns. Thus feeding from the ground (Fig. 31) tends to keep his knees straight and feeding from the manger tends to steep pasterns and bowed knees. As the Thoroughbred is usually fed from a manger from a yearling this accounts for the fact that most have that particular conformation that has come to be looked upon as normal in the Thoroughbred. A horse over at the knees

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if he does not look half worn out has at all events a shaky appearance. My experience is that of two objectionable malformations, "back at the knees," although it is said to predispose the back tendons to sprain, makes for more surefootedness and durability than the other. But any material departure from Plate XX, Fig. (*c*), should not be tolerated in a high-class horse whether for purchase or in the show ring.

Parallelism from the knee to the fetlock with the tendons and ligaments standing out tense, hard and distinct is essential and in judging a horse one cannot be too exacting on this point. Plate XX, Fig. (*c*), showing a good foreleg demonstrates this parallelism, whereas in Plate XX, Fig. (*d*), the leg is what is known as "tied-in below the knee," a most objectionable fault. The significance of this point will be appreciated if Chapter 6 on leverage has been mastered.

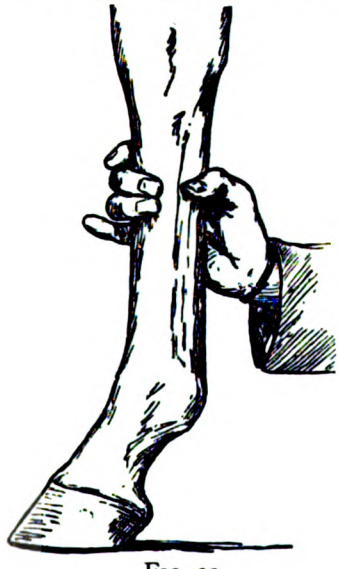

FIG. 32

Bone.

What is known as "bone" is the circumference of the cannon-bone. It is generally the foreleg that is measured, it being assumed that the hind leg will be in proportion. An experienced horseman can estimate this dimension merely by spanning with his thumb and middle finger and noting the space between the tips of the finger and thumb (Fig. 32). Practice can be obtained by checking the span of the thumb and middle finger with a tape measure. The correct place to measure is half-way between the knee and the fetlock-joint, but an anxious seller will take the measurement just below the knee and thus gain about half an inch. One talks of "big bone" and "light of bone." Seven inches is very light bone in any animal over 14.2 and nine inches exceptionally big bone even in a 17 hand horse.

The following is a table of the height, bone and girth dimensions of the principal Derby candidates of 1932:*

*Sporting Life.

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	Height		*Girth*	*Bone*
	Hds.	*in.*	*in.*	*in.*
April the Fifth	16	1½	70½	8½
Miracle	16	3½	71	8½
Dastur	15	3¼	70	7½
Cockpen	16	1½	72	8
Firdaussi	16	0	72	8
Hesperus	15	0¾	72½	7¾
Orwell	15	3	69½	7¾
Portofino	16	0	72	8
Royal Dancer	16	0⅛	67½	7¾
Spenser	15	2½	67½	7½
Wyvern	15	3¼	70	7¾

The average height therefore of these great horses was 16 hands and ¼ in. and they would probably grow another inch. The average circumference of bone is a shade over 8 in. and this measurement was taken just below the knee.

As a comparison the following dimensions of a weight-carrying half-bred hunter, a very big horse but of the true riding type, will be interesting, a black gelding, age eight, height 17.2, girth 80 in., 9¼ in. bone. As the girth measurement was taken in June when he had been out at grass two months, one can take it that it is not so very much greater than some of the Derby horses which were measured when in full training. The latter were, moreover, only three years old and would presumably gain in all dimensions by the time they reached maturity.

A large knee and well-developed trapezium bone [Plate XX, Fig. (*e*)] is a desirable point, again because it widens the points of attachment and increases leverage, but there will be a tendency to make the bone below *look* lighter, so the would-be judge must train his eye and touch so that he is not deceived.

The fetlock-joint must not project in front, which would be a sign of wear, and it must have a flat appearance. A fetlock-joint having the appearance of roundness in an unbroken horse would point to a coarse-bred ancestor, but in a working horse "wear" may be responsible. [See Plate XXIV,

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Fig. (*d*).] (Any apparent roundness can be verified by the front and back view and by handling.)

The vertical distance from the point of the trapezium bone to the fetlock is deceptive and could almost be called an optical illusion. Actually horses vary little in this dimension, although some look short and some long. Those that have the appearance of shortness here have proved the more durable.

General Survey.
(*Part III.*)

The Hind Leg.

We now turn to the hind leg. The gaskin should be broad. Plate XXI, Fig. (*a*), shows a good development in this region and Plate XXI, Fig. (*b*), a narrow gaskin. The length of the os calcis is responsible for breadth of gaskin (Chapter 6), and on the length of this bone leverage depends.

Fig. 33

The point of the hock should be well under the horse (Fig. 28) and like the knee a large hock is desirable, above all, the two hocks must be identical in outline in all their contours. The bend of the hock, when the horse is standing, must not be excessive or it will assume the conformation known as "sickle hock" [Plate XXI, Fig. (*c*)].

A slightly greater angle can be allowed in a polo pony than in a hunter. Any tendency to sickle hocks in a horse intended for jumping is particularly objectionable as it predisposes him to the disease of curb which is analogous to " flat-foot " in the human subject. But a polo pony that has to take the strain of stopping almost entirely on the hind leg, must have the cannon-bone in the best position to take this strain (Fig. 33). Jumping is the sudden propulsion

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of the weight forward (Fig. 34) and pulling up is the checking of forward movement, two opposite forces calling for different mechanism.

The hock, like the knee, should have the appearance of being close to the fetlock. This is called having "well let down" hocks.

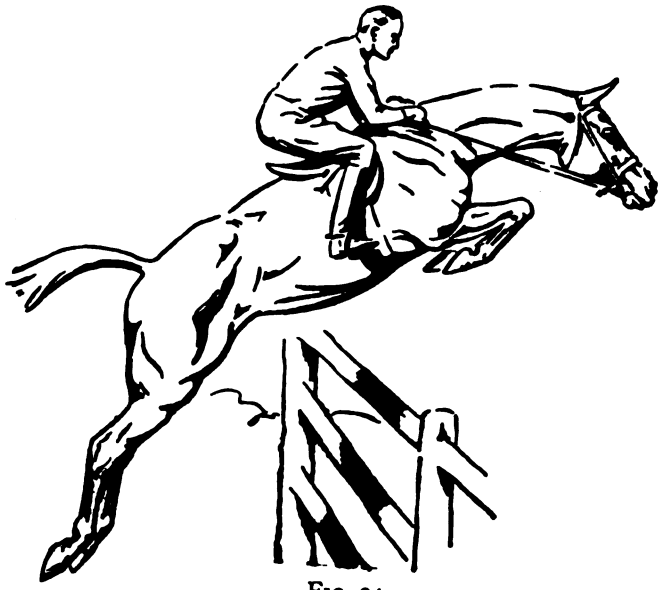

FIG. 34

In considering the pasterns, coronets and hoofs, we can deal with the fore and hind limbs together, as the same points hold good in each.

The slope of the pastern in many of our Thoroughbreds is too steep, but as it has been found that speed is increased rather than diminished by a comparatively upright pastern, it is not considered a great detriment in a racehorse. It has, however, the effect of diminishing the comfort of the rider, because it increases the jar by a want of spring, and further it renders a horse less surefooted. A well sloped pastern is a very desirable point in a hunter.

Anything that contributes to "spring" helps a horse in jumping. A horse raises his forehand to clear a fence by a combined movement of straightening the shoulder and fetlock-

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PLATE XXI.

(*a*) GOOD HIND LEG

(*b*) NARROW GASKIN; LIGHT BONE

(*c*) SICKLE HOCK

(*d*) SMALL HOCK; LIGHT BONE; UPRIGHT PASTERN

(*e*) TIED-IN BELOW HOCK; HAIRY HEEL; LIGHT BONE

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PLATE XXII.

(*a*) NARROW CHEST; TURNED-OUT TOES

(*b*) LIGHT-WEIGHT THOROUGHBRED HUNTER

(*c*) WEIGHT-CARRYING THOROUGHBRED HUNTER

(*d*) TURNED-TOES

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joints and by a similar movement propels himself by straightening the joints in the hind leg. There is a happy medium to be aimed at in the angles of the pasterns, for while there is no doubt that an extreme slope adds greatly to elasticity, ease, comfort and safety, it has a tendency to make a polo pony a slow starter, and with all horses throws increased strain on the back tendons and suspensory ligaments, because of increased leverage which in this instance is a mechanical disadvantage.

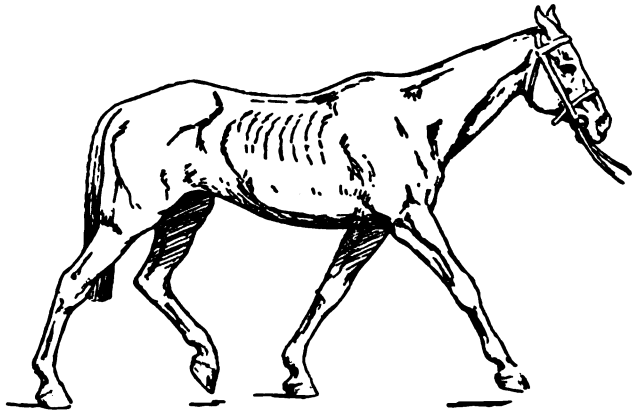

FIG. 35
UNFIT PONY

As we have seen in Chapter 5 whatever fetlock there is should be of fine silky hair. Any approach to luxuriance or coarseness is objectionable, again pointing to an admixture of blood other than Thoroughbred [Plate XXI, Fig. (*e*)]. Long hair in this region is always removed by clipping or with a comb and scissors, better still by plucking, to give the horse the appearance of being well-bred. In examining a horse the hand should be able to detect to what extent this trimming of the fetlock has been done.

The most important point in the coronets and hoofs is that they should be identical pairs, that is that the two fore coronets and hoofs should be exactly alike and the hind pair also.

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The Tail.

It is difficult to set a monetary value on a gracefully carried tail with fine straight silky hair, but nevertheless a horse's appearance can be marred by a coarse curly-haired tail or by one meanly carried. Furthermore a drooping tail is often a sign of feeble constitution. A proof of this is that a debilitated horse is apt to carry his tail as in Fig. 35 and with improved condition to adopt a better carriage as in Fig. 36. Figs. 35 and 36 are of the same polo pony, the former taken after her arrival from Ireland, where she had lived on an impoverished farm, and Fig. 36 after eighteen months of good food and her successful schooling for polo.

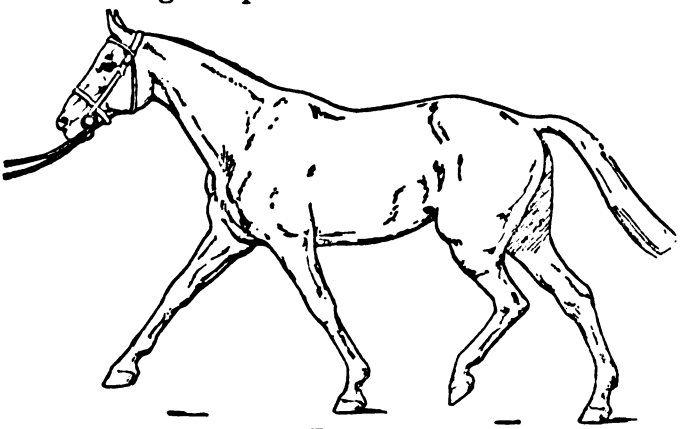

FIG. 36

A flaccid feel when the dock is handled is a more definite sign of a permanently feeble constitution.

Instantaneous photography has shown us that the tail takes on certain adjustment during movement, very marked in those calling for great exertion. From this, one must draw the conclusion that a horse derives a certain help and balance from his tail. The practice, therefore, of docking (fortunately not now so common) is to be condemned not only on the score of appearance but of utility also. Docking is to be deprecated for another reason. No horse can be comfortable, whether stabled or at grass, if we remove this important protection against the onslaught of flies, and for the same reason a docked horse is never bought for export.

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The View from the Front.

The head is a convenient starting point for this survey. Plate XVIII, Fig. (*c*), is the front view of the beautiful, lean, Thoroughbred head depicted in Plate XVIII, Fig. (*a*).*[1] The breadth between the eyes should be noted as an outstanding sign of good breeding combined with intelligence and docility. Width between the ears is another desirable point of conformaton. In this view also a decided narrowing below the eyes to the nostrils is a great beauty. Lop ears are ugly.

There is a point that should now be examined, although it does not properly belong to the front view, *i.e.*, the width between the branches of the jawbone. The Arabs have a rule that one ought to be able to insert a clenched fist. Should this space be too narrow, it will be found difficult, almost a physical impossibility, to make a horse bridle. This width also gives room for the respiratory passage.

As the eye travels downwards, the breadth of the chest should be noted and the width between the forelegs. A horse with a chest unduly broad can never be fast or a comfortable ride. There is a happy medium to aim at because a narrow-chested horse will probably be flat-sided as well, and the vital organs will not have adequate room. A narrow-chested horse will not be a stayer, nor can we expect him to be of a robust constitution. [See Plate XXII, Fig. (*a*).] One would, of course, have to insist on a horse with a narrow chest having particularly straight limbs and action to avoid the increased risk of hitting himself by "going close in front."

The foreleg view from the front can best be studied from the illustration Plate XIII*[2] as a detailed description of the various curves is too complicated and difficult. Although good forelegs in this view exhibit certain curves, they should in the main be perfectly straight, and lines drawn down the centres must be parallel and cut through the exact centre of the knees, fetlock-joints and hoofs [Plate XXII, Figs. (*b*) and (*c*)]. Any deviation from the straight [Plate XXII, Figs. (*a*) and (*d*)] is a certain detriment. With a turned-out foot the fetlock-joint protrudes and comes in the way of the opposite hoof and is there-

1 * Cavalry Journal, July, 1933. Page 375.
2 * Cavalry Journal, April, 1933. Page 196.

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fore liable to be struck during the trot, and, should the horse be tired and unfit, during the walk also.

Any deviation from the straight in the lines of the foreleg, whether the toes turn in or out, also causes a liability to splint and sprain (especially of the fetlock-joint) because the column of bone of which the foreleg is made up is not in the best position to bear the incidence of weight.

The knees should be long, broad and flat, and should of course show no scar. Formerly a horse with a marked knee was quite unsaleable; there was no excuse for a fall on the road, and if he showed evidence of having been down, he would rightly be considered liable to this accident through faulty conformation or slovenly action. Since the introduction of slippery tarmac, people are apt to be more forgiving of a scar on the knee, and inconsiderate motor drivers have still further increased the liability to accidents on the high road.

The Hoofs.

When we have assured ourselves of the straightness of the forelegs, decided that they are parallel, and have noted that the toes turn neither in nor out, we must then see whether the feet are identical in size, shape and angle. They should be lifted up and compared, and the texture of the horn, not only of the outside coating but of the sole and frog also, should be studied. In Appendix A will be found a drawing of the correct angle of a healthy forefoot and a well-developed frog. One of the greatest evils of bad shoeing is that the foot is raised off the ground by the thickness of the shoe and the frog thereby relieved of pressure, the result being that it becomes atrophied from disuse. The frog has important duties; besides acting as a cushion to lessen concussion, it is a wedge to prevent slipping. A well-developed healthy frog therefore is a desirable point of conformation.

One can form some opinion of the texture of the horse's bone from the appearance of the feet. A firm metallic consistency of the horn is associated with dense, hard, serviceable bone, while soft, spongy horn would indicate a porous type of bone. Horses reared on the soft marshy land in the shires

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PLATE XXIII.

(*a*) WEIGHT-CARRYING THOROUGHBRED HUNTER

(*b*) LIGHT-WEIGHT THOROUGHBRED HUNTER

(*c*) HIPS RAGGED AND ODD; "SPLIT-UP"; "SECOND THIGH" UNDEVELOPED

(*d*) COW HOCKS

(*e*) BOWED HOCKS

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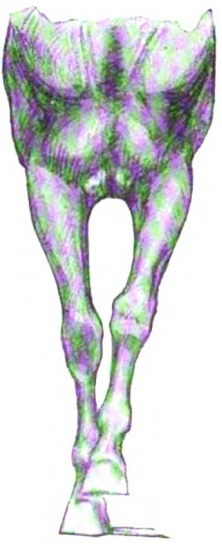
PLATE XXIV.

(*a*) DISHING

(*b*) DISHING



(*c*) PLAITING

(*d*) OVERSHOT FETLOCK-JOINT; OVER AT THE KNEE (BOWED KNEE)

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would exhibit this massive but less servicable constitution of horn and bone than the Thoroughbred reared in sheltered circumstances and on dry, hard food.

The outlines of the two shoulders should be compared for any deformity or wasting. The latter is a symptom of local injury and sometimes even of foot lameness.

From the front it will also be noted whether or not the horse is flat-sided or whether there is that desirable rounding of the ribs which gives for the vital organs the room necessary for a robust constitution and for endurance.

In this view also the position of the elbow can again be noted. The elbow should work clear of the chest or the horse's movements will be restricted.

As we pass round from the front in order to get the view from the rear we should let the eye glance over the side opposite to the one previously examined, so that any deviation from the normal can be noted. It is not, of course, necessary for the eye to dwell for long as it is only any *divergence* from the other side we are looking for.

View from the Rear.

Length from the top of the quarters down to the hock is desirable in all gallopers, for it is the hind limb that supplies the propelling power. As far as one can generalise, the saddle horse capable of speed should be narrow across the pelvis rather than broad [Plate XXIII Fig. (*b*)]. Contrariwise, for a horse to be up to weight we should expect width in this region [Plate XXIII, Fig. (*a*)]. This is different from the fore-end, for with the shoulder, however well developed the muscles may be and whatever weight the horse may be up to, we require leanness and narrowness.

Eclipse was said to be considerably higher over the croup than at the withers, and I have known many very speedy horses so made. For a hard-working horse, however, one that has to carry weight, such as a hunter or a polo pony, this excess of height at the quarters would be a detriment due to the extra strain on the forelegs.

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The quarters must be what is known as "well furnished." In Plate XXIII, Figs. (*a*) and (*b*), although one horse shown is up to weight and the other is not, both show well-furnished quarters. There are various epithets used by horsemen to describe badly furnished quarters: "ragged hips" are shown in Plate XXIII, Fig. (*c*), which also shows a horse that is "split up" and short of "second thigh." There is, however, hope for the horse in this illustration, which is actually of the same horse as in Plate XXIII, Fig. (*a*). As the framework was there it was only a matter of developing the muscles.

In this view it should be noted whether the two hips are alike. One would condemn a horse either as malformed or as suffering from the after-effects of an injury should there be any difference between the two hips or quarters.

As the eye travels downwards, the next consideration is the position of the points of the hocks. Plate XXIII, Fig. (*d*), shows a conformation known as "cow hocked," undesirable on account of its weakness and consequent liability to the disease of spavin. The complicated system of joints which makes the articulation of the hock does not here work to the best advantage, and the ligaments binding the joint are liable to sprain. As we have noted in Chapter 5 sprain is followed by inflammation, from which ultimately a bony deposit is left. If this bony deposit forms in such a position as to interfere with the movement of one of the joints of the hock, spavin and consequent lameness ensue.

A point of conformation still more objectionable than "cow hocks" is "bowed hocks" [Plate XXIII, Fig. (*e*)]. Here the weakness is more marked because the tendency to sprain is greater. In a polo pony it is particularly objectionable. The hocks should at least be straight; preferably they should, without being cow hocked, be slightly turned in rather than out. In the latter case the juxtaposition allows the big muscles inside the buttocks to act, as it were, as cushions and will further obviate the strain to which an outward bow would render the hocks liable. I once bought a pony with bowed hocks and I never succeeded in teaching her to stop on her hind legs with comfort either to herself of to her rider, and I have never

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known a pony with this conformation easy to train or capable of pulling up smoothly. A further objection is that the stifle-joint is apt to point inwards and thus not work clear of the belly: a grave objection in a galloping horse.

Plates XXIII, Figs. (*a*) and (*b*), show well-shaped hocks, Fig. (*b*) being the rear view of a celebrated racehorse and Fig. (*a*) of a Thoroughbred weight-carrying hunter.

APPENDIX A.

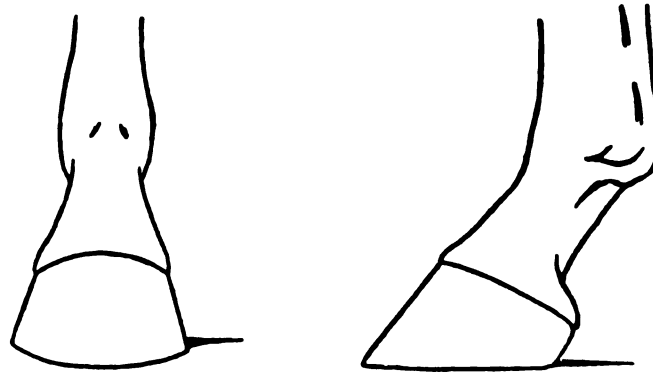

FIG. 1

Front and side view of forefoot. One would expect the sole of this well-shaped foot to look like Fig. 2.

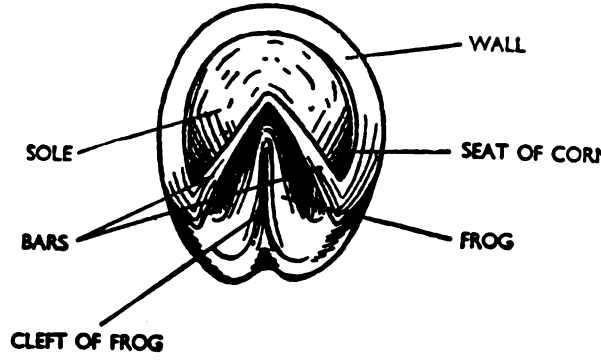

FIG. 2

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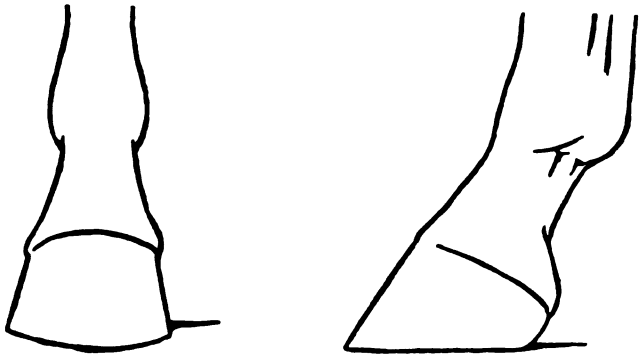

FIG. 3

Front and side view of well-shaped hind foot. Here the sole should also look like Fig. 2 with due allowance for the narrower formation which is normal in the hind foot.

The angle of the walls of the feet is steeper in the hind than in the forefoot.

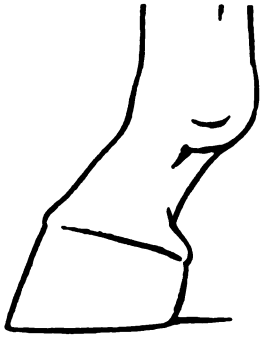

FIG. 4

FIG. 5

Fig. 4 is a departure from the normal and is what is known as a "blocky" or "donkey" foot. It is too deep at the heel and too steep in the front and sides. One would expect a foot of this conformation to have a contracted sole and an atrophied frog see (Fig. 5). Here the bars also have almost disappeared. This conformation is often the result of navicular disease and often accompanied by "thrush."

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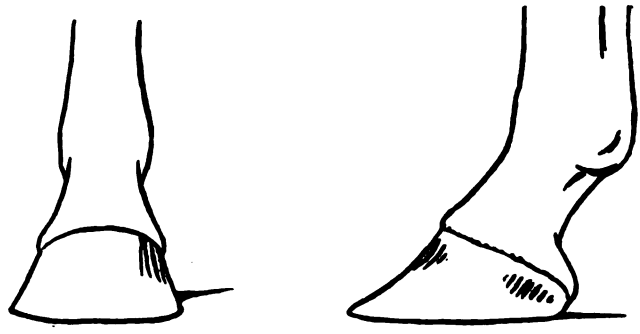

FIG. 6

is a flat weak foot, predisposed to corns. "The nature of 'corn' is often misunderstood; it resembles in no way the horny growth on the human foot, but is congealed blood of exactly the same nature as an injured black nail in the human subject."* If this formation is accompanied by irregular rings as in Fig. 7,

FIG. 7

the concave formation of the walls is due to disease (laminitis: inflammation of the sensitive laminæ, fever of the feet). In this condition there is often a flat or "dropped" sole and undue, sometimes abnormal, development of the frog.

Odd feet are to be avoided under any circumstances, and feet on the small side are preferable to those bigger than normal.

*Stable Wise.

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LIGHT HORSES IN SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By C. D. La Nauze,
Superintendent Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

A buyer of horses for others, if he is tolerably honest, has an anxious sense of responsibility. It is something like the friend who asks you, when you are going to the races, to put on something for him on any horse you fancy. Usually the fancy loses. So it is with buying horses for others, the chances are against you that your choice will please the owner.

The remount buyer is "a horse of another colour" for he has nothing to lose. He is buying a certain type of horse which he will never see again, at a moderately fixed price, and if he is a horse lover he will be having a splendid time doing it. If his choice is passed sound he cannot lose, for he can only displease the man who may have to ride him, and who he will never see. What a grand time the remount buyer can have as he sees and buys a likely looking horse at an obvious bargain and says to himself, "I wish I could buy that chap for myself. I would make something out of him," or "on him," as his mind directs.

The Kamloops District of Southern British Columbia has not greatly changed since the days when the saddle horse reigned supreme. It is true that the motor roads have greatly opened up the country in that they have brought the ranches within easy access, but the range has never been thrown open to the dry farmer and Kamloops District is to-day, as we hope it will always be, a stock country.

The range is a great rolling bunch grass country almost mountainous in places with fertile valleys tucked away among the heights. The original native bunch grass is the life blood of the stock. The wise rancher preserves this closely so as it

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REMOUNTS IN THE KAMPLOOPS STOCKYARDS

A GELDING FROM THE NICOLA VALLEY, B.C.

A YEARLING, HEFFLEY CREEK RANCH, B.C.

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will not become overgrazed and beef cattle will winter and gain weight on a wisely fed bunch grass range.

While the cattle industry in Southern British Columbia is in a staple condition, the light horse industry is practically at a standstill for the reason that there is so little demand to-day for the saddle horse. The Vancouver and Pacific markets are negligible and the great distance bars the eastern markets. However, the Kamloops Rancher is a horse loving, polo playing sportsman, and he keeps on raising horses for his own use and in the hope that he may be able to sell a few some day.

Kamloops District is a light horse breeding station, and there are three splendid imported Premium Sires in the district, owned by polo playing ranchers. Tantallon by Bayardo with Gallinule blood on his dam's side is owned by Mr. Ross Hett of Heffly Creek. Royal Irish by Tuscomb by Tuscalome by Kenilworth, a winner nineteen times on the flat, is owned by Mr. "Kay" Lang of Kamloops West, and another fine sire, Student, is owned by the Douglas Lake Cattle Company.

To purchase twenty horses in such a huge district seemed like an easy job, but it took a full week and a lot of motoring before the car load was secured. Remounts to-day must be young, broken to the saddle, geldings only, and of no unusual colours. No remount buyers had visited Kamloops for years and broken horses are not always readily available.

Our first call was at Mr. Ross Hett's ranch twenty miles north of Kamloops. The atmosphere here was redolent with polo. Cups, pictures, and inscribed balls decorated Mrs. Hett's comfortable drawing-room, and a good old fashioned horse corral adjoined the house. Here we bought four remounts and had to refuse with regrets a beautiful unbroken bay five years old. This youngster had been lost on the ranges for two years and had been caught only a few days before our arrival. He was as fat as a seal and as wild as a moose and not a blemish on him, but hospital bills are dearer than remounts.

Our next visit was to that well known Calgary horseman, "Kay" Lang, who had of recent years moved to Kamloops and is now in the polo pony business and a member of the Kamloops Four. Here was another "horsey" establishment

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with Mrs. Lang and two young daughters equal partners and workers in the business and "just as keen as you make 'em." Royal Irish, too, is one of the family, and a beautifully tempered stallion. We bought three well broken horses here and our first day was over.

Next we headed south for the Nicola Valley and spent the day at the biggest ranch in the district, the Douglas Lake Cattle Company, managed by that good sportsman, Mr. Frank Ward, Captain of the Kamloops Four.

Douglas Lake is all that a big ranch should be, over 100,000 acres of good range, water, fertile valleys, and running about ten thousand head of pure bred cattle. Horses here are bred for cow horses, pure and simple, strong, well sized, clean boned horses. (Thank goodness ranching has escaped being mechanized.) We found some useful horses here and bought several, but mares predominated and cattle is the main business on this ranch.

The house and buildings are picturesquely laid out, hospitality reigned and a full sized English billiard table was available for any guest "bored" with ranch life. The Douglas Lake Cattle Company was established in 1882. It is entirely self-contained and maintains a General Store and a Post Office for its employees. Mr. Ward believes in employing the local Indians and states they give good satisfaction.

After spending the night at Muritt we drove to an "Out" Ranch of the Guichon Ranch of Quilchena, where a fine bunch of young horses had been rounded up for our inspection.

The setting was ideal. A clear bracing British Columbia early morning, a ranch high up in the ranges, a corral and barn tucked away in a wooded coule "and a deep rich grass meadow running out of the coule" to a wooded lake shore.

There was a splendid lot of young horses here, and all were unafraid and well broken. Five were purchased and it was sad to refuse some splendid young mares. The buyer often threw a leg over a broken "green un" that did not look "too" green. These youngsters were a pleasure to ride, a lift of the bridle hand, a feel of a leg and they were off on a long swinging canter. Their mouths were usually tender, there was not a mean

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streak in them, each one seemed to say "I don't know you and you certainly don't know me, but I will try to understand what you want and will do my best."

The home ranch at Quilchena has the atmosphere of solid comfort, created by continued industry. It is told that "Old Man" Guichon tramped into this location in 1880 with a pack on his back and $25.00. His sons now carry on his heritage of 75,000 acres and a fine bunch of cattle and horses. It was of interest here to meet a Barnado boy turned into a real cow-puncher and making good.

Some difficulty was experienced in making up the car-load, but individuals kept riding into Kamloops with horses for sale as the word was spread. Some horses had been ridden sixty and seventy miles in a day, horses who had never seen an oat and who appeared to be sound and fit.

It was a pretty sight to see the Nicola Valley horses being brought in as Douglas Lake and Guichon Ranches had combined in bringing the horses to Kamloops. The cow-boy uses the expression "Dangling Along," it exactly describes it. With one rider in front and another in the rear, the horses just "Dangled Along" at a good trot right into the stockyards. On the sixth morning we had our twenty head, hoof branded and peacefully eating hay in the stockyards. The bunch were shipped loose in one stock car. No "Palace" horse cars are needed for these "Aristocrats."

There are an enormous number of horses running loose on the ranges of British Columbia. Indian Cayuses, scrubs and stray studs all tend to make it the general opinion that there are too many useless horses on the range. Cowboy Kean will still find plenty of horseflesh for his lariat.

The ranches can still raise good light horses, and, given encouragement and a regular market, those polo playing sportsmen of Kamloops District can keep British Columbia the home of the strongest and hardiest saddle horses in Canada.

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CAVALRY IN KURRAM AND KHOST'

By MAJOR B. M. MAHON, D.S.O., M.C.
The Scinde Horse.
Commandant Kurram Militia.

A scrimmage on a Border Station,
A canter down some dark defile,
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee "jezail,"
The crammer's boast, the squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp
Will pay for all the school expenses
Of any Kurram Valley scamp
Who knows no word of moods and tenses,
But, being blessed with perfect sight,
Picks off our Messmates left and right.

Kipling.

NOT very many years ago the discovery of the skeleton of a Mastodon embedded in the banks of the Kurram River caused a great stir among Professors of Antiquity—or such might have been the case had not a very old man hobbled up to the party of enthusiasts who were excavating the bones of the monster and described to them how he had witnessed its sickness, death and burial. How dull a discovery it was to find that one of Roberts' deceased artillery elephants had been interred here some fifty years ago! How merciful for the excavators that an old man had lived to save them from a ridicule—perhaps world-wide.

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Between 1856 and 1900 many cavalry regiments came to Kurram, but over thirty years have now gone by since, except for an odd squadron, cavalry has marched within its borders. And so, warned by the elephant episode, I have been tempted to dig into old records and rediscover the doings of those regiments of past days which skirmished and fought in and around the valley, and made history during the last century. May any budding archæologist of the future, searching for relics of Sultan Mahmud, Chingiz Khan, Timur Beg or other great conquerors who entered India by the Kurram, be cautious of mouldy bits and deep-encrusted spurs!

With this apology I will briefly describe the Kurram, its inhabitants and our early relations with them, as they are intimately connected with the main theme of this article.

A reference to the map of the frontier will give anyone who does not know where the Kurram is an idea of its location and surroundings. It will be observed that it is a tongue of territory which passes through our own tribal belt and protrudes into Afghanistan like a promontory. The *massif* of the Safed Koh range at an average height of 14,000 feet makes the north boundary secure. The western border mountains are much less formidable with two main passes going through at Peiwar and Kharlachi, which are extensively used as trade routes by the migrating Ghilzai tribes. Along the southern frontier the altitude of the mountains sinks to a general level of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and they are mere hills in comparison to the imposing mountains towering above them to the north. There are several well-used hill tracks passing through to the Afghan Southern Province of Khost. The eastern or lower end of the valley is flanked by the territory of our independent tribes—Wazirs to the south and Orakzais and Zaimukts to the north. The length of the valley is 70 miles from Peiwar to Thal, and the outstanding feature after the mountains is the Kurram River, whose water gives fertility to the greater portion of the rice and other crops which are grown. The inhabitants live in villages spread along the banks of the river or in the villages which have sprung up on the fertile slopes under the shadow of the Safed Koh, whilst a minority of them are still nomads. The

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dominant tribe is called "Turi," but they share the lands with many others, who are, however, subservient to them and have no voice in the tribal control of the affairs of the valley.

Early History.

The Turis were originally, so it seems, a nomad tribe of Persian extraction, who for some centuries were content to pass through the Kurram Valley on their annual migration to India in the winter months, in the same way as the Ghilzai tribes do now, without serious interference with or from the inhabitants, who were at that time people of the Bangash tribe. As befits their Persian origin the Turis were, and still are, Shiahs, that is to say they are followers of that branch of the Mohammedan religion which rejects the first three Caliphs and considers Ali as being the rightful successor to Mohammed. They repudiate the "Sunna" or traditions respecting Mohammed as part of the law, and on these accounts are treated as heretics by the Sunnis, or orthodox Mohammedans. About three hundred years ago the Turis were tempted by weariness of the nomad life, or more probably by signs of weakness in the Bangash, to cease from wandering and to become settlers in the prosperous valley. The Bangash resistance was gradually overpowered and the Turis became the master tribe in the Kurram. Certain of the Bangash embraced the Shiah faith and were allowed to retain their lands, but the remainder were forced to quit the pleasant uplands and take up their abode lower down the valley or on the plains in the direction of Kohat.

Again in the passage of years it came to the turn of the Turis to have their reign of ease in the valley rudely disturbed by the interference and domination of the Amirs from Kabul, although it was not until 1850 that the Afghans actually established a governor with a strong garrison in Kurram, having been content in previous years to extort revenue by periodical military expeditions into the valley. With the Afghan occupation the persecution of the Turis began in earnest, and whilst they were not evicted from their lands, they were subjected to every indignity and taxed almost to destitution. The fact that their rulers were "Sunnis" and that their neighbours on every

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side were also orthodox Mohammedans whilst they themselves were of the alternative "Shiah" persuasion of the religion put them into an unenviable position of isolation, which, however, they were quite able to maintain until a serious religious split occurred in their own community. In about 1820 one of the big Turi leaders quarrelled with his spiritual advisers—the old Sayyads—and invited into Kurram certain Sayyads from Tirah. Hence arose the two factions "*Drewandi*" (the old) and "Mian Murid" (the new), which ever since have been a cause of division, suspicion, jealousy and bitterness in the valley, and sapped the solidarity of the tribe.

The circumstances which led up to the Turis eventually asking the British to set up an administration for them in their valley will become evident in the course of this article.

First contact with British.

Although as a tribe the Turis have never fought against us, they were in the habit of raiding extensively into the Kohat district during the early days of the British annexation. To quote an old official record: "they had repeatedly leagued with other tribes to harass the Miranzai Valley, harbouring fugitives, encouraging all to resist, and frequently attacking Bangash and Khattak villages."

It appears that a detachment of the 1st Punjab Cavalry—a regiment whose identity is now preserved in The P.A.V.O. Cavalry—was the first body of troops under British command to come into contact with a gang of marauding Turis. This event occurred in August, 1853, when Captain J. Coke with 45 sabres of that regiment set off from Bahadur Khel in pursuit of a large Turi caravan. I am unable to trace details of the incident beyond the fact that after a chase of 40 miles the cavalry came up with the caravan, and a small action ensued in which one Turi was killed and another wounded, after which no further resistance was offered and 37 Turis capitulated with all their possessions.

The men were kept as hostages and their goods taken as security for the repayment of the value of the loot they had plundered.

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From these bare facts one is entitled to draw certain conclusions. First, that, as it is not more than 32 miles from Bahadur Khel to Thal by the shortest cross-country track, the cavalry must have overtaken the Turis somewhere in the vicinity of Thal, and anyhow before they had regained their own tribal border; secondly, that, considering the gang numbered almost as many as their pursuers, they put up a very half-hearted resistance and the incident thus affords an example of Lumsden's dictum that "all hillmen have an instinctive dread of cavalry and give this arm a position in their calculations which would not always be borne out by the effect produced"; and thirdly, that it was a very fine exploit by the 1st Punjab Cavalry detachment particularly when the August heat and the natural difficulties of the country between Bahadur Khel and Thal are considered.

As a result of this action two months later, in October, 1853, a deputation from the Turis approached the Deputy-Commissioner of Kohat and an agreement was made whereby the 37 prisoners were released and the Turis promised to desist from future raiding, made amends for the loot they had taken and gave five men to remain as hostages for the good behaviour of the tribe.

In the Pathan free-booting democracies, unanimity is difficult to obtain; it is therefore quite in accord with the experience of our dealings with frontier tribes to find that the word of the deputation was repudiated by the action of other elements of the tribe less inclined to forfeit the custom of raiding inherited from their ancestors for generations. Accordingly within six months a "*lashkar*" of no less than 2,000 horse and foot set off from Kurram to pillage and loot the Miranzai Valley, embued with a spirit of vindictive enthusiasm which definitely gave the lie to the desire for compromise evinced by the tribal deputation in Kohat.

In consequence of this serious breach of the agreement the five hostages were committed to Lahore Gaol. No improvement however in the behaviour of the Turis manifested itself and depredatory raids by gangs from the tribe continued to harass our border to such an extent that representations were made to

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Kabul to restrain the unlawful ardour of the Amir's subjects in Kurram.

The independent spirit of its tribesmen has defeated the intentions of the Kabul administration on many occasions, and in this case its control proved to be ineffectual. So much so was this admittedly the case that the Afghan Government agreed to allow a British force to enter the Kurram for the express purpose of chastising the Turis and negotiating with them in the heart of their country for a settlement which would secure our borders from further disturbance by them.

Brigadier N. B. Chamberlain's Expedition, 1856.

Accordingly on the 8th November, 1856, a force under the command of Brigadier N. B. Chamberlain consisting of a detachment of the 1st Punjab Cavalry, the 4th Punjab Cavalry, six infantry regiments, a company of Sapper and Miners, some Khattak levies and 14 guns of field artillery marched from Thal, leaving 600 men in an entrenched position there with the surplus baggage and sick details.

Before this formidable force entered the Kurram no Englishman had set foot within its boundaries, though I make this assertion only in default of any historical record to the contrary in the books and documents at my disposal.

The column was met by representatives of the Kabul authorities and the principal Turi and Bangash tribal leaders or "*maliks*," and, throughout the march to the camp on the south bank of the Kurram opposite Ahmadzai, where negotiations were to be conducted, no hostile demonstration was noticed, nor, a fact which is more remarkable, was there any sniping at night, possibly as a result of a warning given by the Brigadier to the headmen that "he would not submit to the indignity of being annoyed at night, and that if his picquets were fired into, every village in the neighbourhood of the camp would be destroyed."

The march was completed in four stages: (1) From Thal to 10 miles up the Kurram; possibly the site of the camp was at Ahmadi Shama about 11 miles from Thal where subsequently the Afghans built a post and where Roberts made his first camp on his advance in 1878. (2) From that place to Hazir Pir, 15

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miles. (3) From Hazir Pir to the mouth of the Darwazgai Pass, in the vicinity of Lakka Tigga, 11 miles. (4) From Lakka Tigga to Ahmadzai, 12 miles.

It is interesting to note that "a road had to be made for the passage of the artillery" up the Darwazgai Pass. As this feat was performed in a day and before sunset, by which time all the guns had arrived in camp, I think it is obvious that the historian would have been more correct to say that "a 'way' had to be 'cleared' for the passage of the artillery." Even so, great difficulty was experienced in getting the guns through, two axles broke and a complete infantry regiment was added to the large working parties to assist the artillery in the arduous work of getting the guns through.

The force halted in camp for 12 days at Ahmadzai during which time negotiations were carried out with the Turis in the most amicable manner and with the most successful and lasting results, in-as-much as subsequently the tribe has never molested our border nor shown any feelings but those of the greatest friendship and hospitality towards us. The good impression created by Brigadier Chamberlain's force and the excellent diplomacy of Captain B. Henderson, the Deputy-Commissioner of Kohat, who conducted the political conversations, undoubtedly laid the foundation stone of the thoroughly good understanding which has existed between ourselves and the Turis ever since. The remarkable success of their mission has not, I think, received the credit and historical record it deserves in the annals of frontier achievement: the column moved up anticipating resistance, and it is known that the Turis intended to oppose the advance; bad diplomacy, ill-considered military action or laxity of discipline among the troops might have sown the seed of lasting distrust, bitterness and enmity, but owing to the excellence of the military and political arrangements the opposite results were obtained, and a faith in British capacity and integrity was established which has produced a record of constant loyalty and friendship such as few, if any, tribe on the frontier can boast.

With an escort of 200 cavalry and accompanied by the leading "*maliks*" of Peiwar, a reconnaissance was made of the

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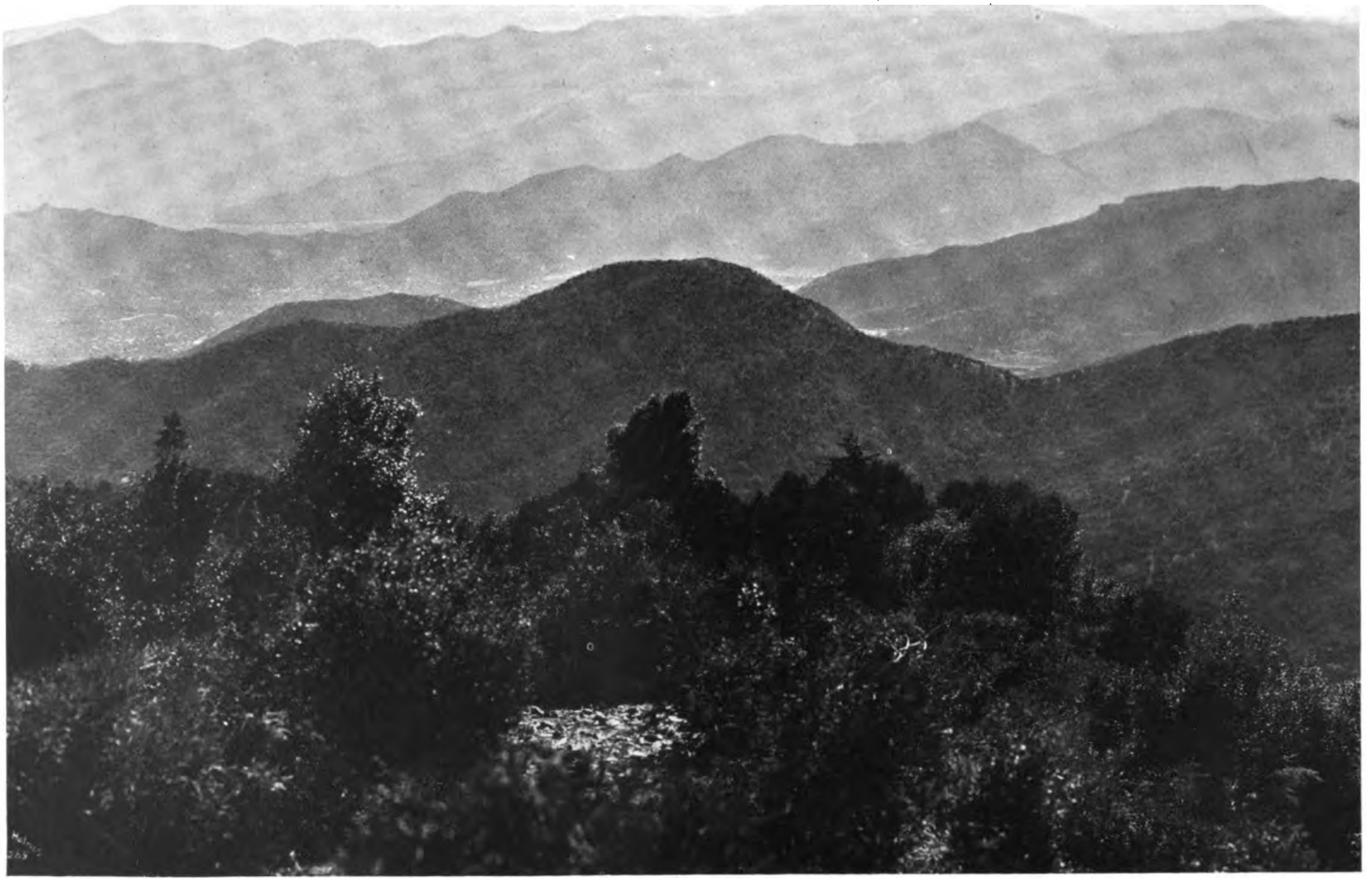

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THE PEIWAR RIDGES.
From the lower slopes of Sikaram towards Mandher.

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THE SPIN GAWI.

The Pass by which Lumsden left Kurram in 1857, and where Roberts made his famous flank attack at the Battle of Peiwar on 2nd December, 1878.

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Peiwar Pass on the 21st November. The party, which consisted of the Brigadier and Captain Henderson with a few officers to make observations, left Ahmadzai at 3 a.m., and having ridden over the Peiwar Pass and for half an hour down the other side, where they halted to make maps and sketches, returned by the route they had taken and got back to camp at sunset.

Hence, to the Punjab Cavalry falls the distinction of being the first troops to traverse the subsequently famous Peiwar Kotal.

On the 23rd November the force began its march back to Thal moving by the river route instead of the Darwazgai, and reached that place without incident on the 28th November.

Lumsden in Kurram, 1857.

In March of the following year (1857) the Mission under Lumsden went to Kandahar by the Kurram with a small detachment of Guides cavalry and infantry as its personal escort. "At Thul-Biland-Khel on the border of Afghanistan" (Thal) the Mission was met by the Deputy-Governor of Kurram escorted by two or three hundred horsemen and two companies of infantry. The passage through Kurram was uneventful, but on leaving its boundaries by the "Speen Gowie" Pass instead of the "Peiwar," which had been blocked by the Jagis so effectively that the obstacles could not be removed in time to make that route accessible, the Mission experienced some excitement, which can be best described by the following extracts from Lumsden's diary:

> "March 29th. Ali Khel.—For reasons already given in my diary of the 27th, we took the Speen Gowie route in preference to the Peiwar, sending on two companies of infantry and two mountain train guns at 2 a.m. to secure the Kotul. . . . From Goondie Khel (a Tooree village) there is a regular ascent to the top of the kotul, in many respects preferable as a military road to the Peiwar kotul, as it has no regular zigzags to obstruct the passage of artillery and baggage. It passes the range a little higher

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up the spur than the Peiwar, and joins that road at Zubur-dust Killa. . . . A few hours later at Ali Khel some thousand men, armed to the teeth, with dishevelled hair, drums and drawn knives, came round camp, evidently in a most excited state, and showed such unmistakable signs of ill-will, that Nawab Foujdar Khan (a man not to be easily moved by demonstration) sent down to my guard of 'Guides' to know if they were accoutred. The party, however, moved on after hanging about camp for some time, and we had a quiet night. . . . We were roused at 4 a.m. by bugle call but just as our cattle were being laden the Naib came with a very long face and the pleasing intelligence that Heaven knows how many Khels had occupied the strong ground two miles ahead, and that the country behind us was anything but safe. . . . The Naib sent on some of the Ali Khel Mullicks to arrange matters, while he himself went more devotedly to his prayers than we have yet seen him. Time wore on, and the Ali Khel mission produced no beneficial results, but bodies of Jagis continued to cluster round the camp, whilst distant 'nigaras' (war drums) warned us that more men were gathering. . . . Two mortal hours did we sit in momentary expectation of a rush into camp by the mad mob around us, who were getting more excited every instant, and screaming out yells of derision at the Sirdar's regular troops. In the midst of strangers it was refreshing to see the Mooltanee sowars calmingly clustering round their chief, and the small bunch of 'Guides,' rifle in hand, looking as confident as if they had a brigade at their backs. Such moments bring out men's characters. . . . Suddenly as if by magic the yells of the Jagis ceased, and in half an hour the Naib returned and told us all would be well if we moved off at once, as he had made arrangements sworn on the Koran for our safe passage; but from his evident hurry to get us out of the place, anyone could see that he placed no great confidence in Jagi oaths, while their unwillingness to retire made it equally plain that they reciprocated the compliment. We moved out in fighting order, cavalry in front, a company

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with guns immediately behind them, then the baggage followed by a rearguard of infantry. Naib Ghulam Jan subsequently informed us in camp that at his interview with the Jagi Mullicks, the cry was not against us, but their district officer, and that he the Naib, had sworn on the Koran to give them justice on his way back to the Kurram, and from the bearing of the men we saw on the march it was evident that their dislike was more to our escort than to us. . . ."

Three things seem worthy of particular note in this short extract. First, the suggestion that the "Speen" (now "Spin") Gawi is preferable to the Peiwar for the alignment of a road. Secondly, the attitude of the Jagis, which is a good instance of the chasm between the will of the Kabul Government and its capacity to enforce it in the face of the whimsical independence of its tribesmen—a factor which is of first importance to remember in considering any question in relation to Afghanistan. And thirdly, the phonetic spelling of names. Whilst the modern method is doubtless more erudite for grammarians it leads those uninitiated in its mysteries into a maze of utter confusion and ensures the incorrect pronounciation of the names of places and people throughout the whole world. For instance, there can be no mistake about the pronounciation of "Speen," "Thul," "Tooree," "Hubeeb," "Bunoo," and "Hungoo," but how can anyone uninstructed in the local linguistic rules be expected to get this pronounciation from the modern spelling "Spin," "Thal," "Turi," "Habib," "Bannu," and "Hangu." In changing what our grandfathers considered adequate it seems that we have shown a capacity for pedagogy more than for common sense.

The Turi Petition of 1860.

After Lumsden's short appearance on the scene in Kurram, the British played no part on that stage for 21 years. The curtain was drawn at Thal and behind it went on the story of Turi persecution and exploitation without our official observance or interference until 1878. Yet the foundation of our friendship with the Turis had been laid, and the following

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petition, though it fell on deaf ears, pictures the situation in Kurram and foreshadows events which were to take place many years later.

"Greeting.—May ye ever prosper! We and the whole Turi race greet you; graciously accept our greetings and good wishes! O Englishmen! We appeal to you in God's name. By the Duranis* have we been ruined and reduced to the last extreme of Distress. They plunder us without restraint. With sighs and tears we appeal to you to free us from these oppressors and from these disturbers of our peace! Dishonour and insult have been heaped upon us. Durani rule we loathe. For British rule we yearn.

"Sirs—Be aware we Turis now number Twenty Thousand Households: some Six Thousand will be left. Daily are our rulers diminishing our number.

"Sirs—Kurram is a well-favoured and fertile country. If we are exterminated it will surely be a source of regret to you. Take then this valley under your protection. Move but a single step forward and you will free us from the burden of Durani rule. If ye refuse to aid us, rest assured that at the last great day of Judgment we will seize the skirts of your garments and accuse you before God Himself. Ye are just rulers, ye have been made aware of the oppression we endure. If, therefore, ye do not respond to this appeal, nought is left to us but to trust in God and wait with patience His decrees. We shall not be held accountable at the last; for we have done all that lay within our power to obtain aid and redress. And so again we greet you!

"Know each day do three men unjustly suffer death at the hands of our rulers. No attention is paid by those in authority over them to our complaints. Aye, even our daughters are daily torn from us and married by force, but no regard is paid to our prayers for redress. We have hereby brought this to your knowledge. A tall man with a silk turban will deliver you this our Petition. His name is Sayyid Mahommed Hussein. Treat him kindly. He is

*Durani was the family name of the ruling house in Afghanistan.

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an exile in your country from Durani oppression. Once he was Chief of many Turis. Now he is a Wanderer from door to door, though by birth he is well-born. Thou art a Lord of Mercy: thou canst also feel compassion for others and show kindness."

Addressed by the Headmen of the Turi tribe to the Deputy-Commissioner, Kohat. Dated 2nd March, 1860.

The Second Afghan War, 1878.

The ultimatum which prefaced the outbreak of the Second Afghan War expired on the 20th November, 1878, and, on the following day a squadron of the 10th Hussars and the 12th Bengal Cavalry Regiment were loosed across the border at Thal to attempt the capture of details of the Regular Afghan Army, which had been garrisoning the various Afghan posts in Kurram. Unfortunately the Amir's troops had got wind of their danger and slipped away with a good start, so that the cavalry never came up with them. The advance of the Kurram Field Force under Roberts followed without deviation the route taken by Chamberlain in 1856, and camped at the same places, except that at Ahmadzai Roberts occupied the Afghans' fort, which they had just left in confusion. The march was uneventful. Headquarters escorted by the 12th Bengal Cavalry and a squadron of the 10th Hussars moved in advance and reached Ahmadzai on the 26th November. Having inspected the fort Roberts set off immediately with two squadrons of the Bengal Cavalry across the 12 miles of stony and nullah-checkered wilderness, which comprises the plain of Upper Kurram, to reconnoitre the Peiwar district. They saw the Afghans retiring and heard many rumours of their disorder from local inhabitants, but, though Colonel Hugh Gough wanted to attack, Roberts restrained him, and they returned to camp, having had a long day, since they marched 12 miles from Lakka Tigga before starting on the reconnaissance.

It is not within the scope of this paper to describe the infantry actions from the 28th November to the 2nd of December which resulted in the capture of the Peiwar Kotal. Suffice it to say that the final attack eventuated successfully on the 2nd

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December, when Roberts with 2,263 rank and file and eight guns made his famous flank attack, and after a night march full of incident by way of the Spin Gawi, carried the Afghan barricades with the Seaforths and 5th Gurkhas, whilst Cobbe's brigade of 1,051 rank and file and five guns, after varying fortune and General Cobbe being wounded, attacked and won the Peiwar Kotal, and 500 Turis worried the Afghan right, under command of Major Palmer of the 9th Bengal Cavalry who was thus distinguished as the first British officer to command a Turi force. There is no account of the manner in which the Turi acquitted himself in this attack; his methods and conduct were probably typically tribal, but when the time for looting came history records that he was "facile princeps" to the envy and chagrin of the more disciplined troops.

A squadron of the 12th Bengal Cavalry was called upon at a critical moment of the day and rose to the occasion in a most admirable manner. The incident is not given the prominence it deserves in some accounts and I will therefore quote it at length from Colquhoun's "With the Kurram Field Force."

> "The 12th Bengal Cavalry, under Captain Green, were drawn up out of range in front of the camp, which was now only occupied by the men left behind by each regiment, and a party of the cavalry, the camp being left in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Macrair, of the 12th Bengal Cavalry. Colonel Hugh Gough, C.B., V.C., who commanded this regiment, was acting Brigadier of the cavalry of the force, and, by the General's orders, he was to remain with General Cobbe, as the only possibility of employing cavalry on this day might be after the capture of the Kotal. . . . about 10 o'clock there was a movement on the part of the Afghans who were on the north side of the 'one-gun' spur, as if they meant to cross the road leading up to the Kotal to attack the skirmishing line of the 2/8 (King's) in rear. It was necessary to guard against this, so a squadron of the 12th Bengal Cavalry was ordered up.
>
> "It was a dangerous task to cross the valley under full fire of the enemy's batteries, and to ride into a stony ravine exposed to the flank fire of the sharpshooters in the woods,

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but the movement made at speed was successful, and had the desired effect; the enemy retreated up the hill again, and seeing that they could not venture into the defile without the chance of being cut up by the cavalry, they never repeated the experiment.

"As the cavalry could not scale the hill, there was nothing for them to do but to retire, which they did at a gentle trot, so as to avoid any appearance of being driven off.

"With a braver and more determined enemy it would have been a hazardous experiment to launch cavalry soldiers into a 'cul-de-sac' over stony ground up a road enfiladed by artillery and flanked by sharpshooters, but it was necessary at all hazards to keep the enemy at a distance from the flank of the line, and in this the movement was perfectly successful.

"It speaks much for the discipline of the regiment, that it should have retired under the conditions described, as if on parade, the dressing and pace being carefully kept. Of course it might have been desirable to ride over the commanded ground at the same speed at which the advance was made, with the object of getting as quickly out of the fire zone as possible, but no doubt the cool way in which the return was effected had something to say to the fact that the road up the valley was not again attempted. The movement was made with scarcely any loss, only one man being wounded and one horse killed on the return journey."

This description calls for no amplification. When one contemplates the scene now, it seems a remarkable performance which this squadron achieved, but it would be interesting to know exactly how far they ventured into the narrow valley before turning.

Subsequently, after the Kotal had been carried, the whole of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hugh Gough, moved up to the top of the pass and followed up the Afghan retreat down the Peiwar glen for 2½ miles. However, they did not overtake any of the flying Afghans alive, and as there seemed no prospect of doing so, they were ordered

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back, and went down the pass again to spend the night in the old camp.

The cavalry were not concerned with events which ensued in the Peiwar area, except that in order to protect the troops at the Kotal from any sudden surprise or attack from the direction of Haryiob the village of Zabbardast Killa was garrisoned by 100 sabres of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, and a detachment from the 2nd Punjab Infantry.

Expedition into Khost, 1879.

Roberts' first object was achieved when the Afghans had been driven out of the Kurram, and the Peiwar had been brought under effective control, and he was therefore able to turn his attention to an expedition into Khost to investigate the resources of that province in men and supplies and to ascertain how much his communications were threatened by the inhabitants. With this view he concentrated a column at Hazir Pir, and by the 2nd January, 1879, all was ready for the expedition to start, and they left for a march of 15 miles to Dhanni using a track along the south bank of the big nullah which is marked on the modern map as the Jagi Maidan River, and is the most direct route from Hazir Pir to Dhanni. The advance was led by the squadron of the 10th Hussars with flanking parties of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, and the rest of the column consisted of 28th Punjab Native Infantry No. 2 Mountain Battery, Wing 72nd Highlanders, Baggage No. 1 Mountain Battery and the 21st Punjab Native Infantry marching in the order named. The second day's march brought them to Bakh, and here they rested on the 4th, whilst surveys were made.

On the 5th the march was continued to the village of Kukie or Yakubi on the southern bank of a river known lower down as Kam Khost, a tributary of the Kaitu, at this season of the year only a foot deep and 10 yards wide. On arrival the General went on to reconnoitre the next day's march. When he had gone about two miles a party of horsemen was seen to be approaching, and realising that this would probably be the Afghan Governor of Matun coming to pay his respects, the

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General returned to camp in case the Governor might think that he had done him the honour of going out to meet him!

The supposition that it was the Governor turned out to be correct, and in the afternoon a formal interview was held in the durbar tent, at which, somewhat contrary to expectation, the Governor promised to make over the fort and all records of the valley as soon as the General should arrive at Matun. Thus the annexation of Khost was effected.

The next morning, the General escorted by the 10th Hussar Squadron led the column to Matun, where the Governor met him, and with a certain amount of formality handed over the fort. At night, however, the whole column was in its own camp about half a mile east of the fort, which was left in charge of the Afghans. At about 7 o'clock in the evening news was brought in that large numbers of Mangals had come down into the valley with hostile intentions, but there were no alarms during the night. On the following day, the 7th, however, the Mangals, subsequently estimated at about 6,000, came forth with seriously aggressive ideas in their heads, which were only dispelled by a day of hard fighting. From dawn it was observed that there were concentrations of tribesmen in and about the villages dotted round the Matun plain, and bodies of them were seen moving from one to another with evident purpose. Roberts waited to see what their general idea was likely to be before taking any action to check it, and this enabled the troops to rest until 1 o'clock, except for a parade at 9 a.m., which was soon dismissed. The Mangals in the meantime were attempting to organize an attack on the camp from all quarters simultaneously; elements from the Zadrans and Wazirs had joined them, and these tribesmen were to attack on the east and southern sides. From their movements Roberts realized their plan long before they could put it into execution, and to frustrate their intentions he sent out the Punjab Cavalry, supported by the 28th Punjab Infantry Regiment, soon after 1 o'clock against the clusters of tribesmen round the villages in the north-west direction. The Mangals thus selected for attack did not like the prospect of a close encounter with the cavalry and without delay began a rapid retreat back to their

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hills in rear, which they unfortunately managed to reach before they were caught. The cavalry however had a gallop.

On the west the action was better sustained and is described by Colquhoun as follows:—

> "The squadron of the 10th Hussars was dismounted, and was ordered to skirmish up a small knoll to the west, out of which they drove the enemy, who placed themselves on another spur of the hill, on which they were gathered in a mass. A squadron of the 5th Punjab Cavalry was sent up this spur, the ascent of which, though at first stony and rough, was not impracticable. Charging as far as they could, the enemy retreated before them, they too, dismounted and opened a brisk fire. The enemy, who had the advantage of ground, retired before this attack, and the troopers of the 5th Punjab Cavalry pressing on, very nearly captured a red standard which marked the position of one of the leaders of the Mangals. The exchange of fire had been going on for about half an hour when the arrival of the 28th Punjab Native Infantry brought a more effective fire on the ridge where the enemy were now collected. The 7-pounder guns came into action below and pitched three shells with precision on to the sky-line of the ridge, where the enemy showed in force. Unaccustomed to artillery fire they gradually disappeared over the reverse side, though still a number of men round a white flag on the highest point of the ridge kept their position for some time, disappearing behind the crest when the puff of smoke showed that the shell was coming, and then, after the explosion, continuing their war-dances and brandishing their knives on the sky-line. The fall of the standard-bearer caused the flight of his companions; and out of the swarm of at least 2,000 Mangals who had occupied this portion of the valley, all had fled beyond the reach of pursuit, which however was not attempted, as nothing could have been gained by following the enemy into the recesses of the mountains."

Meantime, on the north-east front the enemy began to edge in, but they were repulsed by the fire of two guns, and refusing

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to face the bursting shells began streaming back towards the villages in rear and to the south. The want of more cavalry was bitterly felt at this moment as the retiring tribesmen presented a Heaven-sent opportunity for mounted action, and what was even more tantalising was the vision of a long string of our own camels, which had been captured the previous evening while grazing, being led slowly back across the plain towards the hills. But the cavalry were employed elsewhere, so nothing could be done.

Soon after this Roberts, feeling satisfied that the enemy was sufficiently discomfited in every direction except the south, was able to give his attention to that quarter where they were observed to be still mustering in force. The 72nd Highlanders and the 21st Punjab Native Infantry went out to deal with them in this direction, and the General asked for a party of cavalry to be sent to him for offensive action. Colquhoun then continues:—

> "Major J. C. Stewart with 40 sowars was detailed for this duty, and following at an easy pace, he reached the General on the south side of the camp just after the wing of the 21st had commenced their advance in this direction. Reporting his arrival to the General he was ordered to charge and disperse the enemy, who could be seen to the number of about 400 running across the plain on the further side of the river. Before starting, he was informed in reply to his inquiry as to whether he should take any prisoners, that he should confine his attention to dispersing the enemy. Crossing the river-bed, at this place about half a mile wide, he soon caught up the fugitives, and charging among them, about 30 were killed, with the loss to our side of one duffadar. The ground where the enemy was reached happened to be the stony bed of a broad nullah, where owing to large boulders it was difficult for horses to move very quickly, and from this cause more of the enemy got away than otherwise would have happened, or if the 5th Punjab Cavalry had been a Lancer regiment, as many escaped by throwing themselves on the ground flat when the pursuer was near, and were out of reach of the

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tulwar. Following up the enemy for about half a mile on this ground, the open stony bed became commanded by a high bank, which was lined by matchlock men who thus covered the retreat of their comrades into the village behind them on the bank, from which a fire was opened. Major Stewart drew his men out, and fell back out of fire."

Meantime the infantry pressed on, scattering all opposition before them, and burning the villages which had been harbouring the enemy. By the evening when the troops returned to camp, they were able to congratulate themselves that the tribesmen's attack, which looked so serious and menacing when it threatened them in the morning, had been baffled and decisively beaten off with a total loss to our men of 3 killed and 4 wounded, while that of the enemy amounted to about 80 killed and wounded and 80 prisoners.

The result of this day's fighting was most beneficial and satisfactory, serious hostilities were never resumed, and the Mangals only appeared in force once again and then at a respectful distance—on the day when Khost was evacuated.

For the next six days the troops remained at Matun and there is no particular incident of interest to relate, except that on the night of the 8th January there was an alarm in the pitch darkness just before the moon rose, and some of the eighty prisoners attempted to take advantage of the excitement to effect their escape. As they disobeyed the order of the subadar in charge of them, they were fired upon with the result that 14 were killed, 8 wounded and one escaped. When the moon came up the enemy, if there ever had been one, had disappeared, but a friendly '*malik*' who had just left the camp on his pony had been wounded through the shoulder by our fire.

On the 13th January an excursion was made to Dehgan—six miles to the west of Matun. The squadron of the 10th Hussars and three troops of the 5th Punjab Cavalry accompanied the column, as also did the ex-Governor of Khost. The villagers on the way turned out and received the troops in a most friendly manner and no untoward incidents occurred during the night. On the following day the General and his staff escorted by a troop of the 10th Hussars and by a troop of the 5th Punjab

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Cavalry spent a long day in the saddle riding through the villages still further to the West, and everywhere met with a good reception such as might have been expected in a friendly country. The next day the column returned to Matun, where nothing worthy of record occurred until the 20th January, when the cavalry under Colonel Gough were inspected by the General, and "the ground being well adapted to their movements the review was a very satisfactory one." On the same afternoon a Royal Salute was fired in honour of the capture of Kandahar. How little Roberts dreamt then that in August of the following year he would march from Kabul to the relief of that place, and that his name would be linked with it ever afterwards.

In the meantime the survey party and signallers had not been idle, and under escort of a Wazir '*malik*' and his followers, had reached the top of a mountain to the south of Matun called "Lazam," from which communication by helio had been established with Bannu. This enabled a message to be transmitted from the General in Matun to the Viceroy in Calcutta in under two hours, which in those days was a definitely notable achievement.

Roberts now decided to evacuate Khost. He had explored and surveyed the country and taken over control from the Afghans, and he considered that with the few troops at his disposal he could serve no useful purpose by staying there any longer. To retain our control in the province he appointed an Indian official—Shahzada Sultan Jan—governor of Khost, supported by a force of 300 levies, and, as he had local influence, Roberts hoped the experiment would prove to be successful. It was an optimistic idea.

In pursuance of this plan the regular force withdrew to Sabari (or Sabbri) on the 27th January, and a halt was made to enable final surveys to be made in that area, before quitting Khost by the route which is now shown on the maps as Zarakai Kamar Mela.

The newly installed governor of Khost did not survive for 48 hours the enjoyment of his appointment. At 10 o'clock at night on the 28th January the General received an urgent message from Matun to say that the Mangals had risen again

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and that the governor and all his supporters were in imminent danger of destruction by them. Roberts decided at once to relieve them and leave the preservation of Khost to the devices of its own inhabitants. Early next morning therefore he returned to Matun—a distance of 12 miles—with the 10th Hussars squadron and the Punjab Cavalry, the 72nd Highlanders wing, the 28th Punjab Infantry and a Mountain Battery The reports of the previous night were obviously not overstated. Hordes of Mangals could be seen collecting in the villages and their demeanour was becoming more and more aggressive. Roberts came to the conclusion that it would be folly to get involved with these masses of tribesmen, and he therefore gave the order to destroy everything which could not be carried away on the available animals and for the retirement to begin as soon as the transport was ready and the destruction of the surplus stores had been carried out. The retirement started at 12 o'clock and was covered by the cavalry in a neat action, which is described by Colquhoun as follows :—

> "The 28th Punjab Native Infantry and the Mountain Battery moved off, while the cavalry trotted out and took up a position about a mile from the enemy. The squadron of the 10th Hussars, under Captain Bulkeley, was thrown forward in skirmishing order, about 600 yards in front of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, and a few of the marksmen were dismounted, to try the effect of the Martini-Henry carbines on the mass of the enemy.
>
> "When the Mangals saw this slight screen of cavalry in their front they began to skirmish forward in regular order, obeying the directions of their leaders, some of whom were mounted, and as they advanced into the range of the carbine fire, they were greeted with a few shots. One of these was lucky enough to knock over one of the mounted leaders, who had made himself conspicuous on his white horse against the dark background of the men. Every bullet must have told, aimed at the dense mass of the enemy, and, had the firing been continuous and the whole squadron on foot, their loss would have been much greater. The fall of the Mangal chief arrested the forward movement, and great was their

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astonishment, when they recovered from their surprise, to see the cavalry skirmishers turn about and trot off.

"This movement was interpreted by the leaders into a wish on our part to entice them into the open country, where our cavalry might ride through them, and they were not willing to face this prospect, so their temporary halt became a longer one, while they tried to fathom our tactics. These were simple enough, but in their very simplicity they were too deep for the Mangals.

"The infantry and artillery, marching off about noon, had by half-past twelve increased their distance from the enemy to over three miles and a-half. With this start, and the probability that the Mangals would not follow very far into the open valley, there was no object in keeping the cavalry too far detached, so, soon after the Hussars had got the range of their opponents, they were ordered to cease firing and retire. This movement was effected by alternate squadrons, as on a parade, and gradually the distance between the Mangals and the cavalry increased. At last the enemy made up their minds that we did not intend to fight, and, as the retiring squadrons were vanishing out of sight, with one accord they swarmed into the empty entrenchments and the fort.

"The rescuers and the rescued reached camp about 5 o'clock, having done a good day's work, and marched over 24 miles."

On the following day (the 30th January) the evacuation of Khost was completed. The troops marched at 8 a.m. from Sabari and arrived at Baghzai, a village on the south bank of the Kurram river opposite Alizai, at 4 p.m. Roberts himself, escorted by a troop of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, left camp at 9 a.m., and taking a more direct route to Hazir Pir reached there by 1 p.m.

Thus within a month we took over and gave up Khost. Had we retained it the ugly salient in our frontier would have been filled. Imagination may lead one astray, but one is tempted to believe that the last 50 years of Frontier history would be very

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much pleasanter reading than it is if this fertile valley had remained in our possession.

Major Cavagnari in Kurram, 1879.

Until the 26th May when the treaty of Gandamak was signed, Roberts' force was not employed in any active operations. Preparations were, however, made for the possible advance on Kabul in February and March, but the peace overtures had appeared to put this advance beyond the realms of immediate possibilities.

On the 15th July Major Cavagnari, who had been appointed "Envoy and Plenipotentiary to His Highness the Amir of Kabul," arrived in Kurram with his Mission and a bodyguard of 25 Cavalry and 50 Infantry of The Guides. General Roberts with about 50 officers and a force composed of a squadron of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, the 5th Gurkhas and two companies each from three British regiments and four guns, accompanied the ill-fated mission as far as the Shutargardan Pass. In his book "Forty-one Years in India" Roberts describes this episode fully and gives much prominence to his own gloomy forebodings of the task being undertaken by Cavagnari.

Kabul Field Force.

For the next six weeks the troops in Kurram carried out their ordinary garrison duties without incident and Roberts was recalled to Simla, when, like a bombshell, came the news that the Mission had been massacred. It was immediately decided to send a force to Kabul, and as the troops in Kurram were the most ready and easily available, Roberts was sent back to resume his command with instructions to organize the Kabul Field Force. The massacre had taken place on the 5th September and by the 1st October the Kabul Field Force had assembled in the Logar Valley, after leaving Kurram by the Shutargardan route. The cavalry with this force consisted of one squadron of the 9th Lancers, the 5th Punjab Cavalry and the 12th Bengal Cavalry.

The march from Kurram to Kabul was in Roberts' own opinion a greater achievement than his world-famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. To quote his own words: "It surprised me very much to find that the kind people, by whom I was

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so greatly honoured, invariably appeared to think the march from Kabul to Kandahar was a much greater performance than the advance to Kabul the previous autumn, while, to my mind, the latter operation was in every particular more difficult, more dangerous, and placed upon me as commander infinitely more responsibility." (Forty-one Years in India," chapter lxiii.)

The passing of those cavalry regiments out of the Kurram across the Peiwar Kotal with the Kabul Field Force is the last vision of cavalry in the Upper Kurram worthy of remembrance. Since then only small detachments have ever come beyond Sadda.

The Punjab Chiefs' Contingent, 1879.

Meantime on the lines of communication a number of regular troops had been relieved by troops furnished by several of the Punjab States. The following extracts taken from the account of the Contingents' services written by Major W. Anderson, the Assistant Adjutant-General, will describe the part they played in the Kurram:—

> "The Nabha and Farid Koti Contingents arrived at Thull on the 19th February, the Patialla Contingent on the 23rd February and the Nahun troops on the 6th March. On arrival of the Contingents at Thull they occupied the posts of Raizan, Hangu, Mozum Talao, Sarozai, Gundiour on the Thull and Kohat road; Kapyunga, Ahmed-i-Shama and Jallamai on the right bank of the Kurram river, and relieved the regular troops of the arduous and wearisome duty of escorting convoys from Thull to Kurram and back.
>
> "On the 17th March the Nabha Contingent (3 guns, 207 Cavalry and 457 Infantry) marched for Badesh Kheyl (now known as Balesh Khel, a village a mile N.W. of Sadda) where it arrived on the 19th, and soon after entrenched their camp. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief inspected the Contingent on the 20th March.
>
> "On the 11th April the Patialla Contingent, consisting of 2 guns, 150 Cavalry and 417 Infantry, marched from Thull to Kurram, where they arrived on the 18th.
>
> "From the 17th March the Contingent Troops, besides garrisoning the posts on the Thull and Kohat road, and

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those on the right bank of the Kurram river, occupied the posts of Chappri, Manduri, Alizai, Shinnak, and Wali Mahommed Killa, on the left bank of the Kurram river, thus keeping open over ninety miles of General Roberts' lines of communication—a duty which they performed most creditably.

"On the 6th May two men of the Patialla Contingent, armed with only swords, were attacked by 15 Zaimukts, overpowered and murdered, four and a-half miles from Thull, on the Chappri side of the Kafir Kotal.

"Peace with the Amir of Cabul having been proclaimed, the Contingents were ordered back to their States.

"The alkars of the Nabha Contingent were unbounded in their hospitality to all officers proceeding up and down the road. The mess-tent under the chunar tree at the Nabha camp at Badesh Kheyl ought to be remembered by many a weary, hungry and thirsty traveller. The Patialla alkars gave a picnic at Shaluzan to all officers of the Kurram Valley. The entertainment was a great success."

Campaign against the Zaimukts, 1879.

This tribe lives in the hills between Sadda and Thal north of the Kurram river, with a few villages on the river bank within Kurram limits. Owing to the hostile attitude of the tribe and a long series of offences against our line of communications in Kurram, culminating in the wanton murder of Lieutenant F. B. Kinloch of the 5th Bengal Cavalry between Chapri and Manduri on the 29th September, 1879, it was decided to make a punitive expedition against them. Before the commencement of operations against them a "lashkar" of about one thousand tribesmen collected in the vicinity of Chapri post, mid-way between Thal and Manduri, and a minor action ensued, in which the garrison of the post, consisting of a Risaldar and eighteen men of the 18th Bengal Cavalry, succeeded in driving off the attackers, who left thirteen dead behind them, whilst the cavalry only had three sowars wounded. This was a most gallant defence, and it must be remembered that at that time the "post"

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was merely a walled encampment and not the stone-built fortress that it now is.

The campaign proper, however, has only a claim to be mentioned in this article from the fact that elements of three cavalry regiments, the 1st Bengal Cavalry, the 13th Bengal Lancers and the 18th Bengal Cavalry marched into Kurram with the force as far as Balesh Khel (the same place referred to as Badesh Kheyl in the account of the Punjab Chiefs' Contingents), and thence entered the Zaimukt country. The column, commanded by Brigadier-General Tytler, left Kurram on the 8th December by way of the camel-track from Durani Village, and by the 23rd December it had got back to Thal after passing through the heart of the Zaimukt territory. So effectually did it carry out its purpose that to this day the Zaimukts have given scarcely any trouble at all.

The Evacuation of the Kurram, 1880.

At the conclusion of the Second Afghan War the Kurram was declared to be independent, and the inhabitants were left to govern themselves. The efforts of the tribesmen to establish Home Rule were disastrous and within a year perfect pandemonium reigned in the valley. They fought their neighbours and they fought each other and endangered their very existence. Twice, in 1885 and again in 1887, Commissioners were sent up to try and adjust their external and internal complications, but no lasting benefit resulted. The religious dissentions and family jealousies were undoubtedly fostered by clever intrigue from outside, and culminated in the perpetrations of a Zaimukt named "Chikkai" who played havoc in Kurram, siding first with one faction, then with another, so successfully that he finally evicted the Turis from Lower Kurram and instituted himself as Governor. The leading Turis then realized that they must come under the protection of a power which could save their nationality from extinction and accordingly negotiations were opened up with us which in 1892 resulted in the appointment of a resident Commissioner—now designated a Political Agent—supported by a Militia, the functions of which were: (1) to be a frontier guard; (2) to preserve order in the Kurram,

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and (3) to serve as a support to the Turi tribal lashkar. This form of control and administration has proved itself thoroughly suitable to the needs of the tribesmen in Kurram, and since it was established they have been immune from any serious internal trouble or external aggression.

For some time the Political Agent had a bodyguard of regular troops—50 sabres and 200 infantry—but when the tribesmen in the Militia were trained and proved themselves dependable this bodyguard was withdrawn. The arrival of regular troops in the valley on the several occasions when there has been a serious threat against it has put heart into the tribesmen and heightened their self-confidence and prestige, but the general absence of regular troops in the valley has been a tonic to their self-reliance and a clear indication to them that they themselves are primarily responsible for the security of their own border.

The War in Tirah, 1897.

The Kurram was practically undisturbed by the upheavals which shook the frontier in 1897, but in August of that year there were very disquieting rumours that the Orakzais and Chamkannis were likely to make determined attacks on Sadda and Parachinar. Previously a detachment consisting of two squadrons of the 3rd Punjab Cavalry, four companies of the 5th Gurkhas, 250 rifles of the 36th Sikhs and two guns had been sent to Parachinar, and now for their immediate reinforcement a flying column was ordered to be got ready to move, which consisted of the following troops:—

4 guns, No. 2 (Derajat), M.B.R.A.,
18th Bengal Lancers,
2 squadrons, 3rd Punjab Cavalry,
5th Punjab Infantry.

Owing to calls elsewhere and the lack of transport this force did not immediately come up to the valley, but on the 2nd September, on the definite report of a serious intention of the Orakzais to attack Sadda, the 15th Sikhs, under Colonel Abbott with two guns and half a company of Bombay Sappers and Miners, left Thal at 6.45 p.m. and marched all night,

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reaching Sadda at 6.30 the next afternoon—a distance of 34 miles. On the same evening the 18th Bengal Lancers arrived at Sadda having left Thal in the morning. On the previous evening whilst watering at Thal, the 18th Bengal Lancers were fired on and one sowar was killed. The enemy was attacked and pursued promptly by a detachment of the regiment, which succeeding in killing five, wounding one and capturing 14 of the gang—a remarkably good performance.

By the 5th September the remainder of the flying column had reached Sadda, and the whole force went into a perimeter camp situated about half a mile north-east of the present Militia post. On the 16th a gathering of about 2,000 Massuzai Orakzais attacked the camp at night. The engagement lasted from 10.30 p.m. to 1.30 a.m., when the enemy drew off having sustained considerable casualties, and having achieved nothing beyond killing one and wounding ten of our men and several horses. By the 1st October the threat against Sadda appeared to have passed, so the flying column was recalled and broken up. However, later in this month, when Sir William Lockhart issued a warning to the tribes to make their submission to Government the Massuzai Orakzais and Chamkannis replied insolently and attempted to dictate their own terms of peace. This attitude of defiance led to the necessity of invading their territory to enforce them to submission. Two columns were called upon to operate against them, one from Bagh in Tirah and the other from Sadda in Kurram. On the 7th November the Kurram column made a demonstration and a reconnaissance in force through the Khurmana defile. The force was composed of 100 lances mounted and 100 lances dismounted of the Central India Horse, 100 rifles of the 12th Bengal Infantry, 260 of the 5th Gurkha Rifles, 100 rifles of the Karpurthala Infantry and 400 rifles of the Kurram Militia. The Maxim-Gun detachment of the Royal Scots Fusiliers accompanied the column, which was commanded by Colonel W. Hill.

The tribesmen were surprised and made no effort to oppose the advance, but when the withdrawal began the rearguard was harassed, and 35 men of the Karpurthala Infantry were ambushed and killed. The rest of the force returned to camp

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without loss. On the 25th of the month the Massuzai Orakzai sent in their submission, realizing that punishment was near at hand if they did not. The Chamkannis, however, still remained defiant. On the 29th, therefore, the Kurram Column (composed of 200 Sabres, 6th Bengal Cavalry, 220 Lances Central India Horse (50 men of each regiment mounted) 400 rifles 12th Bengal Infantry, 220 rifles 5th Gurkha Rifles and 220 rifles Karpurthala Infantry and the Maxim-Gun detachment Royal Scots Fusiliers) moved through the Khurmana defile again and joined the Bagh Column in Massuzai country, whence they combined in attacking the Chamkannis. In the operations which ensued, and which were entirely successful, the Central India Horse and 6th Bengal Cavalry took a prominent part, both fighting dismounted.

It will be realized from this brief account that in 1897 the Kurram was not really involved, but at first merely threatened and subsequently used as a corridor for passing troops through to deal with the recalcitrant tribes. A fuller description of the exploits of the cavalry regiments engaged cannot therefore come within the scope of this article.

Conclusion.

Since 1897, with the exception of two troops of the 37th Lancers which were at Parachinar in 1919 during the Third Afghan War and took part in a dismounted action at Kharlachi, there appears to have been no cavalry at all in the Kurram. In the Kurram Militia there are two troops of Mounted Infantry, the men of which are proud to call themselves "*risala*," and they alone are left to maintain the high reputation which has been won by the mounted arm in the valley.

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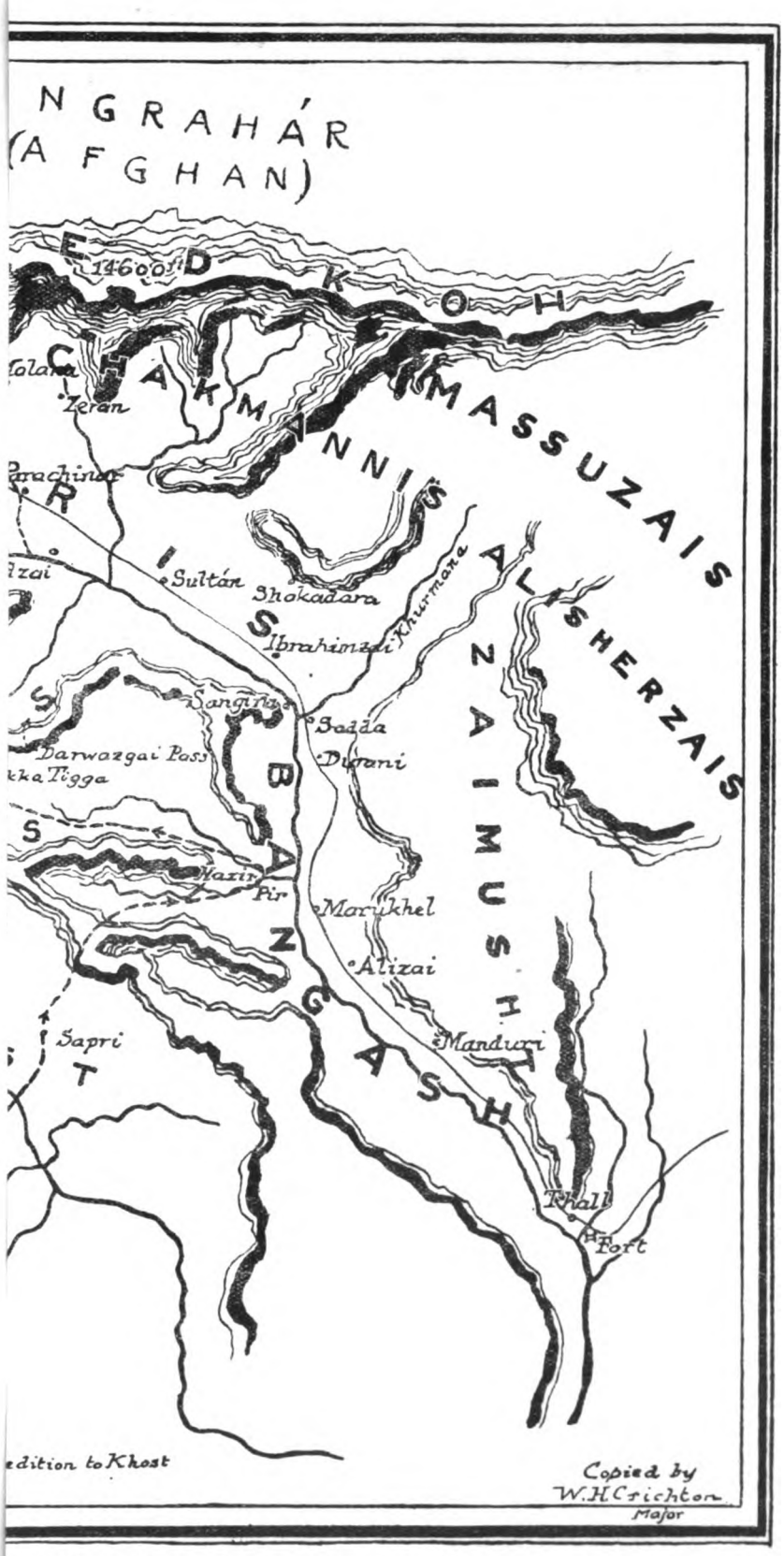

rrounding tribes and Roberts' route to Khost.

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PROPOSED MODIFICATIONS IN THE UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY TROOPER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—

The following essay has been selected for publication from amongst those submitted as a result of a competition in a Cavalry Regiment. The competitors were limited to the Members of the Sgts.' Mess.

The terms of the essay were as follows:—

"During the forthcoming training season, certain changes, already reported by the Press, will be tried out in the uniform and equipment of the British Infantry.

"Discuss whether, in your opinion, any similar changes are advocated for the complete marching order of a cavalry trooper."

While we do not altogether agree with some of the proposals, it is very evident that both the uniform and equipment of the cavalry soldier is unsatisfactory, impractical and out of date. Although reforms are obviously overdue, the financial situation will almost certainly preclude them from ever being carried out for a long time to come.

Criticisms of the proposals are invited from our readers.

DESPITE the very mixed reception accorded the changes in the uniform and equipment of the British Infantryman, it cannot be denied that, in this matter, reform was necessary. The same applies, in even greater degree, to the uniform and equipment of the British Cavalryman, who, for the greater part of a quarter of a century, has been trussed up in innumerable straps, and partially throttled by a stiff, tight collar. Before the introduction of the experimental equipment of the Infantryman, it was always conceded that he carried on his person more weight than the Cavalryman, but it was also realised that the weight was better distributed, that no part of his equipment crossed his chest, and that he could, by one simple movement, throw off the whole of his equipment, thus obtaining full benefit of even the shortest halts. The Cavalryman, on the other hand, had to put on and take off his equipment piecemeal, the bulk of its weight dragged across his chest, and except on long halts, he could get no relief from the discomfort of it.

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Remembering that the load must be lightened, and discomfort reduced to a minimum, without detracting from the smartness or efficiency of the soldier, the following suggestions are offered.

A. Uniform.

Steel Helmet.—A necessary evil, which can only be improved by the substitution of a skull cap lining, for that at present fitted. This would eradicate that feeling of instability, experienced when moving at rapid paces.

Cap S.D.—To be replaced by a Slouch Hat, of the type worn by Australian Troops during the last war. A hat of this type affords protection from both sun and rain and is far more comfortable than the existing type.

Jacket S.D.—Colour and material to remain unchanged, but the jacket to be made with an open turn-down collar, as worn by N.C.Os. of the Royal Air Force. A khaki shirt and collar with black tie to be worn with this jacket.

This has the advantage of being both smarter and more comfortable than the present type of jacket, and the only additional expense involved would be in the provision of the collar and tie. Khaki shirts are already in issue.

Pantaloons.—No change advocated.

Puttees. Boots, Ankle.—Puttees to be abolished. They are uncomfortable, wear out rapidly, afford little protection against heavy rain and are a nightmare in deep mud. They also quickly fray and become unsightly.

These and Boots, Ankle, to be replaced by Boots, Canada Pattern, as worn during the War. These are smarter, longer wearing, afford greater protection against weather and never become unsightly.

Spurs Jack.—The new pattern, with Straps Continuous are satisfactory and no change is advocated.

B. Personal Equipment.

Respirator, Anti-Gas.—Haversack to be fitted with two web straps, about 6″ long, each with brass ring and swivel

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hook at end, instead of sling as at present. See "Method of Carrying."

Bandolier, 90 Rds.—As the Cavalryman has now to carry only 60 Rds. S.A.A. on his person, this can be replaced by two sets of three web pouches worn thus:—

1 1
2 3 2 3

on either side of front of waist belt. Each pouch to hold 10 Rds. S.A.A. For further details see "New Web Equipment."

Haversack.—To be of web of following new dimensions:—

Overall Width	15″
Overall Depth, *i.e.*, top to bottom ...	10″
Overall back to front	4″

Straps and buckles as at present, but to be fitted with four broad tabs at back, two at top and two at bottom, and to include two loose web straps for securing Mackintosh, etc. See "Method of Carrying."

Included in overall width of haversack, a patch pocket to be sewn on either side of body, dimensions as follows:—

Width	2½″
Depth	10″
Back to front	4″

These pockets to be fitted with buttoned flaps and to carry in one, the waterbottle and in the other the Billy Can.

Waterbottle.—To be replaced by one of aluminium, with screw stopper, of size fitting closely into pocket provided on haversack.

Mess Tin.—To be replaced by a Billy Can of aluminium, same dimensions as new pattern waterbottle, but fitted with lid instead of screw stopper. Depth of lid to be 3″. Inside handle on body for suspending can over fire.

C. Miscellaneous Equipment.

Cutters, Wire.—No change, but see "Method of Carrying."

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Sheet, Ground.—To be replaced by a Mackintosh Coat of full length. The Ground Sheet provides very haphazard protection from weather and does not give such protection where most required, *i.e.*, over the wearer's knees and horse's flanks.

Pistol.—See "Method of Carrying."

Monoculars.—See "Method of Carrying."

Compass.—See "Method of Carrying."

D. Additional Personal Equipment, Etc., Advocated.

Leather Jerkin.—To be carried for wear in cold weather when Coats, Warm, will presumably still be carried in Baggage Lorries.

Plate, Dinner, Aluminium.—In conjunction with Billy Can efficiently replaces the Mess Tin.

It is considered that this plate will fit easily into the Haversack and will be found more convenient than the Mess Tin. It is recognised that the present type of Mess Tin was devised for use as a Cooking Pot, Drinking Vessel and Plate combined, but it can safely be assumed that when the soldier is so placed as to be compelled to cook his own meal, he will not be likely to have anything to cook except water for tea. This can be done in the Billy Can. When he has anything to cook, he will be so situated that the cooking will be done by the Troop Cook in Camp Kettles when the Plate will be of more use to the soldier.

E. Method of Carrying.

Steel Helmet.—When not worn, to be strapped over Rifle Bucket, as is Mess Tin at present.

Slouch Hat.—As for Steel Helmet.

Jacket S.D.; Pantaloons; Boots, Canada Pattern; Spurs Jack.—Worn by Man.

Mackintosh.—On front arch when mounted. On top of haversack when dismounted.

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Leather Jerkin.—As for Mackintosh.

Respirator, Anti-Gas.—Slung on back, lying flat against front of haversack, with two web straps passing over shoulders, and swivel hooks engaged in "D"s on front of shoulder braces.

Forward jerk of body will thus sling the Respirator over the head into Alert Position.

Cutters, Wire.—On front arch when mounted. In frog on waist belt when dismounted.

Pistol.—Strapped on right thigh at all times.

Monoculars.—On left shoulder brace, above Ammunition Pouches.

Compass.—On right shoulder brace, above Ammunition Pouches.

Waterbottle.—In pocket of Haversack.

Billy Can.—As for Haversack.

Plate, Aluminium.—In back flap inside Haversack.

F. New Web Equipment. See sketches attached.

To consist of

Waist Belt.—Web with tongueless buckle in front, one tongueless buckle about 4″ either side of centre back line.

2 *Web Braces.*—Each fitted with two tongueless sliding buckles, and two fixed brass "D"s on front, about breast height, to receive swivel hooks on Respirator Haversack.

Frog.—For cutters, wire.

Ammunition Pouches.—Two sets of three as previously described.

Haversack.—As already described.

G. General Remarks.

1. *Method of assembling New Web Equipment.*—Lay Waist Belt out flat, outside uppermost. Take braces, insert one end of one through the left-hand buckle on back of belt, and one end of the other through the right-hand buckle.

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Cross the braces and lay out flat.

Attach haversack to braces by passing the tabs at back through the sliding buckles on braces, so that haversack lies flat over crossed braces, with top approximately at shoulder line height, and bottom just clear of waist line.

Slide Frog for Cutters, Wire, on to belt, so as to lie behind Ammunition Pouches when attached.

Take two sets of Ammunition Pouches and slide one on each end of Waist Belt, front of pouches uppermost.

Insert free ends of shoulder braces through buckles at top of pouches, and down through rings so that free end passes behind pouches, and braces lie flat and *uncrossed* in front. Slip arms through braces and adjust equipment by means of sliding buckles so that it lies comfortably settled above waist line.

Take Respirator, holding it with one swivel hook in each hand, flap of haversack nearest body, and insert one hook in either of the "D"s on front of shoulder braces, and sling haversack over head, so that it lies flat on front of haversack.

N.B.—Monoculars and Compasses, when carried, must be slipped on free ends of shoulder braces before Ammunition Pouches are attached. Cases, Compass and Monocular to be fitted with two loops at back for braces to pass through.

2. The above equipment has been designed to distribute weight as evenly as possible, back and front, and resting on shoulders instead of across chest.

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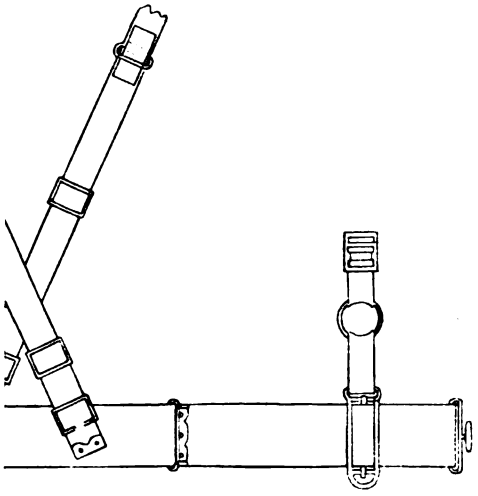
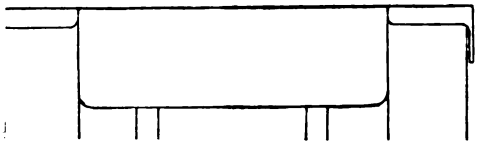


NE SET POUCHES ATTACHED



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A MODERN SHEEP STATION IN SOUTHERN QUEENSLAND

By Major H. C. H. Robertson, D.S.O., *p.s.c.*,
Australian Staff Corps.

Queensland has an area of 670,500 square miles, of which the eastern coastal strip is more or less settled, and devoted to cultivation, mining and mixed farming. The north and west, which include the greater proportion of area, are chiefly held on leases from the Crown as sheep and cattle stations. About two-thirds of Queensland is within the tropics, but owing to the vast area of land and unreliable rainfall the unpleasant humidity experienced almost continually in most tropical countries only visits Central and Western Queensland for small portions of the year. The soil is patchy, but a large amount of it is rich, and when sufficient rain falls growth of all forms of vegetation is abundant. The coastal strip has a very heavy rainfall, rising in places to as much as 180 inches per annum, and droughts are almost unknown. The north and west, however, cannot depend on periodical rain, and the great heat and dryness of atmosphere give a high rate of evaporation which parches the country during dry spells. The dry periods are not, however, without their advantages for the land seems to rest, and, when adequate rain falls, what appeared to be a dry and arid waste is converted into a smiling countryside, with grass knee-deep almost everywhere. Apparently the grass seeds survive through the driest of times and germinate with surprising vigour when given rain.

Sheep and cattle raising have, in the past, been glorious gambles. Given one or two good seasons fortunes have been made, only to be lost if a long dry period set in. The wise man never stocks his property to full carrying capacity, but in a

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very dry period there is not enough feed to keep even the animals on a lightly stocked property alive, and losses are heavy. The areas are large, stock is abundant and cheap, so the owners content themselves during drought with trying to save their breeding animals—the rest must take their chance. There is nearly always some rough picking for the animals, and a small addition of some compact and rich food will keep stock alive for long periods. Shortage of food is admittedly serious, but water is vital. Water is far more bulky to handle than forage, and the consumption per head is much greater. Stock can live with a very reduced ration of forage, but any serious reduction in water plays havoc with them.

Another problem with sheep is the Australian native dog—the dingo. In some districts this animal has become so serious a menace that special measures are needed to counteract it. Poison and trapping are effective, but the best protection is fencing. There are properties in the north and west each of which consists of several million acres, and fencing such areas is out of the question. In any case, they are generally devoted to cattle, so the need does not arise. There are, however, a number of sheep stations with areas of one or two million acres, and something must be done for them.

A further problem in some places is the rabbit, and here again the only satisfactory protection is wire netting fences, with the bottom portion turned underground to check burrowing under the fence. The rabbit appears to be naturally lazy and when he tries to burrrow he starts as close as possible to a fence. It has been found that six inches of wire netting turned just under the ground defeats the rabbit, which, when striking the wire, decides the ground is unsuitable for burrowing and gives up the contest.

The modern station owner has directed most of his attention to removing the gambling feature from his industry, and he has tackled the problems in their order of importance, *i.e.*, water, forage, dingoes, rabbits.

The following description refers to a typical example of a modern sheep station of medium size in Southern Queensland, situated about seven hundred miles west of Brisbane.

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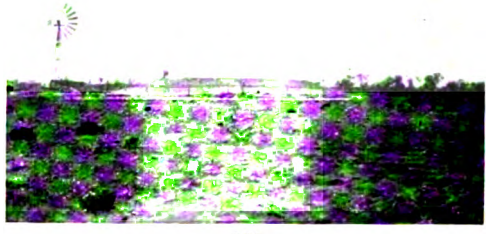
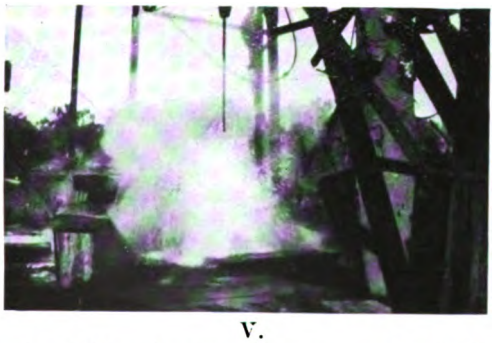
I.
Homestead Pool—11 miles long. Permanent supply.

II.
Pumping water into a 5½ million gallon tank as a reserve for dry weather.

III.
Windmills and galvanized iron storage tanks no longer used.



IV.
Excavated tank replacing galvanized iron.



V.
The drill tapping artesian water at a depth of 5,517 feet. Taken as water first reached surface.

VI.
The completed bore still flowing freely some years later.

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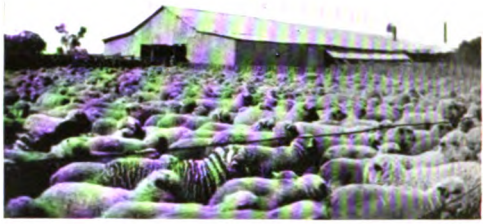
VII.

Sheep feeding on a line of grain dropped from a motor vehicle during drought. Vehicle in background.



VIII.

Merino sheep yarded for shearing. Shearing shed in background. Note rams among the flock.

IX.

The Draught Stallion.

X.

Horse team with load of wool bogged. Bullocks give better results.

XI.

Shorthorn beef cattle.

XII.

"Madam goes driving" in the days before motor cars.

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The leases were first taken up over seventy years ago by a party who trecked northwards from about Goulburn, New South Wales, a distance of over 600 miles, through unexplored country. They brought horses and cattle; bullock wagons were the transport, and it was as a cattle station that the properties were first taken up. The nearest base for supplies was at that time Adelaide, in South Australia, some 600 miles away, and once a year a proportion of the men of the party set out for Adelaide with bullock wagons to market cattle and replenish supplies. The round trip took six months of the year, the remaining six months being devoted to work with the cattle on the property. There were no fences and the extent of the leases was not clearly defined. Cattle roamed at will over a vast area and many were only seen once a year at the mustering.

As Brisbane grew, communications were pushed out westwards from that centre and Brisbane then supplanted Adelaide as the base for supplies.

The site for a homestead had been well selected on a stream with abundant water and grass in good times, but there were not sufficient reserves of either for a prolonged dry spell. The 1902 drought, which devastated most of the east of Australia was, therefore, almost a death-knell to the property. Out of 40,000 cattle mustered before the drought, only 350 could be mustered when it ended.

Succeeding years have seen the property converted into a sheep station, and one year 230,000 sheep were shorn on it. This is not a particularly large number, as the adjoining property has handled nearly three times the number.

The station was made up of a number of different areas held on leases for varying periods of years, and, from time to time, the Queensland Government have had the right of resuming those of which the leases fell due. Apparently, the district is considered a good one, since all portions which could be resumed have, at the present time, been taken by the Government, while many properties in other districts have not been subjected to so much government attention. The area now remaining is a little over a million and a quarter acres (2,000

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square miles) and at the present time it carries 96,000 sheep, 6,000 cattle and 600 horses.

The average annual rainfall on the properties is 12-14 inches rising, in some years, to 24 inches, but sometimes falling as low as 4-5 inches for several successive seasons.

The owners of the leases have tackled their problems on a large scale, and their expenditure on water supply and fencing exceeds £100,000. They have erected some 200 miles of dog and rabbit-proof fencing, enclosing an area of about three quarters of a million acres.

This fence is six feet high, the bottom portion being close mesh for rabbits and the top a large mesh for dogs.

It is on water supply, however, that most of the money has gone. The homestead stands alongside a stream, of which one pool is eleven miles long when full. (See Photo No. 1.) This pool has never been known to dry up completely, but in a severe drought it becomes little better than a muddy bog a few hundred yards long. There is, however, abundant water about the homestead in good times and provision is only required for a reserve for bad times. The method adopted was to dig large excavations near any streams which fill during rain, and run pipes with stop-valves into the excavations. The valves prevent water flowing back when the streams fall. The annual evaporation in the district is seven feet, so to allow for this, the excavations are eighteen to twenty feet deep. These excavations, known as tanks, have been standardized at from 20,000 to 30,000 cubic yards, holding up to five and a half million gallons. (See Photo No. 2.) In addition, dams have been built across the streams at any points where sufficient depth was obtainable to allow for the great evaporation.

The next step was to tap the sub-artesian water which is found at various points at depths varying from a few feet to one thousand feet. This water has to be pumped up by windmills or oil engines, and stored in tanks. Formerly, galvanized iron tanks were used (see Photo No. 3), but owing to the high mineral content of the water they soon corroded, resulting in loss of supplies at important times, and additional expense in replacing the tanks. Excavations have now taken the place of

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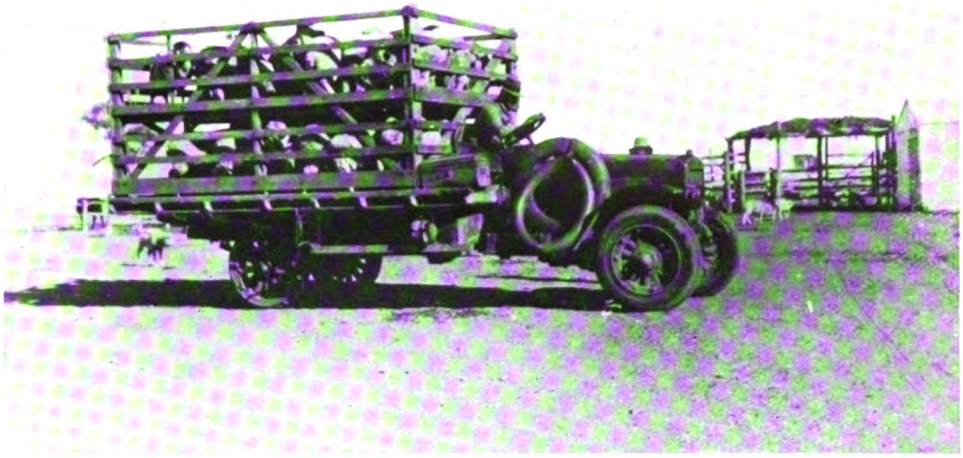
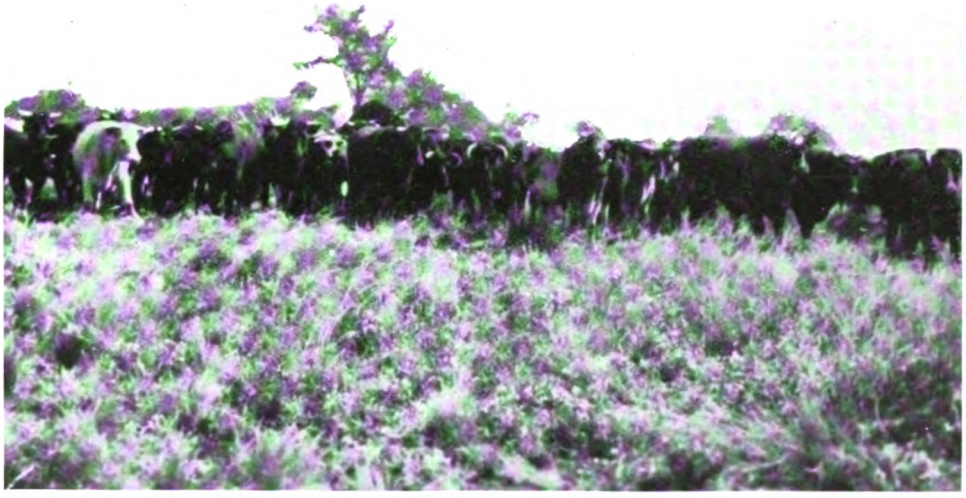


XIII.

Stud rams being moved during drought. 5-ton lorry with 170 sheep.



XIV.

3-year old bullocks fattening for beef. Note the abundant pasture after rain and contrast with other views of the same land after dry spells.

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XV.

Loading wool on to bullock wagons to send to the railway. Each bale weighs 400 lbs.

XVI.

Bullock teams with wool en route to Quilpie Railway Station.

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iron tanks, and have proved a satisfactory and permanent storage. (See Photo No. 4). Evaporation must still be allowed for and considerable depth provided. The windmills and pumps used to lift the sub-artesian water to the tanks can, in turn, be used to pump to the troughs when the level of water in tanks is too low to run by gravitation.

The great achievement in water supply was, however, the tapping of the deep artesian sources which force their way to the surface under pressure once the overlaying strata are pierced. Some £17,000 was expended in sinking a bore to a depth of over a mile before water was struck. The drill was worked 24 hours a day for nearly three years before reaching a depth of 5,517 feet, when water was found. (See Photo No. 5.) A casing and stop-valve were then erected and the water has flowed continuously ever since at a rate of 260,000 gallons a day. It is boiling as it leaves the pipe and the flow is sufficient to carry it fifty-two miles along a drain which runs through the property. When first tapped, the water ran freely from the pipe, but some of the high mineral content has been deposited in the nozzle so that the water now shoots out as from the confined nozzle of a hose. (See Photo No. 6.) The bore is lined with steel casing, the diameter of which varies from 10 inches at the surface to 4 inches at the bottom.

The fodder on the property is principally "Mitchell," "Flinders" and "Blue" grasses, all indigenous, while the leaves from the Mulga tree and a number of edible shrubs provide sustenance in the dry times. During droughts extra feeding is needing, and, for this, grain, which gives greatest nutriment to bulk, is used, although chaff is also fed when available. A method commonly employed is to run grain on to the ground by means of a pipe from a moving motor vehicle. (See Photo No. 7.)

Some 300 to 400 draught horses are needed to work the property, chiefly for tank construction, and a number of lighter types as hacks. All are bred on the property, the number held (600) giving an ample reserve. (See Photo No. 9.) For many years horses were bred for the Indian market but the present

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price on the property (£6 to £8 per head) is unprofitable and little is being done for this market.

The cattle are high quality beef Shorthorns and the sheep fine wool Merinos. (See Photos Nos. 8, 11 and 14.)

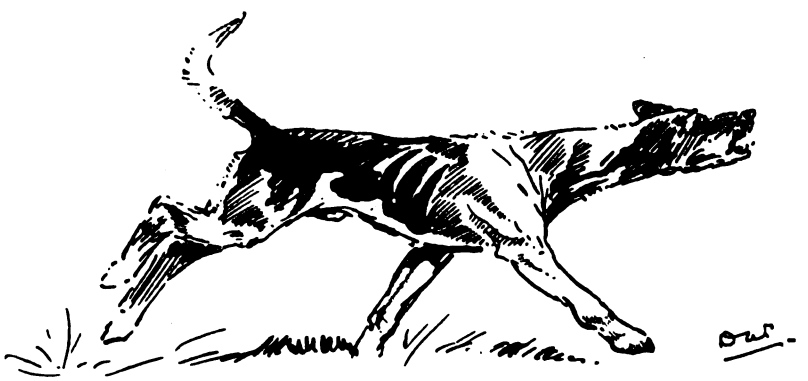
The nearest railway station, Quilpie, is 72 miles from the homestead, and the wool goes to it by motor lorry or bullock wagon. The bullock team is superior to the horse team for this work, although the latter is sometimes employed. (See Photos Nos. 10 and 16.)

The record load of wool on one bullock wagon from this property was 108 bales, weighing 18 tons, and valued at about £2,000, sent to Charleville in 1913 drawn by a team of 32 bullocks. The annual clip gives many such loads.

The soil varies in type, but there are large areas of the famous black soil which, when wet, effectively stops all transport. There are no roads, other than the tracks, which, when beaten down, give an extremely good surface, as long as they have not been traversed when drying by a herd of cattle.

Motor transport is employed at times for moving valuable stud sheep, but it is too costly to be employed on any large scale. About 170 sheep can be loaded on a 5-ton lorry. (See Photo No. 13.)

The steps taken and expenditure incurred by the owners have made the property reasonably secure against serious loss under almost any conditions, but they do not hold out much hope of any individual being able to make a fortune quickly by purchasing a large sheep station while wool remains at its present low price.



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MODERN CAVALRY HEAD-DRESSES

By Lieut.-Colonel J. E. N. Ryan, T.D.

Introduction.

The recent decision by which as a measure of economy the stock of full dress uniforms stored at the Royal Army Clothing Factory Pimlico, since the Great War, has been dispersed, and the manufacture and issue thereof, in future restricted to the Household Cavalry and Foot Guards, is a turning point in the history of the dress of the British Army.

It definitely ends the hopes of those "optimistic reactionaries" referred to by the Financial Secretary to the War Office in his speech on the Army Estimates, who cherished the desire that sooner or later it would be possible to return to the glories of pre-war days, when the streets of garrison towns were made bright by the scarlet and blue of the Line. No more is the drab monotony of modern life to be relieved by the glamour of the dress church parade, or the gates of cavalry barracks adorned by the vision of sentries—hussars, lancers or dragoons—in full panoply. Bands, however, retain coloured uniforms for public engagements, and the mounted bands of Line Cavalry regiments ride in full dress in State processions. Officers in possession of full dress uniforms wear them for Levées and at Court, and on special occasions as when getting married!

That a great body of the public regrets, even in an age of altered ideals, the changes brought about, is shown by the unaltered popularity of the musical ride and other spectacular displays at the Royal Tournament, and the immense crowds which attend the Tattoos held in the different Commands.

It is of interest to note what is happening with regard to the re-introduction of pre-war uniforms in foreign armies, both those of the combatant and the neutral nations. In France

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the military authorities have recently been considering bringing back the old parade uniforms as a means of surmounting the difficulty of obtaining the additional permanent personnel required under the re-organization proposals, and authority has already been given for officers of the Spahis and Chasseurs d'Afrique to wear it, and non-commissioned officers and regular soldiers of these regiments have been issued with it for use when walking out. The Képi has also been re-established for wear in all units instead of the "bonnet de police" or field service cap, the colours for professional cavalry soldiers being the same as those formerly worn. In the Belgian Army also, a dark blue uniform has been authorized for officers, instead of khaki, for full dress.

The Italian Cavalry has since the War adopted a compromise, the metal helmet of the heavy and the fur busby of the light cavalry, both pre-war head-dresses, being worn with the olive-green service uniform on full dress parades. A similar custom has been adopted by the Rumanian Cavalry, but the former astrachan kalpak has recently been exchanged for a grey fur busby. The Guard Cavalry regiments of the Jugo-Slav. and Bulgarian Armies continue to wear their former coloured uniforms and head-dresses.

In the cavalry of the German Reichswehr and Austrian Bundesheersc the steel helmet is now worn as the parade head-dress with the field grey uniform. By an Imperial Decree of September 21st, 1915, the Kaiser abolished the brilliant coloured peace-time uniforms of the German Cavalry, the only exception made being the pelisse worn by certain regiments of hussars, which was conserved for wear on parade with the "feldgrau." The full dress uniforms are still worn however at "sportfests" in the different regiments—the first and second squadrons of the 5th Cavalry of the Reichswehr which represent the former 1st and 2nd "Death's Head Hussars," held one recently at Belgard on the opposite side of the Polish corridor from their old station at Danzig, which they had to leave when the town became a Free City under the Peace Treaty. In the autumn of 1932 a great cavalry rally was held in Hanover, at which the vivid colours of pre-war

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uniforms contrasted with the sombre array of the Reichswehr.

Lastly, in the armies of the neutral states, full dress uniforms of former pattern are still worn to a greater or lesser degree. The Swedish Cavalry regiments, now reduced to half of their former number, wear on parade their heavy-cavalry helmets and hussar shakos, and the cavalry of the other Scandinavian countries, Denmark and Norway, follow suit. The Royal Dutch Hussars wearing a busby closely resembling the British model with a field grey uniform, escort the State carriage of Queen Wilhelmina when she opens her parliament at the Hague.

After this short survey of recent changes, one may now proceed to examine the different forms of cavalry head-dresses worn in European armies before the War, noting something of their origin and relationships. Many of them have a characteristic national form, and possess features of traditional or historic interest. The illustrations are from photographs of head-dresses and other articles in a collection made by the writer.

I. Body Guard Cavalry, Cuirassiers, and Heavy Cavalry.

Of the former six Great Powers, three only, Great Britain, Germany, and Russia had Body Guard troops. Neither the Austro-Hungarian Empire nor the Kingdom of Italy possessed any. Austria-Hungary had seven varieties of Body Guards mostly corresponding to the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard, but of these the Austrian Life Guard Squadron alone, was a cavalry field formation. Their gala dress was something between that of a dragoon and a heavy cavalryman, a black plumed "pickelhaube" and double-breasted green tunic being worn with white buckskin breeches and jack boots. The Italian "Corazzieri Reali" Squadron, which is the royal escort, is part of the Gendarmerie. They wear a cuirass and the helmet has a horsehair tail falling to the waist behind.

Germany and Russia had on the other hand Guard-Corps Cavalry with Guard cuirassier, dragoon, hussar, and uhlan regiments, including those personally connected with the sovereign, the German "Gardes du Corps," and the Russian "Chevalier" and Horse Guards regiments.

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In republican France one of the cuirassier regiments stationed in the capital provided the Presidential Escort on state occasions such as visits of foreign rulers to Paris. The mounted "Garde Républicaine" which forms part of a semi-military police force whose function is to maintain public order, continues to wear a uniform closely resembling that formerly worn by the cuirassiers, the steel helmet with long horsehair plume being similar, except for the helmet plate which consists of the Arms of the City of Paris. The cuirass is not worn.

The origin of Body Guard troops is coeval with the beginning of modern organized armies, and the head-dresses of Body-Guard Cavalry, and of cuirassiers descended from the feudal heavy cavalry, are derived from ancient Greek and Roman helmets. The British Household Cavalry, formed in 1660 after the Restoration, wore up to the year 1812 a wide cocked hat with Hanoverian cockade, altered from the three-cornered cocked hat worn by the heavy cavalry in the British, French, and Austrian armies up to the close of the eighteenth century, and which still survives as the fore and aft pattern used by General and Staff Officers in full dress. In that year the hat was changed for a brass helmet with a black horsehair plume after the French model, which was again altered in the year before Waterloo to one with a woollen crest. In 1817 a new type of steel helmet of classical design with a huge bearskin crest was introduced, but at the Coronation of King George IV in 1821 the Life Guards appeared in bearskin Grenadier caps with long white plumes drawn over the tops of the caps. The plume for the bearskin of the Royal Horse Guards was red. In 1845 the present helmet was adopted for the whole of the Household Cavalry, the only distinction being the colour of the horsehair plume.

The helmet is of German silver with gilt or brass ornaments, conical in shape, with a wide back-part extending down over the neck, and resembles in form the Prussian cuirassier helmet of that period. The front is prolonged downwards vertically as a pointed peak, which is a characteristic peculiar to British cavalry helmets, the visors of foreign cavalry helmets (with the exception of those of French cuirassiers and dragoons, which

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1 2 3

I

1—France: Cuirassiers.

2—Gt. Britain: 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers).

3—Italy: Cavalleria.

1 2 3

II

1—Germany: 1st Life Cuirassiers.

2—Germany: Regt. Gardes du Corps.

3—Germany: 2nd (Queen's) Cuirassiers.

1 2 3

III

1—Germany: 6th Cuirassiers.

2—Austria-Hungary: Dragoons.

3—Germany: Mounted Rifles (Jäger zu Pferde).

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1 2 3

IV

Germany:
1—Tunic, Bavarian Light Horse.

2—Cuirassier, Koller.

3—Uhlan, Ulanka.

1 3 4 5 2

V

Germany:
1 & 2—Uhlan Sabre and Shabracque.

Forage Caps—

3—Germany, Cuirassier.

4—Gt. Britain, Hussar.

5—Spain—Dragoon.

VI

Germany:
Regt. of
"Gardes du Corps."

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are pointed and slanting) being rounded. The helmet badge is the Star of the Order of the Garter surmounted by the Crown, with the centre encircled by the Collar of the Order, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves and laurel with the "George" badge upon the stems of the wreath. The horsehair plume is white for the Life Guards, red for the Royal Horse Guards, supported on a metal stem with a cross-piece base; the chin-strap is of the curb chain pattern. The rest of the uniform is too well known to need mention.

The French Cuirassiers, first raised under Louis XIV in 1666, and of whom there were twelve regiments in 1914, went to war in helmet and cuirass—in fact for a long time the only attempt made to equip them for modern warfare was to supply them with canvas helmet covers. The helmet which was given to the Cuirassiers in 1804, replacing the cocked hat, was modified from that of the Dragoons, and like it, was of a somewhat higher shape than the modern helmet, the lower part being covered with a mount of black fur. It remained in practically the same form for over eighty years.

The helmet in its modern form dates from 1889 and was designed by the celebrated military artist Detaille (see illustration No. I, 1). It is of polished steel with an ornamental brass crest (cimier), prolonged in front as a female head overhanging the front of the helmet, and which represents the head of Medusa, probably taken by the artist who designed the original helmet as a war-like emblem. Surmounting the front of the crest is a tuft of red horsehair in a bulbous socket, and on the left side of the helmet a red plume reaching above the crest. For the regimental staff the plume was tricoloured. The plume is inserted in an olive which was of a different colour for each squadron; for officers it was of silver cord, this being the sole distinguishing mark. The decoration on the front of the helmet is a grenade with a spray of laurel on each side; a brass scale chin-strap is attached to the sides of the helmet.

The outstanding feature of this helmet however, found only in the French Cavalry, is the long horsehair mane suspended from the crest, and falling over the back of the cuirass, black except for trumpeters who were distinguished by a red plume.

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The helmet was worn with a dark blue tunic, red breeches, and a front and back cuirass; in undress the head-dress was a red-topped "képi."

The German Cavalry possessed ten regiments of Prussian Cuirassiers including the "Gardes du Corps" and the Guard Cuirassiers (see illustration No. VI). They wore an all-white uniform in full dress which earned for them the nickname "sacks of flour" in the other regiments, the long white kersey tunic called a "Koller" (see illustration No. IV, 2), being without buttons, and fastening with hooks. The Frederician regiment of "Gardes du Corps" was the Sovereign's personal body-guard, and wore at Court over the "Koller" a red super-vest with the Guard Star on front and back, a relic of the buff leather coat formerly worn with armour. The cuirass was carried in review order only. In undress the head-dress was a white forage cap with coloured band (see illustration No. V, 3) and the tunic was dark blue.

The all-white uniform was completed by a helmet of burgonet shape, originally higher and conical, which replaced a leather helmet with a black horsehair crest (introduced instead of the cocked hat in 1809) at the same time that the "Koller" superceded the coatee in 1843. It was of brass for the two Guard regiments and 6th Cuirassiers; polished steel for the other regiments. For the Guard regiments the helmet badge was the Star of the Order of the Black Eagle with the motto "Suum Cuique," and on top, worn in review order only, was a silvered eagle with outstretched wings and a gilt crown (see illustration No. II, 2).

Two of the line Cuirassier regiments—the Life Cuirassiers and the 2nd (Queen's) Regiment—had special historical eagles as helmet badges (see illustration Nos. II, 1 and 3). The Life Cuirassiers who bore the title of the Great Elector (1640-1688), had the ancient Frederician eagle with head and body turned to the left and grasping the sword and thunder-bolt, with above on a scroll "Pro Gloria et Patria."* The 2nd (Queen's) Regiment†

* In a recent speech the Nazi Premier, Captain Göring, announced that Germany was going back to the ancient Prussian heraldic eagle with sword and thunderbolt, instead of the modern Imperial eagle with the orb and sceptre.

† This was one of the Regiments of the 4th German Cavalry Division which took part in the fight with the 1st British Cavalry Brigade at Nery, on September 1st, 1914.

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had the Prussian heraldic spread eagle with the head looking to the right, and holding the orb and sceptre with the inscription "Hohenfriedberg 4 Juni, 1745" in commemoration of their renowned charge as a dragoon regiment.* The remaining six regiments had the heraldic eagle only, in brass; for the 6th Regiment in white metal (see illustration No. III, 1). Except for the Guard regiments a spike only was worn with the helmet on all parades, fluted for officers, plain for the troops, the former being further distinguished by a ribbed visor with angular sides, instead of a fully rounded one.

The Saxon Heavy Cavalry—the Horse Guards and Carabinier regiments—wore a white plumed brass helmet of similar shape, with a light blue "Koller." The helmet of the former was surmounted in review order by a unique ornament a silver "lion couchant." The two Bavarian Heavy Cavalry regiments wore black leather dragoon helmets with white plumes and light blue tunics, the helmet badges being the arms of the respective States—the Saxon Star and Bavarian double lion.

The Mounted Rifles (Jäger zu Pferde) though light cavalry, had a greenish-grey cuirassier uniform with jack boots, the black metal helmet having instead of the heraldic eagle the special dragoon eagle with sword and sceptre (see illustration No. III, 3). Originally raised in 1895 as detachments of mounted orderlies ("Meldereiter") the thirteen regiments were the last formed branch of the German Cavalry.

Russia in 1907, after her disastrous war with Japan, completely reorganized her army, the loose coloured uniforms of national cut worn in the field with a white blouse, being replaced by a grey service kit, and much more elaborate parade dress after the German fashion. All the line cuirassier regiments, nine in number, had previously been converted into dragoons, leaving as heavy cavalry only the four Guard Cuirassier regiments,† which included the "Chevalier" and Horse Guards before referred to. They were dressed in white similarly to Prussian

* In this battle of the War of the Austrian Succession, they rode down twenty battalions of Austrian and Saxon Infantry, capturing 2,500 prisoners and 66 standards.

† The well-known team of Russian Officers who won outright the "King Edward VII Gold Challenge Cup" for officers' team jumping at Olympia, belonged to these Regiments.

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cuirassiers, the head-dress also being of the same model in brass, with in front the Star of the Order of Saint Andrew. Usually the helmet had a spike, but in review order before the Tsar, this was replaced by the Imperial double eagle in gilt or silvered metal with outstretched wings. On mounted parades a brass cuirass was worn. The whole of the Guard Cavalry disappeared in the Revolution.

The four regiments of Italian Heavy Cavalry called "Cavalleria," whose origin is from the time of the Kingdom of Sardinia, still wear on parade with the "grigo-verde" service dress, a handsome helmet ("Elmo") of ancient Roman form (see illustration No. I, 3). The body of the helmet is covered with black horsehair pelt with in front in silver the Cross of Savoy; the crown of the helmet is silvered. The tall swan-neck crest is gilt and finely worked in designs of Roman trophies; below it is a gilt oval medallion with the cypher of King Victor Emmanuel I in a laurel wreath. The gilt scale chin-strap fastened with rosettes is also engraved, and has on the right side a silk cockade in the national colours. The former uniform was blue. The cavalry undress cap has the crown pointed in front and behind; for officers the shape is that of a high shako.

The Swedish Life Guards also continue to wear in review order a white metal helmet of German cuirassier form but with a white horsehair plume. The rest of the uniform is light blue. The Rumanian Royal Escort Regiment has for ceremony a similar white-plumed head-dress of polished steel, the badge being the Royal Cypher, the initial doubled and reversed of King Carol I. The uniform is slate blue. The undress cap for other ranks resembles the Italian model.

Lastly there is the former Spanish Royal Escort squadron, which has up to now escaped the fate of its Russian analogue, being retained as the Presidential Escort. The full dress consists of a steel helmet with white plume, dark blue tunic with cuirass, white breeches and jack boots.

(To be continued.)

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SANCTUARY

By Richard Oakley.

Illustrations by H. Lawrence Oakley.

Old Jim Freestone walked down the cinder path of his back garden, carrying a fork over his shoulder. He walked with a limp, what he would have called "a lilt in his trot"; for his left leg was slightly shorter than the other and appeared withered. Not that the other leg was much—as legs go. Some people would have called it a "sparrow-leg," thin and spare, with a calf not much fatter than the ankle and slightly bowed. Others might have said that "it was a good leg for a boot," though a bit more length would have improved it. And it *was* a good leg for a boot; for it had spent nine-tenths of its life inside one or in a legging and even now he was wearing box-cloth gaiters as he walked down the path.

He stepped aside on to a patch of land where he had lifted his potatoes the previous summer and taking his coat off, hung it on a branch of an old apple-tree; rolled up his sleeves and began to fork up the soil and turn it over to aerate it; patting it lovingly with the tines of his fork to break up the clods. It was a beautiful March morning. There had been just a touch of frost the night before; but now the sun was shining brightly making the good earth warm and smell with the promise of Spring; while there was just that tang of cold in the air to make it exhilarating.

Jim's cheeks were as red as a rosy apple, befitting one who lived continually in the open air, come wind, come rain; but his mouth and chin were blue. He had shaved meticulously

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that morning, as he always did, before it was light; but in spite of the keen blade, his strong beard came through leaving a purple bloom over his lean jaws and clean-shaven upper lip, as is the case with all men who have much to do with horses.

Jim Freestone was not only what you would call a "horsey" man, but a horsemaster and fine horseman to boot. Although he was turned sixty, he had only retired from being huntsman to the Moor Vale Foxhounds the previous season owing to a bad "toss" caused through a hidden strand of wire, which had broken his thigh and would have killed most men of his age. Until this happened he was known as one of the best huntsmen in the Kingdom and his name was a by-word among foxhunters. It had been a sad day for him when he had to give up the horn —though the one he had used still stood on his parlour chimney-piece—and hand over to a younger man, who had been first whip to a fashionable hunt.

It was a sadder day still when he said good-bye to his hounds and horses and the old man broke down completely. He could not, however, bring himself to leave the country which he loved so well and where he had acted first as whipper-in and then as huntsman for the past forty years; so he had settled down in a little cottage at the top end of the village a mile away from the kennels.

He dug away steadily most of the morning, giving himself a breather every now and again. What a day for scent, he thought, as he gazed across the fields beyond his garden hedge—the glass was rising—there was that "nip" in the air; but the earth was warming with the bright sun and the woods and fences stood out like silhouettes in the clear distance. Scent was a funny thing—you never could tell; but it would lie to-day: he remembered some good hunts on just such a day as this. Hounds met at Garside to-day. He knew all the fixtures and as often as he could he attended the meets, being taken in the car of some old member of the hunt; but Garside was nearly twenty miles away on the other side of the country. He went over to his coat and took his pipe out of his pocket, sitting on a large upturned drain pipe used for forcing rhubarb. As he filled his pipe he cast his mind back nearly twenty years, when on just

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such a morning hounds had met at Garside Hall. And well he might, for finding in the Folly they had had the run of the season; nay! the run of his life and had killed in this very house where he was now living.

It had been an old dog fox from off the moor, who with the Spring in his blood had gone roving to the other side of the country and was trying to make his point back to the moor behind. Hounds had nearly rolled him over in the vale below, where he was now gazing. There were few of them left with hounds—just himself, the Master, a young man then, and one or two others—he couldn't just remember them now—yes! Jack Meynell, on a raking chestnut and young Mister Alexander, 'im they now call the "Judge," back on "leaf" from India. It was the heavy going in the vale that had weeded them out—clay, solid clay and then the beck at the bottom.

The horses were blown—not one could have lep'd it; it was a big jump at any time; so they waded it with the water over their saddle flaps and mud up to the horses' hocks. The fox was beat; hounds were beat—old Henchman did actually roll him over, just touching his brush; but he was up again, being lighter on the clay and he gave 'em the slip in the Black Wood, till they ran him to earth, as you might say, in this very cottage. He remembered what a fuss old Mrs. Clark made when before he could stop 'em a couple and a half got into the kitchen, carrying clay all over the floors and killed their fox on the stairs, which it was too weak to climb. Oh dear! what a fuss there was, and he laughed at the thought as he took his hat off and scratched his bald head. He re-lit his pipe. Yes! he had had kills in some funny places. There was that one in the market square at Granby, on fair day, and another in the Grammar School grounds, when the boys left their football match to join in, both teams, and the ball left alone in the middle of the field. But the one in this cottage had troubled him most—he was young then—hot blood—and had just taken the horn; but he had often thought of it since—it had worried him—it didn't seem right somehow when an animal turned to its enemy for help—yet hounds must have blood—aye, that they must—and he gazed over the fields, losing himself in retrospect.

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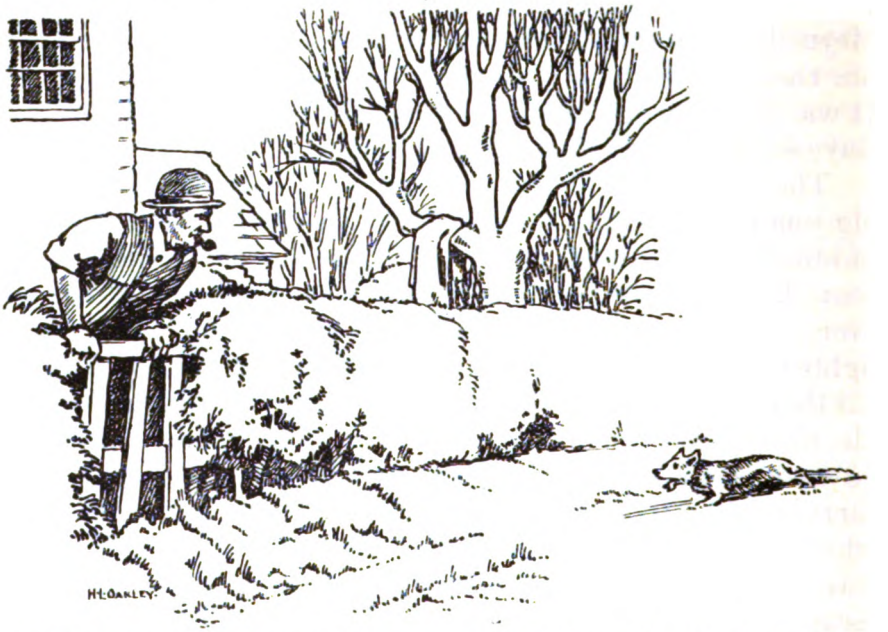
"Dinner's ready."

It was his wife calling. Jim knocked out his pipe, stuck his fork in the ground and taking his coat over his arm went in to wash.

He had a short rest after dinner and then went back to his digging. About three o'clock just as he was thinking of knocking off to go and boil some potatoes for his fowls he suddenly straightened up and stood listening. His head was thrown up and slightly forward and he stood there, as it were, with ears pricked like an old and tried hunter.



"That was the horn; I'm sure of it," he said aloud to himself. There came a faint "Twoo-t" followed shortly by another "Twoo-t," borne gently on the wind towards him. Again he heard the single staccato note, and knew that hounds were at fault and the Huntsman was encouraging them in cover. He hobbled quickly to the hedge at the side of his garden and leaning on a post and rails embedded in it gazed over in the direction of the sound. Far across the Vale, coming down the slope beyond the beck he could see a few straggling horsemen and a laggard hound.

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"They've lost him in the Black Wood; he's a moor fox, I'll be bound," the old man was talking to himself and quivering with excitement.

"I'll bet they found him in the Folly—they say 'istory repeats itself." He leant further across the hedge. As he did so his eye was caught by something black trotting slowly along towards him close to the hedge side. For a moment he thought it was a cat; then it broke into a gallop for a few yards. No cat galloped like that and as it dropped back into a trot again he knew that it was a fox and wondered how he had been deceived; his sight must be fading. He did not move a muscle; it was now quite near, he could see its tongue lolling out of the side of its mouth; its mask was spattered with mud; its coat drenched to the skin and it dragged its brush on the ground. If ever a fox was dead beat this one was; its body was close to the ground and it rolled in its gait, as though its legs were too weak to bear its weight. He kept quite still. It was within a few yards of him when it suddenly turned and dragged itself through a small hole in the bottom of the hedge into his garden.

As it did so he noticed a long white streak on its near flank, probably an old scar from wire, now partly obliterated with clay, and recognised him as old "White Rump," though he called him a less polite name to himself, the dog fox which had given them two splendid runs on the moor last season. Turning his head to see which line it would take, the fox saw him. For a second it hesitated, looking at him, a game but beaten fox, then trotting across the undug earth near to where he had been forking it entered some currant bushes. A moment later, to Jim's amazement, he saw it turn at right-angles following the cinder path and make straight for the house. As it reached the open kitchen door it stopped and looked back at him, almost with appeal, as he thought. Jim was held as by a spell—he could not move—and the next instant it dived into the house. The spell was broken. Jim hobbled and ran as best he could across the garden. He felt like shouting to his wife; but something stopped him. He went quickly into the house. There were some clayey pad marks on the clean kitchen tiles, leading into the passage. He followed them.

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The door of the parlour was shut—he could hear his wife at her sewing machine. The clay marks led to the stairs and showed on the oil-cloth laid over the stair carpets. Jim followed them upstairs, creeping stealthily. There was only one door on the landing open—that of their own bedroom. Cautiously he put his head round it and there behind the door in the middle of the room, protruding from under the vallance of the bed was the bedraggled brush of old "White Rump." Even as he looked there was a scraping sound and it disappeared from sight. He heard the flop of its body on the floor boards and for a moment he stood there listening to the gasping pants of the exhausted animal. Then withdrawing his head he quietly closed the door.

As he came out into the garden again he heard the horn doubled down in the Black Wood and almost immediately afterwards two short notes and a long one, repeated several times. Running as well as he was able to the hedge, he saw hounds coming out of the corner of the wood nearest to him. Several owned the line; but scent was bad now as Jim knew it would be from a beaten fox. He lost them in the dip of the Vale, so took a turn along to the top end of his garden where it rose slightly to the front and where he would get a glimpse of them sooner as they came out of the dead ground and that he might avoid crossing the line of the fox. Suddenly he saw hounds come over the top of the dip, streaming along the headland close to the hedge. It was a slow hunt, scent did not lie as the ground was cold by this time and a slight drizzle was falling. There was Honourable working it out—they would soon be up to his garden fence. The old man was shaking in every limb, his feelings a mixture of excitement and irresolution. He kept shifting his weight from one leg to another, while a myriad thoughts flashed through his mind. Then, as though his mind were made up, he abruptly broke away and doubled round the corner of the house and entering it by the front door, passed quickly through it and out by the back door again, shutting it behind him, just as the leading hound came through the hole in the hedge. At that moment Jack Shenley, the Huntsman, came up and kicking his feet clear from the stirrup irons cocked his right leg

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forward over his horse's withers and slid to the ground. Hitching his reins on to the post and rails set deep in the hedge he shouted to Jim:

"He's in your garden, Mr. Freestone—have you seen him?"

"I've just come out of the 'ouse, lad—ye can get over best down there past the hen run."

The Huntsman ran down the hedge to climb a wooden fence, while hounds streamed into the garden. Jim stood back on the patch that he had dug; one or two of the hounds as they quartered the ground, heads down, flags up, came near him, and smelling his gaiters, joyfully recognised him; but he took no notice of them; though it was an effort for him not to do so.

"Eu in there." Hounds were all over the currant bushes.

"Lu; Lu—wind 'im," encouraged the Huntsman.

The Master rode up and a few of the Field.

"Hullo, Jim. Where did he go; have you seen him?"

Jim took his hat off and holding it in his hand, said:

"I just come out of the 'ouse as 'ounds come through the edge, sir."

He was twisting his hat round in his hands wondering what to say next, when a hound spoke. Jim knew his voice—it was Honesty, the doyen of the dog-pack, as trusty a hound as ever owned a line. He was working it out along the cinder path, whimpering as he went. He stopped a moment on the concrete of the yard; then past the coal-house and scullery, straight to the back door he went. For a moment he snuffled under it and then raising his grand old head he threw out a melodious note.

"'Ike to Honesty," shouted the Huntsman, and the whole pack raced to the kitchen door and the crash of music as they threw their tongues, for the first time in his life, fell like a death knell on old Jim's ears.

"He's in your house, Jim," said the Master excitedly.

"Extraordinary—history repeats itself," said the Judge.

"The door was shut before I come out, sir," said Jim. "I opened it and shut it, meself, sir, and see the window's closed."

"Well! He's in there all right; I'll bet a pony—what's the trouble? Let's have him out." The speaker was a stout

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Jewish-looking man who, unobserved by Jim, had just pushed his way through the hedge. Jim looked at him with a glint in his eye—the danger signal, as many a hunt servant or dangerous rider would have recognised. He did not know the man and was about to say something, when a window was thrown open upstairs and a voice shouted:

"Jim, Jim, there's a fox in t'bedroom."

Jim glanced upwards—danger still in his eye:

"Shut that window and your mouth, too—you nattering woman." Then, seeing the Huntsman ploughing his way through the pack to the kitchen door, he shouted to the astonishment of all:

"*You open that door at your peril.*"

"Why! Jim, Jim—what the devil do you mean—?" exploded the Master. "You must be demented. You'll ruin hounds; you *can't* mean it."

"I *do* mean it; I mean what I say, sir," replied Jim quietly.

"You once killed a fox in this house yourself, Jim, have you forgotten?" murmured the Judge, as he scraped the mud from his boots with his crop.

"No! I haven't forgotten, Judge, and I never will—it has haunted me all me life, sir—it—it—wasn't playing the game."

"I know, I know," said the Judge hurriedly.

"He's a spoil-sport; a dog-in-the-manger—take no notice of the old fool."

The Judge fixed the Jewish-looking man with a cold steel eye; the look he reserved only for the hardened criminal.

"Will you kindly hold your tongue?—you don't know the meaning of the word—*you* don't understand."

Meanwhile hounds were clamouring to get into the house; the Huntsman did not know what to do; he looked appealingly at the Master.

"You'll spoil the pack, Jim; they must have blood; it's one of the hardest hunts we have ever had—it isn't fair on them, I'm damned if it is."

"No, sir, I know—I've used them arguments meself a many a hundred times and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they're right. but there comes the hundredth time, sir, and this is it.

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As you know, sir, I've killed more foxes in this country than any man living or dead and shown more sport and I'd do it again if I was sound and a younger man; but a fox is a sportsman, sir, and we should treat him so. I'll hunt a fox in fair chase with the best of you; but when it appeals to me for help—well! sir—I just can't 'and 'im over."

There was a quaver in the old man's voice.

The Master mopped his brow and wiped the inside of his hat:

"Perhaps you're right—the fox will stiffen and die, though, I'm afraid—and—I'm sorry for hounds, Jim, it'll spoil 'em; but—well—we'll risk it. Call 'em off, Jack."

As hounds moved off the Master turned to Jim and putting his hand on his shoulder said:

"This has been the hardest run you've ever had, old friend, I know—but—you're a grand old man," and he turned away to his horse.

"I'm sorry I brought up old days, Jim—you've taught me a lesson," and the Judge raised his hat to the old Huntsman and hurriedly turned his head away.

"Sob stuff," said the Jewish *gentleman*, as he jabbed at his horse's mouth.

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CAVALRY IN THE GREAT WAR

A Brief Retrospect,

By Lt.-Col. A. G. Martin, formerly 6th Dragoons German Army.

Lt.-Col. Martin is an ex-cavalryman and served for 26 years in the German Army. For 15 years he was a subaltern in the Prussian 5th Dragoons, then Brigade-Major 10th Cavalry Brigade and Squadron Commander 6th Dragoons another 7 years. He started the War as D.A.A.G. 21st Reserve Infantry Division and in the Spring of 1915 became a Battalion Commander. At the end of the War he was O.C. a dismounted Cavalry Regiment (91st Kavallerie Schützen Regiment).

A specialized history of the tactical and strategic possibilities, *de facto* employment, and achievements of the cavalry arm during the Great War, embracing all the noteworthy deeds and experiences of friend and foe alike, has yet to be written.

Libraries are glutted with war books, and the military student can learn all he wants, and more, of campaigns in Europe, Asia, Africa, and away in the far corners of the Wide World, to where the reverberations of the great storm extended. Yet, among all this mass of professional literature, no befitting monument to the cavalry—as well deserved as that of any other arm—appears to be forthcoming. Is it possible that posterity perhaps after all will come to believe, that the cavalry did no more in the Great War, than: "Lend a tone to what otherwise would have been a vulgar brawl."?

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Why has no German, British or French cavalry officer of distinction taken the subject up? Can this reserve be owing to a touch of disillusion most old cavalry soldiers feel, when comparing the rôle assigned to their beloved arm by conditions and circumstances of modern war, to the spectacular part they believed it their prerogative to take in the battle arena?

Sporting spirit and cavalry spirit are identical terms. The pre-war training of cavalry, with its pronounced preference for shock tactics, and the "arme blanche," was the outcome of prevailing ultra-conservative prejudices. We clung tenaciously to the traditions of our forefathers, who, charged with the great Fredrick's squadrons at Hohenfriedberg, Rossbach, Leuthen and elsewhere, or, if they happened to be Britons, with Granby at Warburg or Ponsonby at Waterloo.

It must be admitted, that most of us were more or less obstinately against adapting our tactics to the great development of modern fire-arms. To judge by the tactical schemes on which were based our cavalry exercises and manœuvres, we pretended to believe that a modern battle could be decided, as in the good old days, by a mass charge of cavalry.

That we were allowed to live in this agreeable species of fools' paradise, right up to the outbreak of the War, and into the first months of it, was in a measure due to Kaiser Wilhelm IInd's romantic love for the "Pomp and Circumstance of (mimic) war." Though no horseman (in the serious meaning of the word) himself, he nevertheless had a great affection for his cavalry, and almost invariably wore cavalry uniform.

Of those German Generals who recognised the necessity of making concessions to the modern battlefield, years before the War, the redoubtable Bernhardi was the most keen and insistent. There was something of the Irishman's characteristics in his temperament. An eccentric, impulsive enthusiast, with a wide range of imagination. A first-class soldier.

He set the ball rolling by means of a lecture he held in Berlin, March 6th, 1907, before the Military Society (Militär-Gesellschaft), and in the presence of the Chief of the General Staff (Moltke) and all the "leading lights."

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He relates in his memoires: "Denkwürdigkeiten aus meinem Leben," Mittler & Sohn, Berlin 1927—that the Kaiser was quite won over to his ideas, appointing a commission to revise existing cavalry drill, etc., regulations, and desiring him (Bernhardi) to give practical demonstration of his suggestions by means of a cavalry division placed at his disposal for the purpose.

I happened to be present at these experimental manœuvres held at Altengrabow Camp near Magdeburg. His Majesty may have agreed to the proposed changes at the time they were first theoretically explained to him, but he evinced little sympathy with them when he saw them put practically to the test.

Bernhardi alludes to the occasion in his memoires:—

> "In the course of the exercises I developed all my principles, but the Kaiser, who came for the occasion, criticised them adversely.
>
> "The Kaiser also contributed tactical schemes himself. I remember being posted with the whole division behind a chain of hills (the Jerusalemsberg, so called), without any protective measures. The skeleton enemy then passed at a walk, in one long column before this hill, also without any safeguard. We waited serenely till the depth of the enemy column covered the length of our front, and then charged."

Though Bernhardi's innovations influenced the new cavalry regulations to a very considerable extent, they could not subdue the dominant diehard spirit. As before, the average cavalry officer's solution to almost every problem put to him was: "Ich attackiere!" or, in English: "I will charge!"

There are two sides to every question, and the disciples of medieval "arme blanche" fighting certainly had some sound arguments to justify their dogma. Instructors of cavalry soldiers had two alternatives, either to imbue the men with the conviction that they were invincible against all comers, or risk infecting them with inferiority complex by enlarging on the fire-power of infantry.

There is not a shadow of a doubt what method was the right one. The trooper must believe that the thunder of charging

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squadrons strikes terror into the hearts of the stoutest infantry, while he himself, individually, with knees gripping the saddle, spurs in his horse's flanks, and lance immovably couched at the engage, can tumble any adversary in the dust, who has the audacity to oppose him.

It is remarkable, when one comes to think of it, that this "Draufgängertum"—reckless pugnacity—did not occasion more disasters at the beginning of the War. The cavalry learnt quickly to temper valour with discretion—without allowing the latter quality to stand as the better part of the two.

Haelen and Lagarde were among the first sanguinary lessons the German Cavalry learnt. Instances remindful of the French General Bosquet's exclamation at Balaclava, on witnessing the celebrated charge of the British Light Brigade: "Magnificent, but not war!"

At Haelen in Belgium, August 12th, 1914, the 3rd and 17th Brigades, 4th German Cavalry Division, were launched from a narrow defile, against Belgian infantry and guns, partly protected by wire. The losses in dead, wounded and missing were:

	Officers	*Men*	*Horses*
2nd Cuirassiers ...	6	71	270
9th Ulans	4	100	250
17th Dragoons ...	8	159	165
18th Dragoons ...	6	138	163

However, as the saying goes: "It's an ill wind, etc.!" and one important object was achieved by this action, though so dearly paid for. The left wing of the Belgian Army was definitely located, and the movements of the German First Army successfully veiled.

The engagement of Lagarde in Lorraine occurred August 11th, 1914. A French reconnaissance in force pushed the German troops guarding the frontier at that point, out of the village. In the action that followed to expel the enemy again, the Ulan Brigade of the Bavarian Cavalry Division participated, with brilliant success, but very heavy losses. Over-riding the enemy positions, they captured two entire field batteries, six machine guns, one flag and 1,467 prisoners. Most important

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of all, perhaps, were the French Army Orders found on General Marailler who was killed in this scrap.

The Ulans' losses (besides the Brigadier, General von Redwitz, and his Brigade Major, both killed), were:

	Officers	*Men*	*Horses*
1st Bavarian Ulans ...	7	151	149
2nd Bavarian Ulans ...	7	99	170

The Bavarians are justly proud of this, their first battle honour of the Great War.*

As a third example of old-fashioned cavalry charges, in the early stages of the War, the heroic sacrifice of the 13th Prussian Dragoons must not be forgotten.

The German 9th Army was operating on Kutno (Russian Poland) with the 6th Cavalry Division on its northern wing. On November 12th, 1914, the 13th Dragoons, acting as advance guards to the Cavalry Division, were ordered to attack Russian forces in position round the village of Borczymie. The regiment deployed, formed line at a distance of 2,000 metres from the enemy, and charged home. The going was uphill through deep sand all the way, and a great ditch at the far end, occupied by enemy infantry, who received the oncoming squadrons with a continuous storm of rifle and machine gun fire.

In its gallant attempt to carry out an impossible order, the regiment was all but annihilated. The losses being: 12 officers, 311 N.C.Os. and men, 300 horses. Of these were killed, 7 officers (including the C.O., Major von Losberg, his adjutant and two of the four squadron commanders) and 128 men.

* * * * *

But how about with the mounted encounter—cavalry *versus* cavalry—that we so diligently trained for in peace; beginning with the individual trooper, building up on him, as rockbottom foundation, section, troop, squadron, regiment, brigade, finally division and corps? This form of engagement, which most of us believed would be our daily bread in war, was a rare occurrence, and then only resorted to by patrols and individual squadrons.

* "Major von Egan-Krieger: Die Deutsche Kavallerie in Krieg und Frieden. Verlag W. Schille & Co., Karlsruhe i. Baden und Dortmund."

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The French and we (Germans) are inclined to comment sarcastically on each other's reticence to come out into the open and fight. I have, personally, the greatest respect for the traditions of the French Cavalry, and know what first-class horsemen their school of equitation at Saumur turns out, but, it is obvious that after introducing the two years' term of service, while we retained our cavalry conscripts three years with the colours, there could be no question as to who was the better trained, and consequently could afford to be more daring. Under the circumstances, the French have no reason to be shy of owning that their unmerited disadvantage obliged them to be careful.

The British cavalryman will be ungrudgingly admitted by his foreign comrades (ex-enemy included) to be—individually—superior to all others. His long service training, and his native love of "horsey" sports, give him this advantage. On the other hand, collectively, that is to say at drill and mounted evolutions in large units, I am convinced the German Cavalry had the better of him. This for the reason that he, the Briton, had less practice, and then, that training of the regiment and brigade (not to mention division) appears to have been taken a good deal less seriously in the British than in the German Cavalry.

We went to the other extreme, and overdid it. General von Unger, in an article "Die Ausbildung der Kavallerie vor dem Weltkrieg" speaks of "Galoppfanatismus" and says that in the course of the summer half-year, we all but galloped our horses to ruin (kaput). He mentions the remark a foreign military attaché made on the occasion of Kaiser-manöver: "If war were to break out now, the German Cavalry would have to spend the first weeks of it mending their horses!" A good deal of truth in this. It was then perhaps a blessing for us, that the War commenced at the beginning of August and not in September after conclusion of Autumn Manœuvres.

For those of our former enemies who incline to be sceptical regarding the prowess of the German Cavalry, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the testimony of General Radkovich,

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Commander 10th Russian Army, in the critical days round Wilna, Autumn 1915.

An Army Order of his, dated September 15th, contains the following flattering passage:

> "Our cavalry must take for its example, the courage and boundless activity of the German Cavalry. I think this remark should be sufficient to remind our cavalry, and especially the Cossacks and their leaders, of the glorious deeds of their ancestors. Bold reconnaissance in the enemy's front, and bolder still in his rear, movement as if at home among his batteries and his transport, dashes from rear and flank on his infantry stragglers, such is the activity that every leader can illustrate by brilliant examples from the past history of the Russian Cavalry, and such is the activity the Germans are now so successfully imitating."

(from Major General Sir Alfred Knox: "With the Russian Army, 1914—1917." Vol. I, page 340).

* * * * *

During the brief period of preparation following immediately on the declaration of war, the cavalry of the Continental belligerents were employed along the frontiers, veiling the mobilisation of their respective armies, and endeavouring, simultaneously, to harass and disorganise the enemy's.

Conditions on the Franco-German national border gave little scope for such activity. The screen put up on both sides was of such strength and density, that it would have defied the efforts of the greatest cavalry leaders in history.

For all that, some cavalry divisions did get across the frontier, where they released their reconnoitring squadrons and patrols, to lead a precarious existence of hide-and-seek in a densely populated hostile country, teeming with assembling enemy troops.

General v. der Marwitz's Corps (2nd and 4th Cavalry Divisions) which invaded Belgian territory on August 4th, and crossed the River Maas close to the Dutch frontier on the 8th had a hectic time. As also did General Hollen's 4th Corps (3rd

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and 6th Cavalry Divisions) manœuvring in the neighbourhood of Languyon, France.

We knew perfectly well that most of the cavalry patrols, scheduled by mobilisation plan to ride into France on the moment of the declaration of war, were a forlorn hope. Especially those sent from the garrison towns Mühlhausen, Colmar, Strassburg, over the Vosges passes against the great French fortified area Nancy-Epinal-Belfort. But it was regarded as the lesser evil to risk the sacrifice of a large percentage of these gallant soldiers, than suffer the demoralising effect of doing nothing.

Turning to the Russian front, it will be seen that totally different conditions existed. Here the advantage lay all on the side of Russia. She had an overwhelming numerical superiority in cavalry, and as much "elbow room" to manœuvre in, as could be desired.

The menace threatening from Russian Cavalry hosts, about to burst into East Prussia the moment war was declared (if not before) with the vehemence of the swollen surging waters of a broken dam, was a permanent nightmare to the responsible General Staff in Berlin.

However, when the fateful hour struck, the bogey did not materialise, or, at least not nearly so alarmingly as we had good reason to expect. The force of nine and a half cavalry divisions (including Independent Brigades) assembled on the frontier of East Prussia at the commencement of hostilities, remained passive.

Only two attempts were made to break through the frontier guard of the Prussian XXth Corps. The first by the 6th Russian Cavalry Division, August 5th at Soldau, repulsed with heavy losses; the second three days later at Bialla by the 4th Cavalry Division, who had no better success, and lost 6 guns into the bargain.

Those of us, who in pre-war days have been entertained by Russian cavalry officers in their regimental messes, are at a loss to understand how it was possible that those exuberant, sporting, hard-drinking, devil-may-care fellows gave—collectively—such a tame account of themselves. Their Guards were

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splendid regiments, and the Cossacks, notably born horsemen, yet, for some inexplicable reason a paralysing inertia seemed to blight all their activities.

* * * * *

The curtain rises on the great act, awaited by millions of combatants and hundreds of millions of spectators throughout the civilised world, with breathless suspense.

Rival hosts now stand facing each other, both East and West. The cavalry take up their appointed stations in the battle front; friend and foe alike burning to show their mettle, and prove to be the better man.

The Allies muster 51 cavalry divisions, against 22 on the side of the Central Powers:

Russia	... 38		Germany	...	11
France	... 10		Hungary Austria-	...	11
England	... 1				
Belgium	... 1				
Servia	... 1				
	51				22

On the Russian front the Central Powers were outnumbered by three to one: namely, 11 Austro-Hungarian and 1 German Cavalry Divisions against 38 Russian and 1 Servian.

In the West, the odds were more evenly balanced, in so far as the Germans had 10 divisions *versus* 12 Allied (10 French, 1 British and 1 Belgian).

It may be mentioned here that the number of infantry divisions in France at the time of the August battles also shows a considerable Allied majority: 92 French, Belgian and British, against 73½ German. (Germ. Official History, Vol. I, page 23.)

From where the popular belief in England originated, according to which the Germans simply overran France in swarming millions, vastly outnumbering their opponents, is obvious. It is the story of Mons and Le Cateau, where General von Kluck's 1st Army did actually command a crushing weight of numbers. But this was the German right wing, which was

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made strong at the expense of other armies, who everywhere else had the odds against them.

The General Staffs of Berlin and Paris of course must have known what they were about, and had their good reasons, when they distributed the strategical cavalry fairly evenly along the entire length and breadth of their fronts. With that cheap wisdom that comes after, we are inclined to shake our heads at an order of battle which straightwaistcoats the cavalry between two rigid fronts, where they have no room to operate, and are only in the way, unless employed as a sort of mobile infantry reserve.

What a prospect is opened before one's imagination, to picture German Cavalry, say, 30,000 strong, massed on Kluck's open flank, with a similar host of enemy horsemen opposed! What a battle royal that would have made, and what possibilities of vast extent and import to be opened to the victor!

On the French side we find the 8th and 6th Cavalry Divisions with the First Army (right wing facing Belfort and the Vosques Mountains). The 2nd and 10th Cavalry Divisions are apportioned to the 2nd Army in Lorraine. Further, the Third, Fourth and Fifth Armies have one division each (7th, 9th and 4th); and finally, General Sordet's Cavalry Corps of three divisions (1st, 3rd and 5th) concentrated in the neighbourhood of Charleville-Sedan, guards the left wing of the whole French front.

To the Allied Cavalry, available for operations on the left (Northern) wing, must also be added the two British and Belgian divisions.

The German Cavalry of 10 divisions was grouped in four corps. On the extreme right (Northern) wing, between Aachen and Malmedy, was assembled General v. d. Marwitz's 2nd Corps, comprising 2nd, 4th and 9th divisions. Then came Richthofen with the Guards and 5th divisions (1st Corps) in the northern part of Luxemburg. Further south General v. Hollen's 4th Corps (3rd and 6th divisions) in the neighbourhood of Diedenhofen; and finally between Metz and Saarburg the third cavalry corps, commanded by the Bavarian General von Frommel, to which belonged the 7th, 8th and Bavarian divisions.

To be continued.

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A RIGHT AND LEFT IN TIGERLAND

By "Aungh-ha."

"Poonk!" A sambhur's bell suddenly rang out from a patch of thorny scrub and disturbed the stillness of the quiet forest. A stag was on the move, and something in the tone of that strident bell savoured of alarm.

It was 5.30 p.m. one evening towards the end of a hot April in one of the most fascinating shooting blocks in the Central Provinces. A large artificial irrigation tank was one of the main attractions of the block, and, as a constant supply of water was thus ensured throughout the hot weather, this particular jungle was a paradise for the big game sportsman. "Paradise," did I say?—to some any jungle is a paradise even in the hottest of weather—but here the vegetation was thick and abundant and the game plentiful and varied. In such delightful surroundings one is quit of all cares in the world beyond the maintenance of one's physical health; the mind is free from the trials of civilization by day, while, as night draws on, it becomes untrammelled by mundane matters, and if one is honest it will be admitted that the mentality tends to conform under the influence of the environment to that of the particular animal one is hunting. This, I suppose, is a corollary to knowing the habits and thoughts of one's quarry, and knowing them, thinking as they do.

We had been in this block for nearly a month, Jackie and I; a month of sustained pleasure for two keenly interested sportsmen both fairly new to the game. Earlier on Jackie had killed a nice sleek tigress after spending a most interesting night over the carcass of a young buffalo not far from a lonely little pool in the heart of the denser part of the block. The tigress had

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first put in an appearance at about 11 p.m. when the moon was well up. A bison, too, had come on the scenes, and an amusing bit of hide and seek—tigress hiding, bison seeking—was witnessed by Jackie from his comfortable charpoy securely fixed in the fork of a large tree. "But this," as Kipling would say, "is another story," and doubtless Jackie could tell it better himself.

It was now April 27th and two of our "bodas" had been killed within a quarter of a mile of one another, not three miles from the camp. The pug marks clearly indicated that it was the work of two tigers, probably a "bagh" and "baghni" hunting as a pair. They had consumed about half of each of the kills and as there was water nearby it was probable that they were lying up fairly close. The geography of that part of the jungle, however, was unsuited to beating so we decided to sit up that night, one over each kill.

By three o'clock we had assembled near the carcasses with two machans, ropes, rugs, pillows, food and weapons. The question now arose as to who should sit over which of the kills. It might make all the difference, as the chances were that both tigers would return together to the same carcass. Jackie was the elder, but having already been successful with the tigress he graciously conceded the choice of trees to me. It was, incidentally, my last day of leave that season.

There are always a number of small individually insignificant factors concerning the ways of wild animals which have to be thought of when dealing with them on an occasion like the present one. Consideration of these leads one on to a certain line of reasoning from which deductions can be made and the probable course of action of the animal determined. It sounds too easy therefore, provided one knows what to consider, to anticipate how and when a tiger will return to his kill. Put yourself in the tiger's place for example; pass the day with him mentally; feel hungry with him; and when the spirit moves you slake your thirst at a predetermined pool, and return for your second meal by a certain route. You may feel you have a wild-animal complex, and when the time comes are perhaps ready to bet that the tiger will appear round a certain bush at

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a given time. You may even have gone so far as to practise raising your rifle at this bush round which you think he will appear. But if one thing is certain it is that your deductions are wrong, and if he comes at all it will be in a totally unexpected manner.

Whether we had feline complexes at that time or not we soon agreed on our respective trees, each thinking our own the better place. Mine was an almost leafless "anjan" near the kill further from the water, while Jackie tied his machan (an ambulance stretcher makes a very good portable one) in a "mohwa" over the other which was some 300 yards from the edge of the lake. A well-worn dusty path connected the two through the crackling jungle.

We must have been in our machans about an hour and a half reading magazines to while away the time till dusk. It was scorching hot, and I had not loaded up but kept the cordite cartridges in my pocket in consideration for their ballistics, while the double-barrelled rifle, little pet, lay close at hand under a fold in the blanket.—"Poonk! Poonk!" blared the sambhur from some hidden place still closer. What a start he gave me that time! Light literature was put away; it was time to load and take notice. I did so then replaced the rifle by my side. My feet were towards the kill, the bony remains of a once succulent buffalo calf on which the tigers had made their last night's meal. The vultures had cleaned and scattered the bones during the day, but they had been collected and tied to a tree close by. A tigress was at that moment gazing at them from a distance of some thirty yards. How she had arrived there, I had no notion—there she simply stood.

Slowly, ever so slowly, a comfortable position was gained; slowly the rifle came up until the rubber heel-plate was nestling into its accustomed place; slowly a "shist" was taken.

Would she notice the movement which was almost in the direct line of her vision?—Ah, at last a bead was drawn on her near scapula. No doubt remained, anxiety was gone, and still she stood slowly lashing her tail from side to side, perhaps wondering whether the bones were capable of rattling themselves together into the form of a living buffalo. But whatever

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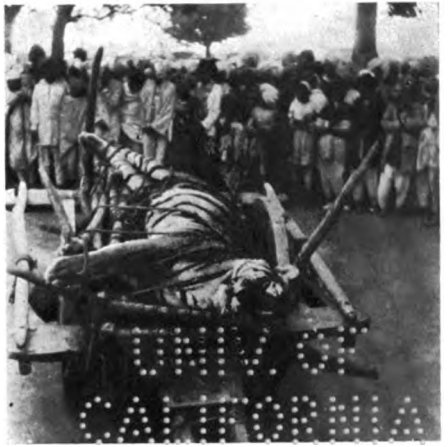
Tiger and tigress just before being skinned.

. . . . Eight to raise him on to the waiting bullock cart.

A large artificial irrigation tank was one of the main attractions of the block.



The tigress had already been loaded. . .

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her thoughts may have been they were unprofitable and the time spent on them unique in the life of that tigress. One finger squeezed a trigger—one crash, a spurt of flame—and all was over. She dropped without a groan, quivered and lay still for ever.

Meanwhile, her mate had been approaching, and was now some 50 yards behind. I saw him first as I was about to reload the right barrel, but at this instant he turned and made for some dead ground over the crest of a small rise. There was no time to reload, it was a matter of fractions of a second before he would be gone, and it must be the left barrel or nothing.

"Oh, barrel, slim left barrel,
To you I now do pray:
Two tigers' lives, two tigers' charms,
Bring thou to book this day."

That brief petition, like the sacrificed chicken on a previous occasion, had the desired effect—another crash—and, like a bolting rabbit knocked over with a charge of fours, this tiger too toppled over the crest out of sight.

"Wounded, I think, but badly; raked from dock to dewlap, and will probably carry on for some way yet."

"Which way will he go, thick jungle?"

"It's all the same."

"To water?"

"Probably, down one of the many narrow nullahs leading to the lake." I climbed higher into the tree to try and get a better view of the course the beast was taking. Up I went to the top but not a sign of the tiger could be seen from there. Fifteen minutes passed; the sun would soon be down, and Jackie had to be warned that there was a wounded animal about, to say nothing of the one already dead. Gently I lowered the rifle to the ground with a rope, then clambered down myself and went to the other kill. Pug marks and black treacly fæces along the dusty path showed from which direction the carnivora had come. Jackie descended from his machan and we both returned to camp, an irrigation rest-house where we arrived soon after dark, leaving both tigers to be collected in the morning.

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There was merriness in camp that night, subdued perhaps to some extent by the uncertainty about the wounded tiger, its night of agony and the thought of following it up the next morning.

"We mus'na make a hash o' this."

"He can't have travelled far, and may be dead already. We'd better take Susan, her nose will be useful in case there's no blood trail."

"And a brace o' bullock carts, one for each corpse," said Jackie optimistically.

"An early rise—4.30 a.m., and let's complete the operation before it gets too hot. Then a bathe in the lake."

"Good night."

As the first streaks of the false dawn tinged the eastern sky over the far side of the lake, we moved off from camp, accompanied by Susan and the two orderlies, Lal Singh and Bansi Ram. Two bullock carts followed. The water was still and grey, and reflected the silhouette of the jungle along the farther shore. After forty minutes' walking we came to the spot, my machan in its leafless tree stood out stark against the sky and marked the place; the corpse of the tigress lay undisturbed where she had fallen just below. It was lighter now but Jackie had a touch of jungle fever, and it was well that we should both rest and consider the situation for a few moments. The follow-up could not be undertaken light-heartedly, nor could it be rushed through as though it were a search for some lost domestic pet. We realized the attendant dangers and were fully prepared to take all the necessary precautions. Five minutes passed.

"Come, let us be moving."

The ground beyond the rise over which the wounded tiger had disappeared was rough and covered with thin scrub and dry grass. At first no trace of blood was found, but after a few minutes' careful search a thin red streak of dried blood on a stone showed roughly the direction the animal had taken. Presently Lal Singh stopped and pointed to some more drops at his feet, and by them a small piece of bone. Another spattered patch on a fallen teak leaf and a few yards further on

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some blood-smeared blades of grass kept us on the trail. The scent was hot.

"Steady on the left."

"Heel Susan—heel in, bitchie."

"We ought to keep closer in together or one of us will be getting scratched in a minute."

"Bansi had better keep Susan behind, she'll only be a nuisance now."

Presently the trail led to a bamboo clump on the edge of a narrow nullah. Here we stopped as it was evident that the tiger had done the same. The ground and fallen bamboo leaves were all mucked up and the unmistakable fœtid smell of partially digested meat pervaded the atmosphere just by the clump, but there was certainly no tiger in the immediate vicinity. The party divided, one-half going up the nullah bank and the other towards the lake. There was no blood either way and the smell grew fainter the further we went from the clump. Presently we both returned. Where could the animal have gone? As we were standing on top of the bank looking down into the nullah and breathing in the tainted atmosphere, the outline of a tiger gradually materialized before our very eyes among the russet lance-shaped leaves below. The beast was on his side and appeared to be lifeless. Some of the contents of his intestines had found their way out through the wound and were obviously the source of the pungent odour.

"Phew! What luck to find him dead so soon."

"Let's just make sure."

A stone was rolled down on to him—not a stir; a couple more —and still no sign of life.

"Dead, for a ducat, dead. But we can't be too careful."

Lal Singh started down the bank, but before he had got halfway he stopped. The tiger's tail had twitched! There was a moment's pause, then with a savage growl which seemed to vitalize the dissembling creature, the tiger hurled himself up the bank towards where we were standing. Lal Singh stood not on the order of his going, but, with two bounds that would have done justice to any langur, he regained the bamboo clump and took refuge behind it. This cleared our line of fire, and

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before the tiger could summon strength enough to take a second bound, two heavy rifles blazed forth. The range was point-blank, and the target at that instant almost stationary. Both bullets struck the tiger's chest, and their combined momentum threw him over backwards. Down the bank he rolled until he reached the bottom, this time destined to move no more.

It took six men to drag him up the bank with the aid of ropes, and eight to raise him on to the waiting bullock cart. The tigress had already been loaded on to the other one, and carefully padded down with grass to prevent her hair from being rubbed off against the floor and uprights of the cart. Ten minutes later we all started for camp.

It must have been a curious sight, this triumphant funeral procession. We two were the pall-bearers with our double-barrelled rifles reversed on our shoulders, and we led the way; next followed the two erstwhile biers with squeaking wheels, and the drivers twisting the tails of their bullocks, naturally somewhat apprehensive of the objects on the carts they drew; while bringing up the rear came a crowd of wildly excited Gonds, short-statured jungle men whose ways are simple and whose joy was evident.

"Poonk!" Once again that familiar call was heard, but now from high up a hillside on the right of our procession as we wound along the cart track bordering the water's edge. Dawn had long since broken, but the voice of "Cervus unicolor" rang loudly through the still morning air. Was it a shout of praise and thanksgiving for his deliverance or was it the umgulate's way of expressing a Marche funébre, his contribution to a ceremony at which a more pressing engagement prevented him from assisting?

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MODERN MOBILE UNITS

By Lieut.-Col. von Faber du Faur, 4th Cavalry Regiment

(*Translated from the "Militar Wochenblatt," December*, 1932, *by special permission*)

The French and the Italians have tried to form mobile units, equipped with modern means of transport, into a well-organised fighting formation. Furthermore, the French continue to designate such a formation as a Cavalry Division. The name "Cavalry Division" should actually no longer be applied, for the most important units as far as reconnaissance and fighting are concerned are not always those of the Cavalry. They are often the armoured car units and infantry carried on lorries, the so-called "Dragons portés." For this reason, the Italians no longer call the corresponding formation a cavalry division, but a "corpo celere."

The purpose underlying the organisation of these two formations has not, so far, been made perfectly clear. They have been tested in manœuvres on a greater or lesser scale, and if such tests have not led to any decisive conclusions, the fault lies, in the case of the Italian formation, mainly in the fact that it is too weak to carry out the more complicated strategic tasks. Only by concentrating several such formations under one commander, as in a cavalry corps, will it be possible to obtain any valuable results from the strategical point of view. The concentration of several of these formations under one commander again necessitates the creation of a reserve of corps troops, and this again would open up an entirely new point of view on the organisation of the army.

If the distribution of troops is based on the idea that the most mobile units should always be considered as the vanguard

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for the less mobile units that follow, it should be made perfectly clear from the first which arm of the Service is to form the basis of the organisation. The French have decided that mechanized units are to form the basis of these formations although they still retain the name "cavalry division." The Italians have been more honest and have called the formation the "corpo celere." They have included cavalry, cyclists and motorised units in equal proportions, so that, according to requirements, each of the above can be utilised as the main arm or in an auxiliary capacity. Either solution presents the commander with a very difficult task. The main purpose of organisation should be, however, to facilitate command. Neither the French nor the Italians seem to have taken this into consideration. It will probably be forced upon them when several such formations are called upon to carry out strategic tasks during manœuvres, for then the difficulties of command will be largely increased.

We now come to the fundamental question. If, like the French, we take lorried infantry as the basic arm, the cavalry becomes more or less superfluous. For the purpose of maintaining tactical superiority in reconnaissance, the cavalry is lacking in speed and for striking a decisive blow its numerical strength (if the division consists of only two cavalry brigades) is too small. Its maintenance is too costly if it is employed only in carrying out auxiliary tasks. If, however, like the Italians, we combine equally in one formation all the quick-moving arms of the Service, this formation will prove very useful, but it will never attain the marked success aimed at in mobile formations, success, which, homogeneous units, such as mechanised units and the cavalry division, have been able to attain under specially favourable conditions.

When, however, cavalry and mechanised troops are formed into separate formations, their respective organisations will depend upon whether they are to be merely tactically or also strategically independent. The smallest strategic unit is the division. The possibility therefore exists of making the cavalry corps the smallest strategic unit and subordinating to it, as

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tactical units, the cavalry division and mechanised formations of lesser strength, or of leaving the cavalry division and the mechanised unit at regulation strength as strategic units and making the corps equivalent to an army command. The last-mentioned solution is, in my opinion, the most desirable from a strategic point of view, but, for financial reasons, it can only be carried out by wealthy states. The former solution is better adapted to actual conditions, and will at the same time allow mechanized and cavalry divisions to retain an organisation which, because of its homogeneous composition, may be expected to be efficient from the point of view of fighting.

The cavalry division of the Great War and that of the post-war period, as it exists in Germany and in Eastern countries, is considered a strategic unit capable of strategic development.

THEORETICAL ORGANIZATION OF A MODERN GERMAN CAVALRY DIVISION.

Cavalry Divisional H.Q. with D.R. Detachment.

Two Cavalry Brigades—each with :—
- Cavalry Brigade H.Q. with Brigade Signal Section.
- Two Cavalry Regiments each :—
  - Regimental H.Q.
  - Signal Troop.
  - Four Sabre Squadrons.
  - Composite Squadron of M.Gs., T.Ms. and (?) A.T. or close support guns.

Reconnaissance Detachment.
- Mechanized H.Q.
- Mechanized Signal Section.
- Two Armoured Car Squadrons.
- Motor Cyclist M.G. Company.

Horse Artillery Brigade.
- Brigade Signal Section.
- Survey Section.
- Three Gun Batteries.
- One Field Howitzer Battery.
- Brigade Transport (Mechanized).

(?) *A.T. Company.*

Motor Cyclist Battalion of :—
- Mechanized H.Q.
- Mechanized Signal Section.
- Three Motor Cyclist Companies.

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Mechanized Cavalry Divisional Signals.
Half a Mechanized Bridging Company.
Mechanized Pioneer Company.
Mechanized Divisional Transport and Supply Columns.
Remount Depot and Veterinary Hospital.
Mechanized Medical Units.
Two Motor Ambulance Sections.
One Mobile Field Hospital.
One Medical Detachment.

The form and composition of such a division fit it for independent action. As far as it is possible for a single formation to be suitable for use on either the Western or Eastern theatres of war, the cavalry division is the best solution of the problem. It is an advantage in that it is, on the whole, composed on a uniform pattern, and that it depends principally upon the horse as a means of transport for men and weapons. The addition of cyclist or motor-cyclist rifle battalions or a few armoured reconnaissance cars is not sufficient to assist in the gaining of tactical superiority in the area which is being reconnoitred and, later, in the battle area. The presence of the above units in a division render its command very complicated. This may have very serious consequences, as it may lead to the horses becoming exhausted. This organisation should not be considered if the motor-cyclists and armoured cars are to take the place of the third cavalry brigade.

The value of a cavalry division, with its three cavalry brigades, does not lie in its actual speed, but in the fact that it is more mobile in the field than any other unit, which in battle must abandon its means of transport. The whole idea of organising a cavalry division, therefore, lies in the fact that any conditions which might hinder its mobility on the battlefield must be eliminated.

If the cavalry division is to remain a fighting unit, and it is intended that it should play only the part of a tactical unit of a cavalry corps, we are naturally forced to incorporate with its regular strength the weapons and vehicles necessary for accomplishing strategic tasks, but which render the tactical command of a cavalry division in the field very much more difficult.

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For this reason it is advantageous, in my opinion, to subordinate to the cavalry division only such modern means of transport and weapons as are required for obtaining tactical superiority on the battlefield. The full effect of the cavalry arm can no longer be obtained under divisional control; corps control is essential. Therefore, it is only the latter formation which should have under its command, in the shape of a third armoured division and of corps troops (i.e., aircraft, infantry carried in lorries and mechanized artillery), all those units which rob the cavalry division of its characteristics, and make it a testing-ground for all modern technical experiments. Cavalry commanders must be prepared to rely on their own weapons and must not be trained to rely for the success of their operations on the help of auxiliary arms of the Service. The latter cannot really fight side by side with the cavalry. If they do, they are not being properly employed.

What modern weapons and means of transport are required for tactical purposes by a cavalry division? This problem has not, so far, been solved by any country. Mechanized units have everywhere gradually developed into a specialised arm of the Service and have been employed in the way the independent cavalry formerly was. They have not been used in co-operation with the cavalry. The reasons for this are easy to find. It is very difficult to co-ordinate the tasks of two arms of the Service whose characteristics differ so much from each other. It is also difficult to link the horse with the motor as far as training and interior economy are concerned, at the same time ensuring that the characteristics of each are maintained and fully utilised. On the other hand, modern weapons and their ammunition demand that the motor vehicle shall take the place of the horse, if mobility is not to be hampered by long processions of horse-drawn vehicles.

It is, therefore, necessary to include the motor in the cavalry regiment in order to maintain its mobility in the tactical sphere.

The most suitable manner of incorporating the motor in the cavalry regiment is to mechanize a whole squadron, including in it reconnaissance vehicles, tanks, signal and pioneer vehicles.

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SUGGESTED COMPOSITION OF A MECHANIZED CAVALRY SQUADRON.

Squadron H.Q.
- One six-wheeler H.Q. car.
- Two small cars.
- Two motor bicycles with sidecars.
- Four motor bicycles.

Reconnaissance Troop.
- One H.Q. car.
- Four cars each with one machine gun.
- One wireless car.

Close Support Troop.
- A.T. Detachment of :—
  - One H.Q. car.
  - Two tractors each with one gun on trailer.
- Trench Mortar Detachment of :—
  - One H.Q. car.
  - One car.
  - Two tractors each with one T.M. on trailer.
- M.G. Detachment of :—
  - One H.Q. car.
  - One Car.
  - Three tractors each with one machine gun on trailer.

Signal Troop.
- One H.Q. car.
- Two cars with W/T or R/T equipment.
- Three cars with L/T equipment.
- One large car with W/T or R/T equipment and trailer.
- One large car with L/T equipment and trailer.
- One motor bicycle.

Pioneer Troop.
- One H.Q. car.
- Four cars with engineering equipment and trailer.

Motorization within the cavalry division will then only serve for tactical purposes, and the allotment of independent armoured car and tank units can be avoided. The organisation of the cavalry division will then be as effective as it was in the Great War, without there being the danger of its at once losing its freedom of action when faced by an adversary equipped on modern lines. The centre of gravity of its organisation lies exclusively in developing the greatest possible tactical mobility, while all weapons and means of transport which make for strategic efficiency, such as the air force, medium tanks and heavy artillery, are subordinated to the cavalry corps.

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SUGGESTED COMPOSITION OF A MODERN CAVALRY CORPS.

<table>
<tr><td rowspan="6">2. Cavalry Division.</td><td colspan="3">1. Cavalry Division.</td><td colspan="3">Armoured Division.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">3. Cav. Bde. | 2. Cav. Bde. | 1. Cav. Bde.</td><td colspan="3">1. Armoured Regiment.</td></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="3">Similar to the 1st Cav. Div.</td><td rowspan="3">Similar to the 1st Cav. Bde.</td><td rowspan="3">Similar to the 1st Cav. Bde.</td><td>1st Cav. Regiment</td><td>Armd. Car Bn.</td><td>Tank Bn. (medium tanks)</td><td>Tank Bn. (light tanks)</td></tr>
<tr><td>2nd Cav. Regiment</td><td colspan="3">Mechanized Field Artillery Group</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Signal Section (motorized)</td><td colspan="2">Pioneer Detachment (motorized)</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td colspan="2">Horse Artillery Regiment with three groups</td><td colspan="3"></td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Cavalry Div. Sigs.</td><td colspan="2">One Cavalry Pioneer Sqdn.</td><td colspan="3"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="7">CORPS TROOPS.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Air Recce. Squadron</td><td colspan="3">Mechanized Heavy Artillery Regiment</td><td colspan="3">Medium Tank Battalion</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Anti-aircraft artillery group</td><td>10 cm. gun group</td><td>15 cm. howitzer group</td><td colspan="3"></td></tr>
</table>

Cavalry should only possess such weapons as normally belong to them, for thereby the cavalry will learn to act on its own initiative and, as in the days of Frederick the Great, to appear on the battlefield at the point where the decisive blow is to be struck. Mechanization should smooth the way for this. It is certain that the mechanized units and cavalry must act in close co-operation if decisive results are to be obtained. Whether the former will be in the position to operate decisively by pushing through to the rear of the enemy and in this way exploit any success obtained by the cavalry, can only be proved in actual warfare.

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In every case, morale is the decisive factor. It is likely to be higher in homogeneous formations than in mobile divisions, which may bear the germs of inadequacy, because the spirit of no one arm of the Service predominates. The task of the moment is to maintain the spirit of the cavalry by the opportune organisation of modern formations. Nobody is better able to do this than the cavalry itself and it should, therefore, claim what is its due and set its stamp on the new weapons.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, Cavalry Journal.

Dear Sir,—I have recently come across an old paper concerning polo, which I think will interest present players as well as past ones.

The expenses will appeal to the former and old names to the latter.

Briefly what happened was that a polo ground was made on Salisbury Plain during the Cavalry Divisional Manœuvres in 1898, and on which the officers of the 10 Cavalry Regiments engaged in the manœuvres played, myself acting as Secretary. The following will seem strange at the present time.

Expenses for six weeks polo during July and August on the polo ground near Bulford Camp, 1898.

Steam Roller for 5 days at 25s. per day ...	£6	5	0
Steam Roller man	1	0	0
3 men 3 days at 4s. per day	1	16	0
Flags		10	0
Goal posts	4	0	0
Three gross of polo balls	10	16	0
Total cost ...	£24	7	0

Number of players ... 65.*

Therefore cost to each 7/6.

The following is a list of players.

1. 1st Life Guards: Capt. Milner, Messrs. Schreiber, Cookson, Lloyd-Philips, Cavendish, Hon. F. Guest.
2. 2nd Life Guards: Capts. Peel, Earl of Longford, Lord Kensington, Sir E. Stracey, Hon. Arthur O'Neill.

* (Only 64 names are given in the above list and I have been unable to rectify this.)

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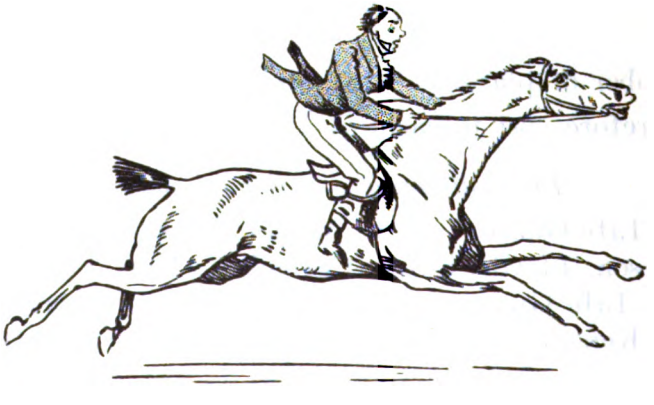
3. Royal Horse Guards: Major Fenwick, Capt. Ricardo, Mr. Rose, Lord Crichton, Hon. R. Ward, Hon. C. Molyneux, Marquess of Waterford, Mr. Brassey.
4. Queen's Bays: Mr. Thompson.
5. 7th Dragoon Guards: Capt. Langworthy.
6. 1st Royal Dragoons: Capt. Makins, Hon. H. Russell, Messrs. McNeile, Pitt, Calvert, Hon. C. Guest, Lord Fitz Maurice, Messrs. Leighton, Glynn, Godman, Pilkington.
7. 10th Royal Hussars: Capts. Lord William Bentinck, Earl of Shaftesbury, Curzon, Hon. J. Dawnay, Messrs. Milbanke, Barry, Hon. G. Portman, Messrs. Shearman, Cave, Wilson, Dallas Yorke, Hon. T. Lister.
8. 12th Royal Lancers: Capts. Green, Loder, Clifton Brown, Messrs. Wormald, Hobson, Wright, Burnell.
9. 13th Hussars: Messrs. Church, Stern, Wigan, Lyons, Pepys.
10. 15th The King's Hussars: Majors de Crespigny, Meyrick, Capt. Kennard, Messrs. Knowles, Courage, Learmouth, Barrett, Ritchie.

Stanley Barry.

July, 1933.



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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

THE following articles of general interest or of particular interest to cavalry leaders have appeared in last quarter's magazines and reviews:—

"The Army Quarterly" (July).—The Bertrand Stewart prize essay, by Major Wimberley deals with the application of the lessons of recent campaigns to present day British training methods and to future war-like operations under the varying conditions we are likely to meet. It is a thoughtful and well-composed paper, teeming with valuable suggestions, worthy of every reader's close attention. Two articles on Imperial defence, the one by a Canadian, the other by an Australian, afford an interesting comparison and contrast, the former being apparently concerned primarily to ensure the effective local defence of his Dominion, the latter being possessed with a broader view of the interest of the Empire as a whole. Of the many historical articles in this number, perhaps the best is General Fuller's on the value of the American Civil War.

Two issues of the 'Fighting Forces" for June and August are to hand. The first named contains two interesting historical articles—a review by Captain Liddell Hart of General Peyton March's memoirs, containing much fresh and entertaining light on America's share in the Great War, and a critical essay by Colonel Ford on the first stage of the Somme battle in 1916, and the many errors and omissions of which we were guilty in the course of it. The second number is much concerned with the failure of the Disarmament and Economic Conferences to achieve any appreciable result, but many readers will turn with relief from these to one of Major Burne's always most readable descriptions of battlefields of the past—in this case the scenes of Marlborough's classic victories of Ramillies and Oudenarde. An essay by Colonel Butler on the trumpet and bugle calls of the British Army is also of interest.

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In the "Royal Engineers Journal" we regret once more to find no article of other than technical interest, unless we can except Major Dening's discussion of the "Problem of Command in Combined Operations."

"The Royal Artillery Journal" also seems somewhat less catholic than usual in its contents. There appears the first part of an essay on Army Education in the past by Major Pemberton; an account by Brig.-General Cotton of some famous marches by our troops in India in the past; and two accounts, of the Wana operations in 1930 and the storming of Mt. Kemmel by the Germans in April, 1918.

"The R.A.S.C. Quarterly's" contents are of course mainly devoted to the matters specially concerning its own functions in peace and war, but much of it will well repay study by members of other arms. Particularly may be mentioned those on Army petrol requirements in war, the dropping of supplies by aircraft, and forage requirements on a sea voyage. "The R.A.S.C. Journal," its Indian counterpart, covers a wider field, and a judicious article in praise of Wellington, an essay on the elements of heraldry, and a description of a visit to Messrs. Tilling Ltd.'s motor works, give some idea of the varied nature of the fare provided for its readers.

The largest and most readable item in the "R.A.V.C. Journal" is a detailed account of the veterinary arrangements for Allenby's last victorious campaign in Palestine in 1918. This may be compared with the description by General West in the June number of the "R.A.M.C. Journal" of the medical arrangements for a typical small war, the Burma operations in 1931. Apart from General Kempthorne's retrospect of the Army Medical Services in the years preceding and following the Peninsular War, this journal affords little of general interest.

"The Canadian Defence Quarterly's" pages for July are largely taken up with the first and second prize essays on the influence of mechanisation on the organisation and training of the Canadian Militia. An article on the "Fleet Air Arm" is almost the only one of other than purely Dominion interest. There has also come to hand a copy of the proceedings at the

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17th Annual Meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association, which gives a concise picture of the state of the mounted arm in the Dominion to-day.

"The Journal of the United Service Institution of India" contains on the other hand a number of varied features. In the April issue General Milward describes his experiences during the 1932 training season at home, Colonel Bennett recounts, with a view to their future avoidance, a few regrettable frontier incidents of the past; while other papers deal in lighter vein with economics, duties in aid of the civil power, and the evolution of military organisation. In the July number we are supplied with a bright little paper on the Forward policy of the N.W. Frontier, a discussion by Colonel Body of the age-long tactical conflict between column and line, and a thrilling account of the escape of the British families from Delhi at the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857.

"Gallop!" the journal of the Calcutta Light Horse, comes to us in its second annual issue, and contains a full account of the doings of the raid during 1932, together with a few general articles of a light and readable nature.

The chief features of the "Journal of the Army Historical Research Society" are an illustrated account of the history of the piquet of the Bank of England, and an article on military prints by Colonel Crookshank, whose own collection, recently presented to the nation, is probably the finest in the world. The third century of the formation of the Royal Scots affords occasion for a couple of topical articles on the origin and early history of the regiment.

The "Ypres Times," the journal of the Ypres League for April, contains a number of accounts of personal experiences in the Salient and elsewhere, and the full story of the League's recent activities.

"The Royal Air Force Journal" contains two interesting accounts of co-operation between air and land forces in the occupation of Penjwin in Iraq in 1927, and the action at Ziza in Trans-Jordania in 1924. There are some entertaining light articles on sport and other matters.

E. W. S.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The May-June and July-August numbers of the French "Revue de Cavalerie" contain two further instalments (Nos. 7 and 8) of Colonel Pugens' detailed study of the work of the German Ist and IInd Cavalry Corps in closing the gap between the German First and Second Armies during the Battle of the Marne. The story is resumed at the withdrawal of the German 13th Infantry Division on the north bank of the river on 8th/9th September. This movement entailed the retirement of the Guard Cavalry, an operation that was achieved without great difficulty though under conditions of great discomfort and some anxiety. The "false line" organized by General Rotkirch on the left of the Second Army is described. Next there is related how Bülow ordered the retirement of his Army and how Richthofen began to withdraw his corps. The most interesting part of Pugens' story now follows, in that he relates the action of the French Fifth Army in supporting the advance of the B.E.F. into the gap between the German armies. He makes it clear that, although the French 18th Division, commanded by Maudhuy moved forward, there was some delay and much hesitation on the part of the French to advance. He exonerates the Army Commander, Franchet d'Esperey, from this result, ascribing it to the moral effect of the previous long retreat. On the other hand he reproaches the British with having allowed "the prey to slip from their grasp."

He next relates the attempt of Marwitz' Cavalry Corps to hold up the British movements. Reinforced by the 5th Infantry Division the German Cavalry took up a defensive line about Cocherel. Shortly afterwards the Jäger battalions allotted to the IInd Cavalry Corps were checked by the appearance of a few British skirmishers. The cavalry thus failed to support the 5th Infantry Division, and the British advanced so as to

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threaten the left of the German infantry. One battalion alone, the 3rd of the 48th Regiment, succeeded in checking the British advance at Montreuil. This fortunate episode virtually saved the Germans at a moment when the IInd Cavalry Corps had in reality failed. The author has much to say about the difficulties of the defence in a situation of this nature; he also moralizes at length on the hesitations of the Allies and on their persistence in the desire not to compromise themselves in any bold advance.

These same numbers contain two critical articles describing the work of a divisional reconnoitring group of the 9th Division during the French manœuvres held on the Aisne from 8th to 16th September, 1931. This is a first-class study, full of useful detail. The lessons of the exercise, which appear to have been of some value, point to the difficulties experienced by this detachment owing to its lack of armour-fighting armament, as well as to the deficiency of cross-country vehicles. The remarks as to supply of the detachment and the reasons for reducing the horses' hay ration are interesting. Further articles on horse-breeding in Poland and Hungary should appeal to specialists in remount work.

There is also in the July-August number a valuable contribution on the matter of visibility from armoured cars and fighting vehicles generally. The author examines the various methods of ensuring visibility whilst preserving the bullet-proof qualities of the vehicles. He studies in detail various methods of using slits in the armour, bullet-proof glass, periscopes, prismatic glasses, stroboscopes and the like. All these devices are profusely illustrated. The general conclusion of the author is that every device still involves serious disadvantages and that progress can only be obtained by careful experiment and research.

The "Cavalry Journal" of the United States Army contains, as usual, a number of short articles dealing with minor tactics, some of which should appeal to junior officers. Prominent among these are "The Cavalry-Artillery-Aviation Team," by Lt.-Colonel Edmunds, Instructor, Field Artillery School.

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The author illustrates his remarks, which deal with the combination of cavalry and artillery work in reconnaissance with aeroplane observation, by means of a concrete example. He deals largely with ammunition supply and criticises the American artillery equipment in close support work. Major Holman offers some valuable remarks on the methods of putting cavalry across an unfordable stream. Captain Heavey has a sensible and illustrated article on the handling of the light machine gun.

Of more extended scope and of wider interest is Colonel Grunert's essay on "Cavalry in Future War." The writer is a staunch believer in the future potentialities of cavalry. He criticises strongly the use made of cavalry both by the Allies and the Germans at the beginning of the Great War.* Next he analyses the question of mechanized cavalry and comes to the conclusion that there must exist both horsed and motorized cavalry, but that the missions and modes of fighting of either branch must be made to vary, although both may, in certain cases, be made to work together. He ends with a summary of his opinions, among which he strongly urges the creation of a small cavalry staff at Army headquarters to deal solely with cavalry operational and supply questions. From the American standpoint he considers that "in four out of five theatres [of operations] the demand for horse cavalry would predominate, and the proportion of horse to mechanized cavalry regiments would be at least four to one."

The Austrian "Militärwissenschaftliche Mitteilungen" for June and July contain mostly articles of historical or general interest. Among these in the June number can be recommended an exhaustive study of the Far Eastern problem in which the relations and reactions to each other of the various powers, China, Japan, Great Britain, U.S.A., are considered. The author, General Wiesingar, concludes that the day is fast approaching when the domination of the Pacific and its adjacent territories will be the subject of a great war. The main part will be played by Japan and U.S.A. Another good article

* See also article on the Approach-March of the Cavalry in Cavalry Journal, page 111, January, 1933.

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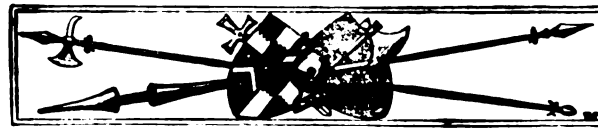
begins a study of the little known Russo-Polish Campaign of 1919-20; there are some interesting remarks as to the handling of the cavalry of both sides.

The Swiss military press is much exercised over the proposed "Sonderegger" scheme for reorganizing the Swiss Army. The suggested plan would entail a considerable reduction in cavalry and this diminution is not favourably received, although the idea of increasing the total troops available for first line defence is universally endorsed. In the "Allgemeine Schweizerische Zeitung" for May, there is a strong article by Colonel Sennhauser to the above effect; he is supported in another contribution by Captain Scheurmann. The June number continues Sennhauser's argument. It contains a remarkably clear and brief descriptive article on the Japanese campaign in Jehol which is held up as a model operation of war. The "Schweizerische Monatschrift" numbers for May and June contain two further instalments of the striking articles by P. Curti on automatic fire-arms. The May number, profoundly illustrated with most instructive diagrams, deals chiefly with pistols, but light automatics come under review. The June number begins to treat of automatic fire against aircraft: altogether a most interesting study.

The Spanish "Revista de Estudios Militares" for April contains a concise article on the French North African army, written from the point of view of its possible use for reinforcing the home troops in Europe. There is another long, detailed, article on the Red Army of the Soviet Union, from which it appears that the present Russian cavalry consists of 13 divisions, together with 10 independent brigades. The war establishment of the division is about 7,000 men with 3 horse artillery batteries. The cavalry regiments are composed of 4 sabre squadrons (strength varies: total may be 900 sabres) and one machine-gun squadron of 16 guns.



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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Australia in the War. France, 1917." Vol. IV. By C. E. W. Bean. 21s. net. Agents: The Australian Book Company, E.C.4.

This, volume IV of the official history of Australia in the War, continues the story from January to December, 1917, a very full year for the Australian divisions.

Early in 1917 the Germans systematically withdrew to the Hindenberg Line and, on nearly half the front affected, the Australians were responsible for following the enemy up. The most detailed account of their actions brings out most forcibly the difficulty in preventing such an orderly withdrawal, if it is well organised. Australian reconnaissances were continuous and vigorous, and yet the enemy slipped away.

The author paints an interesting picture of the tension caused, partly by this withdrawal, between Nivelle and Haig, with the subsequent rushing through of the change of the system in command—"one of the rashest steps of Lloyd George's career."

After contact was gained with the Hindenberg Line, the extraordinary fighting in the battles for Bullecourt is vividly described, and the action of the Army Commander, "whose tactics at Bullecourt have, indeed, never found a defender," is strongly criticised. Perhaps the most disastrous results of these actions was the lack of trust created in the tanks, caused by the complete failure in co-operation and by the misconception of their capabilities. It was not until 1918 that this distrust was eradicated.

At Messines, the Australian forces were again in action, the 3rd Division, on the extreme right of the attack, suffering severely in the German counter-attacks. Then, in September,

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they entered the initial and successful stages of the battle of Passchendaele. It is interesting to note that the author considers the idea of Passchendaele correct strategically, and that real success was only denied us by weather conditions. "Those who maintain that the British Army could have played a more or less passive rôle are out of touch with the situation," he writes: . . . . "the desperate search for an alternative failed to produce any plan upon which the political leaders could agree, and it is unlikely that a careful student will be attracted by the other courses chiefly favoured."

The author's personal knowledge of the fighting in the west, with his scrupulous study of all the details, makes his account perhaps the most interesting yet produced of a real picture of events: while the many illustrations and sketches make the whole most readable.

The book is worthy of a front place among the serious histories of any war.

H. G. E.

"Riding Reflections." By Captain Santani. (*Country Life.*) 12s. 6d. net.

It is a good principle for a person or for a nation to study what is happening "on the other side of the hill," and this principle applies to the different equestrian schools of thought. Captain Santani, of the Italian Cavalry, in his "Riding Reflections" has given us a very able and interesting exposition of the Italian principles and practice of riding. It was in 1907 that Captain Caprilli, an Italian Cavalry Officer, advocated a revolution in ideas—that of the "Forward Seat." His teaching, as we know, spread rapidly throughout Europe and America and has caused many controversies, especially in England.

The author explains clearly and convincingly the uses and abuses of the "Forward Seat" and these are illustrated by copious photographs. He has a thorough knowledge of the hunting fields of England and thus his criticisms of our practices are first hand and of value. He is especially severe on the "Grand National," which, he considers not only not a practical, but also a cruel, test of endurance.

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It is but fitting that this book should include a Foreword by Lieut-Colonel McTaggart, a protagonist of the "Forward Seat" in England.

"Horses." By "Spider" Jacobson, with illustrations by Humphrey Dixon. (Constable & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

This book has been written with the object of giving instruction and advice to those sportsmen "who have a horse or two, which are done by an inexperienced groom; especially for the man, or woman, who is so keen that they do their own horses." The object has been well attained. The chapters are devoted to buying horses, stable management, breaking and schooling, and riding to hounds. Fortunately, the author has not crammed his book with details and thus its pages are never dull.

O. J. F. F.

"Gentlemen—The Regiment." By Hugh Talbot. (Dent.) 7s. 6d.

This is at least something new in the way of a novel. It is the story of two Victorian families, the St. Quentyns, gay, gallant, happy-go-lucky, brilliant, and the Chappells, tradition-bound, solid, reliable, and not over intelligent, and the regiments, century-old comrades and rivals, in which the members of the two families had served from the time of their first foundation to the epoch of the Crimean War, with which the story deals. The hero, Alastair Chappell, after running away from school to enlist in the ranks of the family regiment, later takes a commission in it, but is revolted first by the unpleasant ceremony of initiation at his first mess dinner and then by the whole spirit of the regiment and of his brother officers and relatives, with which he finds he has nothing in common. His deviation from them culminates in the growth of his love for Katherine, a child of the St. Quentyn house; but he never marries her, for fear of the irreparable injury such a step must cause to the feelings and pride of his own family, to which, though totally out of sympathy with it, he cannot cast off his allegiance. The Crimean War comes, and amid its horrors and privations he is maimed for life and becomes completely dis-

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illusioned. This somewhat involved and highly-coloured tale is admirably told, and whether Mr. Talbot takes us to the private school, the barrack square, the mess room, or the Crimean battlefields, or lets us witness the idyllic love of the young hero and heroine, he holds our attention fast bound, and fills us with admiration for his skill and narrative power. There has not been for a long time a military novel so well worth reading as this, and it can be heartily recommended not only as a fascinating and powerful tale, but as an admirably vivid, if somewhat caustic, picture of life in the army of mid-Victorian England.

"The Wells of Beersheba. A Light Horse Legend." By Frank Dalby Davison. (Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, Australia.) 2s. 6d. Agents: The Australian Book Company, E.C.4.

This little volume of some 90 pages tells, in a style of rare beauty and simplicity, the tale of the great achievement of the Anzac Mounted Division in the capture of Beersheba in the autumn of 1917. We are shown the horse lines of the Light Horse on the eve of the battle, the march through the desert, the long fought out battle, the dismounted attack, and the final charge which gave the British the town and the all-important wells, on which the further progress of the operations depended. Mr. Davison's purpose has been, he tells us, "to clothe literal fact with these imaginative truths of which historians do not speak," but many a history contains less of literal fact, and much less of inward truth, than these sober yet vivid, picturesque, yet never lurid or exaggerated pages; they can be read in less than an hour, yet the memory of them and the great feat of arms they enshrine remains embedded in the mind, not to be soon or easily forgotten.

"The Tactics and Strategy of the Great Duke of Marlborough." By Hilaire Belloc. (Arrowsmith.) 10s. 6d.

If in the pre-war years Marlborough, Britain's greatest military commander, may be said to have been somewhat neglected by historians and biographers, this is no longer the case,

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for what with the short works of Atkinson and Fortescue and the larger scale histories of Taylor and Trevelyan, not to mention the forthcoming full dress biography by Mr. Churchill, so long awaited, he has now fairly come into his own. Yet there was room for this sketch of his military character and outstanding achievements, and Mr. Belloc, than whom there is no clearer or more thorough commentator on the history of past wars, here gives us the best introduction to his hero that has yet appeared in print. After a sketch of his character as a general, which for luminousness, and grasp it would be hard to improve upon, he describes six of his great feats of arms—the four well known battles, together with the forcing of Villeroy's Lines at Brabant in 1705 and of Villars' "ne plus ultre" Lines in 1711, illustrating his narrative with admirably clear diagrams and plans. To soldiers who have already studied these campaigns there may seem little that is new in these pages, though some fresh light is thrown on the battle of Ramillies by Mr. Belloc's careful study of the ground; but they cannot fail to be impressed by the clarity of his exposition, the profundity of his military and historical knowledge, the admirable manner in which the influence of the ground and the methods of the great general are brought out, and the limpid economy of the author's style, so precisely suited to the exposition of his thesis. The book is short, eminently readable, and of high interest, and no one, however much or little he knows about Marlborough, can rise from its perusal without having enjoyed and profited by it.

"The White Armies of Russia." By George Stewart. (MacMillan.)

Mr. Stewart has set himself no easy task in telling the story of the long struggle between the Russian Bolshevik Government and the various White forces which at various times and in many areas rose up to dispute with it its hegemony over Russia. His difficulty must have been less the wealth of material—for he gives at the end of his volume a twelve-page list of authorities, half of them in Russian, half in other languages—than in reducing to comprehensive terms the confused welter of con-

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flicting bodies, personages and forces that put up so gallant yet so unavailing a resistance to the new despots of Moscow. It is hardly to be wondered at that at times this inextricable confusion seems to have imputed itself to his narrative, and that we, his readers, should seem ourselves to be lost in this chaotic turmoil of which it tells. But in general its main threads are clear enough, and we can clearly deduce from it the causes which brought about the failure of so many astonishing and courageous efforts to save the integrity, honour, and welfare of Holy Russia from the despotism of the new masters to whom she at last fell an unhappy victim. Lack of co-ordination, personal and provincial selfishness, want of a clear-cut policy, blunders, political and military, unfulfilled promises on the part of the Allies—all played their part in the disasters that befell all the White armies in turn, and left final victory in the hands of Lenin, Trotsky and their generals and soldiers, whom, whatever we may think of their aims and methods, we cannot but admire for their courage, energy, and refusal to despair, even when half Russia seemed lost to them and their foes closing in on them from all sides. The Bolsheviks' victory was certainly that of the better leaders and fighting machinery over heroic and patriotic, but too often corrupt and incompetent opponents; they won because they deserved to do so. Mr. Stewart's history is one full of epic deeds of courage and devotion, of shameful treachery and betrayal, of selfishness, greed and horror, of torrents of blood and fiendish cruelty, of barbarity, and murder; it is the narrative of the fall of an order and the birth of a portent which once threatened to shake our world to its foundations, and may indeed do so yet. The theme alone would make the book important, and told as it is, with a wealth of illustrations and excellent maps and plans, the tale is one of high interest.

E. W. S.

"My Gun and I." A Book of Shooting Memories. By Lewis Carey. (Philip Allan.) 12s. 6d. net.

Colonel Carey is one of those fortunate people who have a ruling passion and are able to gratify it. He describes with

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gusto the incidents connected with his shooting experiences, and, as he carries his gun wherever he goes, he has had shooting in many places and always made the best of it. He started his shooting career with a catapult and shot his first woodcock with a flint-lock gun and blasting powder. His shooting experiences outside these islands have been extensive and peculiar. He had shot a lion in South Africa with a shot-gun; grizzlies, wolves and blue grouse in British Columbia, and partridges in Germany. He has had many adventures, such as swimming a flooded river in South Africa with a gun in his hand and a dog on his back and twice he has landed a salmon after his line had been twisted up with that of another rod.

There is no doubt of the soundness of his doctrine that fear cripples a man as does nothing else; and that in a tight place the only way to get through is to keep a grip of oneself and refuse to admit fear and doubt.

His book is a book of shooting memories and not a guide to shooters.

"Saddle Up." By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C. (Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.) 10s. 6d.

Twenty years ago you could count the number of books on equitation on your fingers, in fact one might almost say, on the fingers of one hand. During the last ten years they have been published at the rate of one a month. As each new publication appears, one reads it through and comes to the conclusion that it contains nothing new. How can it? There is nothing new under the sun, and equitation in its higher form has been studied since the days of the Romans. All of these publications have had their own characteristic good points. Captain Hitchcock starts his book with the rider's objective, but in writing a review one must consider the reader's objective. Do you want to own a book which is concise and to the point, giving you information on all the points which you, as a novice ought to know, without toiling through much which is inessential; excellent illustrations which although they can hardly claim to be artistic, certainly do show at a glance, the lessons which

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the author wishes to teach? If this is the sort of book you are looking for, either for yourself or to send as a present to your friend, I can confidently recommend "Saddle Up."

T. T. P.

The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the JOURNAL :—

"Those Were the Days." By H. Atwood Clark. (Philip Allen.) 12s. 6d.

"From Serajevo to the Rhine. Generals of the Great War." By Arminius. Translated by Gerald Griffen. (Hutchinson.) 18s. net.

"Phari." By M. E. Buckingham. (*Country Life*.) 7s. 6d. net.

"Midsummer Sanity." By Kenneth Ingram. (Philip Allen.) 7s. 6d. net.

"Old Soldiers Never Die." By Private Frank Richards, D.C.M., M.M. (Faber & Faber.) 7s. 6d. net.

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SPORTING NEWS

BISLEY, 1933—CAVALRY SUCCESSES

The Army Week this year opened on 3rd July, in a blaze of sunshine, and weather conditions remained very good throughout the week.

A notable feature of the meeting was the increased number of entries from the Cavalry. A list of Cavalry successes is appended, and it is hoped that this will induce further interest in future years, and a larger representation, so that eventually the Cavalry will again make a name for themselves at Bisley.

The best performances of the week were put up by Sergeant J. Holmes (11th Hussars), L/Cpl. H. Howarth (11th Hussars), and L/Cpl. F. Hillier (3rd Carabiniers). These N.C.Os. figured in the prize lists for the Army Hundred, Roupell and Roberts Cups. Sergeant Holmes secured a place in the fifty qualified to compete for the King's Medal.

In addition to the prizes shown below, various sums were won by the Cavalry in the rifle pool and sweepstakes :—

ROUPELL CUP (h.p.s. 150).

Order of Merit.	*Name.*	*Unit.*	*Score.*	*Prize.*
Class "A."				
11th	Sergt. J. Holmes	11th Hussars	119	£2
22nd	Sergt. H. Douglass	R.S. Greys	117	£1
29th	Lieut. P. Payne-Gallwey	11th Hussars	116	£1
47th	R.Q.M.S. E. Wainwright	11th Hussars	113	£1
74th	Sergt. H. Emery	7th Hussars	111	£1
Class "B."				
4th	L/Cpl. F. Hillier	3rd Carabiniers	119	£2
27th	L/Cpl. G. Mines	11th Hussars	110	10/-
29th	Cpl. T. Houghton	5th Innis. D.Gs.	110	10/-
31st	L/Cpl. H. Howarth	11th Hussars	110	10/-
Class "C."				
7th	L/Cpl. R. Malcolm	16th/5th Lancers	111	£1
21st	Tpr. B. Newton	3rd Carabiniers	104	10/-
23rd	Tpr. G. Jones	11th Hussars	104	10/-
26th	Tpr. A. Moodie	R.S. Greys	103	10/-
27th	Tpr. A. Lothian	R.S. Greys	103	10/-

ROBERTS CUP (h.p.s. 150).

Class "A."				
36th	Sergt. E. McLoughlin	11th Hussars	107	£1
38th	S.S.M. A. Hawkins	3rd Hussars	106	£1
72nd	S.S.M. C. Ransom	4th Hussars	96	£1
77th	Sergt. J. Holmes	11th Hussars	95	£1

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Order of Merit.	*Name.*	*Unit.*	*Score.*	*Prize.*
Class "B."				
11th	L/Cpl. H. Howarth	11th Hussars	105	£1
18th	L/Cpl. F. Hillier	3rd Carabiniers	98	£1
29th	Cpl. J. Phillips	11th Hussars	93	10/-
32nd	Tpr. Turner	7th Hussars	92	10/-
Class "C."				
5th	Tpr. J. McHenry	R.S. Greys	88	£1
10th	Tpr. A. Moodie	R.S. Greys	86	£1
15th	L/Cpl. G. Grimley	5th Innis. D.Gs.	83	10/-
21st	Tpr. A. Jackson	16th/5th Lancers	81	10/-
23rd	Tpr. G. Stevens	7th Hussars	80	10/-
24th	Tpr. C. Burch	11th Hussars	80	10/-
26th	Tpr. B. Newton	3rd Carabiniers	79	10/-
31st	Tpr. A. Garbutt	11th Hussars	77	10/-
33rd	Tpr. A. Parkes	4th Hussars	77	10/-
45th	Tpr. A. Elsom	5th Innis. D.Gs.	71	10/-

ARMY HUNDRED CUP (h.p.s. 200).

37th	Sergt. J. Holmes	11th Hussars	149	£2
78th	L/Cpl. F. Hillier	3rd Carabiniers	129	£1
86th	Sergt. E. McLoughlin	11th Hussars	128	£1
93rd	L/Cpl. H. Howarth	11th Hussars	119	£1
97th	S.S.M. A. Hawkins	3rd Hussars	111	£1

The three matches named above form the 1st and 2nd stages of the Army Championship (at Home), for which there were no less than 820 entries.

1st Stage—Roupell and Roberts Cups.
2nd Stage—Army Hundred Cup.

The hundred best scorers in the 1st stage go forward to the 2nd stage and shoot for the Army Hundred Cup. It will be observed that five Cavalrymen shot their way into this hundred.

The best aggregate score in the two stages wins the Army Championship, which carries with it the Army Rifle Association Gold Jewel; the runner-up receives the Silver Jewel, and the Bronze Jewel goes to the 3rd.

These Jewels have been won by Cavalrymen in the past, as witness the following:—

	Gold Jewel.	*Silver Jewel.*	*Bronze Jewel.* (Series (*b*)).
1908	—	—	Pte. T. C. Clunie (R.S. Greys).
1914	S.S.M. J. Anderton (19th Hussars).	—	—
1922	—	R.S.M. J. Goddard (14th Hussars).	—

It is high time that their successors should be training!

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BRITANNIA TROPHY (h.p.s. 900 ; Entries 45).

22nd	3rd Carabiniers	571

This is a Regimental team match, open to all regiments and battalions at home. The trophy, which is a silver model of the Nelson Statue in Trafalgar Square, was presented to the Army by the Royal Navy and Marines in 1923. It has never been won by the Cavalry.

METHUEN CUP (h.p.s. 1,600 ; Entries 20).

18th	Cavalry Regiments	1,031

This match is open to the Royal Navy, the Army, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Air Force. The Army teams comprise one each from the Household Cavalry, Cavalry of the Line, Royal Engineers, Brigade of Guards, English Regiments, Scottish Regiments, Welsh Regiments, and Irish Regiments. This Cup has never been won by the Cavalry.

THE KING'S MEDAL.

This Medal is shot for by 100 competitors ; 50 from the Regular Army and Militia and 50 from the Territorial Army. The 50 representatives of the Regular Army are nominated by the Army Rifle Association, and are the 50 highest scorers in the Army Championship Competition. The only cavalryman who obtained a place in this shoot was Sergeant J. Holmes (11th Hussars):

Army Championship score	*King's Medal score**
363	139

* Winning score was 173.

The King's Medal was first awarded in 1869 to the best shot in the Army ; from 1883 to 1922 it was in abeyance, and was reinstituted in 1923 by His Majesty on the recommendation of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig ; its award is notified in Army Orders.

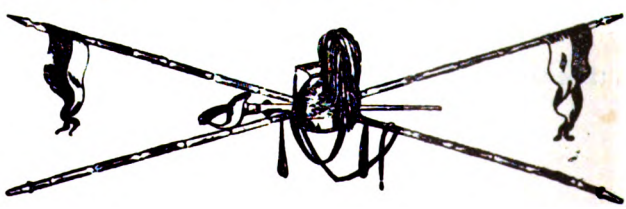
The Medal has never been won by a cavalryman.

ROYAL CAMBRIDGE SHIELD.

1st	11th Hussars	1,329
2nd	3rd Carabiniers	1,260
3rd	Royal Scots Greys	1,247

This Shield has been held by the 11th Hussars since 1929.

The match is fired concurrently with the Army Championship, and the Shield is awarded to the Cavalry team which makes the highest aggregate score in the 1st stage of the Army Championship.



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